

BEHIND THE FRONT PAGE

*STORIES OF
NEWSPAPER STORIES
IN THE MAKING*

By

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To

OGDEN REID

AN EDITOR OF COURAGE
WHO STANDS BEHIND HIS
CONVICTIONS AND HIS MEN

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BEHIND THE FRONT PAGE

CHAPTER I

APOLOGIA

SINCE nobody reads a preface, the author of a book who is wise enough—or foolish enough—to attempt to explain its scope and his purpose in writing it might do well to muster these facts not in a foreword but in his Chapter I. Certainly a degree of complacence is due from readers to an unknown writer. And if his summary of contents does not persuade them to go on to Chapter II, their feeling may rise even a degree or two warmer—to gratitude that his warning has saved their time.

"The dish is not for me, mine host; take it away."

So in a spirit of give-and-take I offer this book. I am willing to tell here what it is like, but I do not press it on any man. It is a war book, and it isn't a war book. It relates personal experiences of one who has been in and out of the hot water of wars little and big, and it does chiefly include the Great War. It gives glimpses of the Great War in its three stages—before, during, and after the major conflict.

The material of the book is stuff from a reporter's scrap-book, experiences and observations of a trained eye-witness, things seen in moments of suspense, heroism, joy, and tragedy. These were noted and written up almost immediately, while impressions were hot. Some bits, having been written on a front line under bombardment, might still carry the noxious scent of gas and powder were such odors everlasting. There has been no doctoring to present a smooth finished whole with

all dramatic parts neatly dovetailed. The result may be a hodgepodge. If I but throw my pictures on the screen so that events may seem to be happening now (and not to be merely transcribed history), the success of this crude method will be great enough.

The perpendicular pronoun I have been using in these introductory remarks I must ask forgiveness for, but it necessarily recurs in such a narrative, and I shall continue to employ it in the rest of this journalistic enterprise. For a newspaper man to write about his own experiences must in any case seem somewhat forward perhaps. But why? I make no apologies to my colleagues, many of whom have had experiences fully as interesting, or even more so. What the reporter does to get his material he usually considers rubbish to be cast aside—remembered, but not written. The use of the "I" especially is unusual for a newspaper man. A study of the columns of the daily press will reveal few such pronouns interspersing the business of straight reporting. But undesirable or egotistical as they may seem, are not these "I's" shrinking violets beside the editorial "we"?

My words in this book are not poetic. They are common words. They come from a reporter, who does not act and speak for himself, a reporter's business being to report what others do and say. It is as one of the writers called into being by the conditions of this age when everybody reads a newspaper that I have culled from memories of things seen, from scraps preserved of accounts that once appeared on a front page (though usually anonymously), the material that goes to make up this book. At least I claim that each episode is presented correctly as to its fact, and its time and place.

What about these men and women who write the modern newspaper? No one calls the "reporter" a literary man! Yet it is a significant and admirable title that he wears. The term

indicates his office, which is to serve the public by writing sincerely and conscientiously what he sees and hears. He learns in the city room of his paper to strip his prose of the last rags of adventitious ornament. He is happiest in this, that he can tell a true story which all men who run and read can comprehend.

For the modern newspaper is a stage whereon one sees the life of the world appearing like a great pageant. To-day nations are at war. To-morrow they are licking their wounds—some sitting out in the glare of the footlights whining pitifully. To-day a great aviator—great overnight—volplanes out and makes a modest bow. The audience goes wild. To-morrow he is gone. To-day a brutal murder is put on with low lights, to-morrow the trial has the spotlight, and then, away back-stage in a dim corner, the blue flame of a powerful electric current flashes, and a wisp of smoke rises; a dim form stiffens—relaxes—and that scene is finished.

The orchestra now is playing soft music with a breath of spring in it. Romance steps forth. It is a charming act. Now far back from the footlights the scientists are seen at work with retorts, test tubes, and other strange equipment. Something new flashes out of that corner of the laboratory of science, remains before the audience a moment, and then drifts off into the wings.

Sometimes a large hook emerges and drags off some performer in spite of his struggles to remain. He is one of the charlatans.

The seekers of news are at the supreme vantage point from which to judge between the spurious and the genuine. And experience and training have equipped them to produce the most graphic pictures of the various acts.

The real reporter is a trained observer, mentally registering and photographing details as they occur. He needs no

note-book, is no stenographer. When he gets to a typewriter—he ceased to use longhand about thirty years ago—he finds that his mind has blown out the chaff, winnowing the grain, so that he has all the important facts. Thus the editor who handles the product, and the reader who scans it over his coffee, get the essentials. I have written as much as seven columns of news without a single note, and have seen others produce even more. Only the theatrical reporter struts about with pencil and note-book. Not that there is any reason against the use of a note-book, especially for jotting down masses of figures or technical details, except that the human mind, if driven to it, will absorb more and better detail than can be got down on paper. In fact, the halting to write down pages of raw material suggests faulty observation.

The experiences of most reporters teach that especially during an interview with an important man, to haul out pencil and notepaper is unfortunate. It is usually a sign for him to put the brakes on what he has been saying, or to remark, "Of course, what I am saying is not for publication," a dictum which the reporter's honor and good sense bind him to respect. Lengthy interviews involving technical points and many quotations made from memory, however, are often submitted for revision or correction.

So much for the fallacy that a reporter without a notebook is not a reporter. That libel has stood too long unchallenged. And so much for the methods followed in preparing the material of this book.

I have pondered over the words of an unknown Frenchman:

"The journalist writes on the sand, and the wind of the afternoon obliterates his work of the morning. But if he returns to his work each day, if his will is strong, his heart courageous, his thought coherent and clear, one finds that he

leaves a trace, and that his work survives and follows him."

Perhaps?

But who knows anything of the men who filled the daily columns of the American newspapers fifty, forty, or even thirty years ago? Few individuals outside the newspaper game, and not very many in it, can tell much about even the great editors of half a century ago. One may recall Horace Greeley, who founded the New York *Tribune* in 1841 and helped to mold the thought of a growing nation. There was Charles A. Dana, of the immortal New York *Sun*, and that eccentric genius, James Gordon Bennett the elder, who fought and often bled in defense of his editorial opinions in the New York *Herald*. These men were of the militant type of journalist when New York newspapers circulated nationally more than they do now.

But what of the men who were not editors, but reporters? Can you recall the outstanding writers of even the greatest papers, the leading Washington correspondents, or the men who roamed the earth to chronicle war, revolution, disaster, scientific advance, adventure, romance, politics? To the average reader of to-day, the majority of these men must be reckoned among the world's "lost legions." No tombstone is ever inscribed:

HERE LIES WILLIAM JONES, NEWSPAPER REPORTER,
WHO WON FAME AND FORTUNE
IN ACTIVE SERVICE.

Bill Jones's writings lived about twenty-four hours, nor did he win fortune as a newspaper reporter. He never wrote his daily grist in highfaluting language to please the epicures, but he did describe what he saw so that the professor at Yale and the milkman in Omaha with equal ease could understand it. If he made money, it was garnered in other endeavor. The

probabilities are, however, that Mr. Jones amassed something that he would not have traded for either fame or fortune, that is, a rich experience which was his alone, and which nothing could take away from him.

I am not attempting to glorify the newspaper game for youth seeking a career. If his desires have a material flavor, let him keep well away from such a profession. But if he has the spirit of adventure, the desire to study the sordid and the beautiful alike at close range, and the will to apply the high-powered microscope to life without becoming cynical, there is reward.

Personally, even if it were possible, I would not exchange my own experiences in twenty years of newspaper reporting for any gilt-edged certificates of riches or fame. I would not be willing to let them pass from my mind. How precious are the intimate contacts that have come my way with the great and the near-great. I prize my reportorial experiences in Washington during 1912-13, which included covering the White House during the shift from Taft to Wilson. The assignment to barge off to Europe during the World War thrilled me—does yet. I went to stay six months, and stayed five years. Then there have been roamings in Mexico, in the United States, in China and the Indies, and back to Europe again after the 1920 campaign; the post-war reconstruction period; the League, with its rise and its lapses; sporadic European revolutions; political upheavals; the occupation of the Ruhr; and the Dawes Plan in the making; international politics and intrigues. And last, one of the greatest single news events since 1914 was the epochal flight of Colonel Charles Lindbergh from New York to Paris in 1927.

Horace Greeley once said, "Fame is vapor, riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion." If the price of these recollections must be oblivion, I choose oblivion.

Greeley was undoubtedly a pessimist, but accepting his philosophy for the moment, I believe that the average reporter gets more out of life than the man who tries to find romance in selling bonds—or beans.

As for reward, I would rather have sat, as I did, in the press gallery of the House of Commons listening to Lloyd George making the greatest war speech ever uttered in that historical structure than to have gained something of great material value. I would rather have been present, as I was, in the French Chamber of Deputies hearing Premier Alexandre Ribot deliver the speech incident to America's entry into the European war in 1917 than to have been anywhere else hearing any one else in the world.

Of course, every news-gatherer has his lucky and his unlucky breaks, and I had mine.

For instance, tragic to me was my situation the night of the shooting of Theodore Roosevelt in Milwaukee. I witnessed the actual shooting. But I was working for a press association serving afternoon papers, and at 8:00 P.M., when the attempted assassination occurred, I realized that the last editions of several hundred newspapers from coast to coast served by my association had already gone to press. What a futile feeling!

Then, the day the long-range gun opened fire on Paris, the censor annihilated every word of my various cables. I myself was reluctant to believe that any gun could fire a shell seventy miles. If the censor had slaughtered the cable despatches of my chief rival on that occasion, everything would have been even. But through some freak of censorial conscience he did not.

Again, in 1916 I did not get my long-planned interview with Lord Kitchener, as I certainly should have done if *H. M. S. Hampshire* had not been mined and destroyed.

In the Firth of Forth, Scotland, 1916, I did not go to sea with the British battle cruiser squadron as I should have done had the Germans come out at that time.

At Amerongen, Holland, I did not interview the Kaiser, but I did give his ex-Imperial Majesty a few anxious days. He thought I wanted to kidnap him.

At Queenstown, Ireland, I was roundly cursed as a hyena and a jackal for attempting to gain details of the *Lusitania* disaster from an agitated survivor.

On the other hand, by crawling around in No-Man's-Land, scared stiff, with half a dozen Frenchmen, I landed a new newspaper job.

On the outskirts of Mexico City, I spent an exhilarating evening interviewing Federico Cordova, a gentleman who took great pride in the profession of banditry in the turbulent Mexico of Carranza.

In Manchuria, I was the guest of a Chinese general whose army was facing the Russians, and I left just in time to avoid retreating two hundred miles with the army, which looted and killed as it went. My friend the general committed suicide.

In the war, I successfully, and, on occasion, narrowly, dodged considerable enemy hardware, including, in Picardy, a 380-millimetre shell, and later, a few post-war revolutionary bullets.

At night in the Argonne, on November 2, 1918, I scratched out a fifty-word cablegram in pencil on the back of an envelope, saying that the Germans were in full retreat. It crawled back over the infantry wires laid on the ground to regimental headquarters, where somebody passed it on through brigade, division, and corps headquarters until it finally reached army headquarters at Souilly. There my good friend Grantland Rice, press officer, saw it and relayed it to

press headquarters at Bar-le-Duc. From there it went on the telegraph to Paris, and thence by cable to New York. Almost as promptly as if it had come from Pittsburgh, it was printed in the *New York Tribune*.

And after that, in Berlin, I escaped mobbing by a small margin for wearing the American uniform too soon after the Armistice.

Moreover, aside from such reportorial experiences in a hectic world, I would not wish to be deprived of many associations with certain members of the reportorial clan, some of the finest clay this old earth has produced. It has even been enlightening to hobnob occasionally with some of the worst.

Not for anything, during the 1928 convention of the Republican party in Kansas City, would I have missed a slap on the back in the crowded lobby of the Meuhlebach Hotel. That slap came from Idaho. Its donor, an erstwhile American lieutenant, sitting down with me there, thrust me back with him into the Argonne, finally turning me loose under the shadow of Fort Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine. Then we talked politics, for he was an alternate delegate to the convention.

Both at Kansas City and at the Houston conventions it would have been sad to have missed sidling off to odd corners with any of a score of men who could talk over old times in various latitudes or longitudes. When some succulent news bone draws the fraternity to the picking—little matter where—some of the faces seem strangely out of place.

Here, in Kansas City, was Ernest Hemingway from Paris, recalling days at Genoa, Lausanne, Cannes, and Paris. Here, too, was Junius Wood from Moscow, who had come via Siberia and the Orient to report American politics. Here, also in the environment of American politics, was Richard Law, son of the late Bonar Law of England, a reporter from the London *Morning Post*.

Here was Ralph Turner, too, whose trails had crossed mine at many places within a radius of ten thousand miles. Moreover, here was Raymond G. Carroll, the "hermit crab" of newspaperdom, recalling "Dead Man's Hill" of war days. Here was Herbert Swope of the Peace Conference.

Another memory takes me back to 1910 when in the Chicago office of the United Press I caught a fleeting glimpse of a man rushing from San Francisco to New York on his way to Europe. This was Karl von Wiegand, ex-Associated Press writer, now with the rival organization, who was bound for Berlin. Little did any one realize then that Von Wiegand, Iowa-born German-American, would a few years later, as a neutral correspondent, write some of the best war news that up to that time had been written. His interview with the Crown Prince of Germany in those piping times of Prussian blatancy stands out in one's memory as second only to his account of the Zeppelin commander who had flown the great airship over London, strewing death and disaster for the first time over the metropolis.

I would not exchange these and other acquaintances of two decades in the newspaper game for anything in the world. Life is too short.

Talk of Jeffersonian simplicity on the Democratic side of the campaign in 1928 recalled for me the Washington of long ago. My assignment there I account among my most interesting experiences, when as a youthful reporter covering, at intervals, the House and Senate, I was sent by the United Press to the White House and told to give the waiting world the news of everything that should happen there. Some of the men with whom I came in contact then are gone. Others are men of the first rank in the political world to-day.

Foremost of all was the big, jovial, and charming Wil-

liam Howard Taft, who carried on the Rooseveltian tradition of cordiality with newspapermen. To cover the White House under this Chief Executive was to love and honor him. Frequent trips to New York or elsewhere on the presidential private train gave us reporters the satisfaction of knowing that "The Chief" was always willing to arrange for us to get the news.

In contrast with the genial Taft, what a dash of cold water was Woodrow Wilson! Stern, pedagogic, the Wilson of 1913 obliged us to feel in his presence that we were a group of Princeton freshmen. On one occasion, I recall, he lectured a youthful Washington writer in the presence of some fifty others because the young man had asked a question which the President considered impertinent. The query was based on inexperience, but it was not impertinent. Naturally this young man's usefulness at presidential conferences was ended. His office withdrew him, convinced that if the President had seen fit to humiliate him once, he might do it again. But here was the contrast between the kindly Taft and the austere Wilson, a contrast which did not contribute to the latter's popularity with the correspondents.

Joseph Tumulty, just appointed secretary to Wilson, breezed into the executive offices in March, 1913, and entered the press room.

"I want you boys to know," said the new secretary, "that my door is always open. Come right in any time, and ask me anything."

We all thanked him cordially. While President Taft had not been inaccessible in the past, his secretary, Charles D. Hilles, had been more reserved. One could not break into Mr. Hilles's room and demand action on a story. One had to be properly announced.

With the advent of Tumulty it appeared that Jeffersonian simplicity had arrived. Mr. Tumulty was cordial. There was no mistaking that. He talked freely. You could burst in, and even sit on his desk, and you could ask anything. But you got no inside information. In lieu of that, you usually had a charming raconteur before you, a delightful Irishman, full of the latest stories and chit-chat. But no real news came from Tumulty. And in the inner office an austere Chief Executive! Not so simple as Jefferson might have desired it.

What might be characterized as comic relief at the beginning of the first Wilson administration was found in our first interview with William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, succeeding Philander C. Knox. A certain dignity of office had characterized Mr. Knox's régime. Employes of the State Department from the first secretary down to Eddie, the little square-bodied Negro door man just outside the Secretary's room, had learned that when P. C. Knox rang a bell, he wanted action. There were about fifteen bells on the Secretary's desk, arranged in one corner.

That day, when half a hundred correspondents called by appointment to pay our respects to Secretary Bryan, the Nebraskan rose to receive us, and then sat back informally on one corner of the desk. Such ease was most un-Knox-like, and savored of the simplicity à la Jefferson which the administration had adopted as a permanent plank.

Bryan started to say something, but was interrupted by the arrival of Eddie, who rushed in looking worried. Eddie saw that there had been some mistake, but before he could back off, the First Secretary had hurriedly entered. Then came, one by one from all directions, the department personnel, doors swinging inward, revealing anxious faces.

Somebody eased the situation by addressing the new Secre-

tary: "Mr. Secretary, I beg pardon, but you are sitting on the push buttons."

"Ah," responded Mr. Bryan. "So I am."

The employes dispersed, and our first interview with Bryan began.

The gist of the interview, as I recall it, was that he had just taken over his office and knew nothing. His order later withdrawing American forces from Vera Cruz without obliging Dictator Huerta to salute the American flag indicated, as we then thought, that the Secretary still had something to learn.

Shortly after the Bryan interview, I visited the office of Josephus Daniels, the new Secretary of the Navy. There was simplicity also. Mr. Daniels was having lunch at his desk, with a quart bottle of milk and a loaf of bread. He picked the bread to pieces, placed the pieces in a small bowl, and poured the milk over them as he talked. All that made a pretty fair story. The Navy, however, had difficulty in assimilating Daniels' simplicity order that unfermented grapejuice would be the strongest beverage of the mess and wardroom. I was not surprised, therefore, more than fifteen years after the grapejuice order, to find Mr. Daniels fighting on the resolutions committee of the Democratic national convention at Houston for a bone-dry plank in the 1928 platform.

There was also that little mental Colossus, Newton D. Baker, Wilson's Secretary of War, with whom I talked in Paris on the day that he sent a cablegram to Washington warning America that if the Allies were to be saved, we had better get every available man to France at once. The Russians had cracked, and had signed their ignominious peace at Brest-Litovsk. Every one recalls the result. English ships for

the most part carried our men across. They came so fast that we war correspondents in the field could not hope to keep track of them. Whole divisions seemed to arrive overnight.

Taking breath before commencing a new chapter I reflect that the future is not likely to bring again to me, to members of our clan, experience so intense as the Great War. Events of so prodigious a nature contribute unforgettable lessons to all men, from kings down to reporters.

But being a mere reporter, I make no further comment on its meaning. Here is my record of some things that I saw. I leave it to others—so numerous to-day—to exclaim what an insane thing war is, how incredible its useless slaughter of the world's best manhood, how demoniac its thrust of nations into an abnormal psychological morass, how useless its aims, how fatal its ends! These denunciations, with which, however, I heartily agree, I leave to psychologists and philosophers, who all repeat the dismal lesson. Beyond this I merely echo what I hear being said all over the world—and increasingly as time goes on—that war is not even a paying business.

CHAPTER II

OFF TO EUROPE

I WENT to London at the beginning of 1915 as assistant to Ed. L. Keen, then general European manager of the United Press. But little did I suspect that that was coming, for my route was via Ohio. My reportorial term at the White House in Washington having in due course expired, I was sent with Karl M. Bickel, later to become president of the United Press, to Columbus, Ohio, to help build up the news service. Bickel was assigned to the business office, and his job was to convince Ohio editors that our service was the best. The entire mission was a sort of expedition against Hearst. The latter's International News Service in its swaddling clothes had gone forth into the Scripps-McRae stronghold of Ohio (the United Press was one of the Scripps-McRae interests) and offered the smaller Ohio newspapers a news service at cut rates.

As a special premium, Bud Fisher's comic strip, "Mutt and Jeff," was thrown in, and many editors succumbed. It was Bickel's and my task to make the United Press service so good that even Mutt and Jeff could not argue against it. I applied the needle at Columbus, the state capital, and Bickel produced the high-powered salesmanship. Mutt and Jeff were finally ousted.

From Columbus I moved to Cleveland to take charge of what was then known as a "split wire." A split wire is just what its name implies. In this case the main news artery, a leased wire, ran from New York to Chicago, feeding newspapers along the route. News of eastern interest ceased to

have all its value when it reached Cleveland. By the same token, certain news of midwest and Chicago interest lost much of its worth to the eastern papers, though before the advent of the split wire it was necessary to carry through to both cities. It was the inauguration of this break in the New York-Chicago wire at Cleveland, giving the West selected news of the East, and vice versa, that took me to the Ohio metropolis.

Two events of major importance in my life occurred in Cleveland. One was that the Central Powers declared war on France, Great Britain, and Russia. The other was that I was married—went right back to Peoria and did it, returning to Cleveland to settle down for better or worse.

There was a war on. What of it? What did the American cave-dwellers in those prehistoric days of 1914 care about war? Rents were cheap. Food was cheap. The goose hung high.

Our wires were zinging with thrilling stories of how the French were holding back the Germans. The war seemed a transient thing. Six months we gave it before one side or the other would win. The Russian steam-roller on one side, and the British and French on the other, we thought, would close in on Germany in the spring like a giant nut-cracker, and force the Kaiser to his knees. But then, at other times, we felt that maybe Germany would crush France that spring. England would thus be cut off from France and checkmated. Russia was too far away to do anything. It was all in the point of view. "Anyway," the war experts said, "it will all be over this coming summer."

The telephone rang in my office in the Cleveland Press Building one Wednesday late in February, 1915. It was Perry Arnold, my old chief in Washington, then general news manager of the United Press in New York.

After preliminaries he queried: "How would you like to go to Europe?"

"Say that again!" I shouted back.

"We want you to go to London as assistant to Keen," said Perry. "I called up to ask you because I know that you have only recently married and settled down there in Cleveland. You had better ask the better half about it. We want you to sail from New York Saturday noon. Better be in New York Friday evening, and we'll get your passport fixed up in Washington in plenty of time."

"Well, what about the better half?" I inquired.

"Oh, she'll go along too," said Perry. "But you'd better ask her about it first, and I will call up again in about an hour." Perry had been married for many years. He knew the proper procedure.

I telephoned my wife. She was thrilled. I called Arnold. That evening the furniture-storage folk got their order to come and pack up the wedding presents, the pots and pans, and the whole paraphernalia of the home. The cat was accepted gladly by the neighbor across the hall. We took the midnight train for New York, and sailed at the appointed time on the *Saint Paul*, one of the first ships to run the German submarine blockade around Great Britain.

One of the passengers on the liner was Mrs. Walter Hines Page, returning to London to rejoin her husband, the American ambassador, whom I learned to know and respect. He was one of the most able men ever sent to the Court of St. James. The voyage was uneventful, but little did any one of the hundred-odd passengers or members of the crew—or for that matter, Captain F. M. Passow, a doughty old sea-dog—realize that the submarine blockade was to result two months hence in a sea catastrophe which would startle the world, the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Moreover, how was I to forecast that

instead of the projected six months' trip to Europe, I was to remain nearly five years, and that my first big assignment on the other side was to be the *Lusitania* disaster?

In England during early 1915 I was one who scoffed mildly at Kitchener's warning to the Allies that they must prepare for a three-year campaign. How could any one realize that we were in the midst of the world's most terrible era of slaughter, to end only after scores of thousands of my own—then neutral—countrymen had gone into the death maw; after more than two millions of them had crossed the Atlantic to the European continent, and that apathy of 1914-15-16 had changed to war frenzy?

London in early 1915 was not the depressing city it became eventually when the Germans began to sprinkle it with bombs from the sky. Until the first Zeppelin came, London was still an illuminated city. The British were proceeding under the slogan of "business as usual."

I remember the Zeppelin incident as one in the wake of a hard day at the United Press office in Temple Chambers. The *Lusitania* had been sunk. British troops had met reverses at the front. The English people had not been able to understand why the United States did not declare war on Germany over the *Lusitania* attack. Our position as a neutral had become inexcusable in their eyes.

The Germans were hinting in their Nauen radio broadcastings, picked up by British stations, that London was a fortified city, and therefore was not immune to air attacks. Londoners paid little attention. The military authorities had mounted anti-aircraft guns here and there, but no one believed that Berlin would dare to cast tons of high explosives into the very heart of the city, slaughtering civilians indiscriminately. London had something to learn.

In my Adelaide Road maisonette, as certain apartments are

sometimes called in London, I had retired early. This section of London, known as Primrose Hill, overlooks the main part of the city.

A tremendous explosion almost lifted me out of bed. Hastily rigging out in slippers and bathrobe, I rushed outside. My wife, who had not yet retired, was already out. We hurried to the nearest point of vantage, to find a hundred neighbors watching a long cigar-like airship cruising swiftly over the heart of London. Searchlights held it. At intervals of seconds it was dropping heavy bombs, which seemed to shake the ground under our feet. An anti-aircraft gun somewhere in the rear of us was barking. The Zeppelin, its work of destruction complete, pointed its sharp nose upward and disappeared in a cloud.

Perhaps at some time after the Armistice the actual death roll and the estimate of property destruction in London's first baptism of fire was made public. I never knew it. We worked frantically that night to get the story to America. This Zeppelin had cut a bloody swath across the city. But the military authorities had put down a curtain of censorship which forced us to be content with an official communiqué declaring that a Zeppelin had passed over London and dropped some bombs. More significant, however, than the actual news of the event were the comments of Londoners to me on Primrose Hill. As neighbors, these Londoners knew I was an American correspondent.

"What do you think about that?" they shouted to me. "Tell President Wilson what a fine lot the Germans are!" they yelled. "You Americans had better wake up!" they said.

It was the feeling of Great Britain in those stirring days that President Wilson was not sincere in his several notes to Germany regarding the freedom of the seas and other matters. It was felt that these were a mere matter of form. Amer-

icans were looked on as being half pro-German. This feeling was somewhat intensified when Karl von Wiegand interviewed the commander of the raiding Zeppelin upon the latter's return to Berlin.

Naturally the Von Wiegand interview gave the German twist. It played up the bravery of the air-raider, and emphasized the ease with which the British capital had been attained. It did not fail to heap contempt upon the London anti-aircraft defense system.

These were embarrassing days for American neutrals in London. Especially was it a delicate period for our eminent ambassador, Walter Hines Page, who showed mastery in placating British statesmen with one hand, and writing frank letters to President Wilson with the other.

We correspondents saw the ambassador daily, and it was through his efforts that we were able to crack the British governmental reserve in giving out news. Our relations with the big men of the Empire, busy as they were in prosecuting the war, gradually became more personal. The American correspondents in London found the Foreign Office open to them, and the Admiralty produced some of the best news of the early war period.

It was through Captain Reginald Hall, Chief of Admiralty Intelligence, that we were able to learn how the Germans were forging American passports and flooding Allied countries with spies disguised as neutral Americans. Many of our pseudo-compatriots found themselves in the Tower of London, never to emerge alive, through the clever work of Captain Hall. It was with his help that the American correspondents were able to dramatize facts and events which contributed to the evolution of our country from disinterested neutrality to war-mindedness.

Captain Hall was a powerful little man, a sea-dog with

grizzled locks, his brain as snappy and immaculate as his uniform. His quick wit carried him onward from the bridge of the battleship *Queen Mary*, when he maneuvered the great ship deftly out of the path of a swiftly approaching torpedo, to the job in the Admiralty where one of the most brilliant minds of all Britain was demanded. He is to-day an admiral, and Knight of the Empire.

Captain Hall saw to it that our cable despatches raced through the censorship and to America. More than once he smoothed the way on our scrambles through forbidden ports to get to the news. It was due to Captain Hall, perhaps, or to the breaking down of a bureaucracy in Britain which had for its motto, "You cawn't do it, you know, because it isn't done, you know!" that I was able to tell America over United Press wires that one of the greatest of all super-Zeppelins had been shot down in flames. I was able to get the news to the other side before the airship had crashed to the ground, an incandescent mass. Commanding this Zeppelin was the same German officer who some months before had given Von Wiegand the thrilling interview as to the ease with which he had conducted the first Zeppelin over the capital, killing hundreds of non-combatants—men, women, and children—at a time when the British boast was "business as usual."

I was an eye-witness to the magnificent, terrifying spectacle.

War had expanded the United Press office in Temple Chambers. *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, one of the two richest newspapers of South America, had nonchalantly ordered our bureau to send two thousand words of cable nightly, via Dakar, Africa, Pernambuco, and Buenos Aires. Though cable tolls alone for this service amounted to \$1,000 every twenty-four hours, that order meant that *La Nacion* wanted two thousand words nightly, no more, no less.

This brought to Keen and me some assistance from the United States in the person of Hal O'Flaherty from the New York staff. Always a first-class newspaper man, O'Flaherty later became London correspondent of the *New York Sun*, and later Stockholm correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, until promoted long after the war to be foreign editor of the *News*, with headquarters in Chicago.

I had left the office in London late, with O'Flaherty holding the fort for the remainder of the night, and had reached the gate of my rented villa at Harrow-on-the-Hill, when searchlights began to converge in the sky above me. I heard the whir of propellers. Suddenly a pin-point of intense light punctured the dark sky above, dilating rapidly and sending forth a streamlet of fire racing down the back of a giant Zeppelin, now plainly visible in its own light. The monster was up perhaps five thousand feet, its propellers whirring, and its underslung gondolas showing black underneath the massive gas-bag.

The fire in an instant had waterfalld from the top down the side, until from back to belly the great ship stood there enveloped in flame like a huge glowing cigar.

The pyrotechnic display was accompanied by a roar like the waters of Niagara, and the countryside was alight. While fire ate the oiled fabric from the ship's ribs, showing them yellow, skeleton-like, the craft seemed to remain motionless, a spectacle of war for tens of thousands of eyes which must have been watching for it from the earth.

Then it began to twist like a burning worm. A large gondola dropped off, hurtling down like a meteor shedding a tail of sparks. I thought I saw men jump from this gondola, black forms separating themselves from it as it fell.

The thing that had been a huge engine of war a moment before was now a twisted falling mass. The spectacle and the

roar of flame as it went down were fascinating and terrifying.

An elm tree which shaded my suburban garden cut off the view at last. Perhaps less than a minute had passed. It was a journalistic instinct that shot me to the telephone in the front hall of the villa. It seemed but a second before O'Flaherty's voice sounded at the other end of the wire.

As I dictated briefly an account of the scene just unfolded, O'Flaherty re-dictated to the cable operator, who sat within a few feet of his desk in the London office. The message went off at "urgent" rate, taking precedence over all other despatches on the cable.

The time was midnight—7:00 P.M. in New York. There was no censorship on that despatch and others which followed it. When we checked up, we discovered that newspaper offices in the United States had received news of the destroyed super-Zeppelin before the ship had actually reached the ground.

Transmission across the Atlantic had been less than a minute. The original bulletin had raced over the leased wires of the United Press at home in less than that. From the moment that Lief Robinson, a fearless young British aviator, had flown above it in a fast single-seater and hurled an incendiary bomb on its nose, it had required more than five minutes for the giant flaming mass to fall harmlessly in a field outside London.

Twenty-four hours later in the office of Captain Reginald Hall at the Admiralty in Whitehall, I held in my hand the identification disk worn by the commander of the Zeppelin. He had jumped from the burning gondola. His body had thudded a hole in the ground as he struck. Every bone was broken, but he breathed until they touched him. He was the same man who had carried out orders some months before to raid the "fortified city of London." He had gone back to

Berlin and made the mistake of boasting about it in the Von Wiegand interview.

As I held the shining aluminum disk in my hand the next day, the background was clear. It seemed to be retribution.

CHAPTER III

THE LUSITANIA DISASTER

I

COUNT JOHANN VON BERNSTORFF, representative of the German Republic to the League of Nations, during the current decade let few opportunities slip at Geneva to remind the League members of Article VIII of the Covenant. Article VIII has to do with general disarmament.

Heavy set now, even paunchy, and smooth-shaven, but with thinning blond hair parted in the middle as newspaper photographs always depicted him before Washington delivered him his passport in the spring of 1917, it was the same Count Bernstorff who, as Imperial Germany's ambassador to Washington, placed brief advertisements in the New York newspapers late in April, 1915, advising Americans not to sail on the last voyage of the S. S. *Lusitania*.

The Bernstorff warnings caused newspaper correspondents to keep their ears close to the ground during the balmy days of early May in Fleet Street, London. Little did any of us, working for American newspapers and press associations, feel that hardly a week after the Bernstorff advertisements we should be in Ireland talking to half-crazed survivors of the stricken liner, and looking in the faces of its tragic dead.

British Admiralty authorities openly scoffed at the idea that the Germans would attack the *Lusitania*, especially since the liner's passenger list included such Americans as Alfred

G. Vanderbilt, internationally known millionaire sportsman; Charles Frohman, the New York theatrical producer; Charles Klein, playwright; Dr. F. S. Pearson, noted scientist and explorer; Elbert Hubbard, editor of *The Philistine*; and others of prominence.

By ordinary reckoning it seemed to be against the most elemental understanding of war psychology. But British naval men looked at it this way: if the Germans are insane enough to slaughter these outstanding Americans, the loss of a world-renowned liner might have its compensation in stirring anti-German feeling in the United States and serve to bring the United States into the war earlier on the side of the Allies.

No precautions were taken to protect the *Lusitania* from prowling U-boats. She came up the Irish Channel a broad-side target at reduced speed. Exactly from what source the news came first to Fleet Street that the *Lusitania* had been destroyed, none will ever know. Our news tickers on this May afternoon were droning along about little or nothing. London newspapers had featured the refusal of the prominent Americans in New York to heed Bernstorff, and then had dropped the *Lusitania* story. The afternoon editions had nothing. As far as any one knew the big ship was plowing her way toward Liverpool, somewhere in the Irish Sea.

Without fuss, the office-boy sauntered in and announced that the *Lusitania* had been sunk. Wartime Fleet Street was notorious for its underground rumors, usually false. This announcement from the lethargic office-boy was like a strong jolt of electricity. It had to be tracked down and quickly.

Our cable operator was squirming in his chair ready to send a flash to New York. I had already shouted a number into the telephone.

"Is this Captain Hall?" I yelled.

"Yes," snapped back a reply.

of detail and cable it as fast as possible. Our United Press office staff at that time in London was short, and hundreds of newspapers were depending upon us alone for news. I rushed out of the office to the Cunard Line office, to find a crowd gathering there eager for information. "Underground" as the first hint had been, it had spread like wildfire. All London seemed to know that the great, graceful ocean greyhound, pride of a maritime nation, lay at the bottom of the Irish Sea. It only remained to know how many of her complement —1917 souls, passengers and crew—were dead, and how many were living.

The Cunard Line could tell nothing. Clerks were mute, under orders. The early story written around the crowds of people besieging the shipping offices of London for news was the tale of pathos written hundreds of times. Here were fashionably dressed relatives and friends of first-class passengers. Here was an aged woman with a shawl over her head who cried, "My son is a steward on that ship!" Here was a man in a top hat who fumed that he would have news or know the reason why. We cabled it all.

But the most dramatic international news story the war had furnished up to that time remained hundreds of miles away at the little port of call, Queenstown, Ireland. This was the spot on which the eyes of the world were to focus for the next few days. A conversation with my chief, Ed. L. Keen, general European manager for the United Press, elicited the fact that he had assigned me to get to Queenstown with all possible speed.

This meant getting together every available pound and shilling of cash at an hour when London banks had closed for the day. A hurried invoice of office cash box and office pockets yielded ten pounds. With this I jumped into a taxicab for Paddington Station. It was my first big story in Europe, and

I was anxious to be on my way. The question of getting there was naturally important. The best train from London to the Welsh coast left Paddington at 8:30 P.M. The most logical sailing point was Fishguard, from which place the regular Irish Sea steamers made their early morning departures for Rosslaire, a tiny Irish village connecting by rail with Cork. I arrived at Paddington with four minutes to spare.

It seemed that all London was engaged in blocking my way from the street to the booking office. There had been no time to encumber the trip with baggage or even a portable typewriter, and thus running light I was able to get to the ticket window ahead of a crowd.

"Ticket to Queenstown, Ireland, and hurry!" I panted at the booking agent.

"Tickets only to Fishguard, sir," said the ticket seller.

"All right!" I almost shouted. "Make it Fishguard!"

Fate is a strange thing. Here were five words full of fate. No Britisher would have said: "All right! Make it Fishguard!" He would have put it this way: "Very well, then please book me to Fishguard." My colloquial Americanisms had revealed to the booking agent that I was not a British subject. Shocking! He curtly informed me that Fishguard was one of His Majesty's closed ports and that no alien might enter it without special permission from His Majesty's Admiralty.

Outside on the first platform, a few yards away, where the 8:30 panted to be off there were alarming toots and noises. I told the booking agent that I was determined to be on that train, ticket or no ticket. "That's quite impossible, I assure you!" he droned nasally. "I just cawn't book you to Fishguard," he added stubbornly. "But hold, I can book you to Landore, Wales, the first station this side," he suggested as an afterthought.

More toots outside forced me to agree to this. It was like

grabbing time by the forelock and very little of it left to grab. I got the ticket. On the platform the station-master, a functionary found in all European railway stations, was urging passengers to hurry with the clock trembling around 8:29 3/4.

I approached the uniformed dignitary and explained my situation. He promised to telephone at once to the Admiralty, the Home Office, the Foreign Office and my own office to warn all and sundry that I would be arriving at Landore, Wales, at 2:30 A.M., and would expect official authorization there to proceed through Fishguard to Ireland.

To be held up in a little Welsh wayside station like Landore for hours was not only an awful thought, but it would mean a fatal delay in racing to the scene of a story the size of the *Lusitania* disaster. While the distance from London to Queenstown was not great (about four hundred miles) it represented a hurdle race over red tape and precautions of wartime. My greatest obstacle thus far was the closed port of Fishguard. In this port there were naval secrets of great value to the enemy. As the most westerly point on St. George's Channel which separates Ireland from the greater island, it was an important arm in the constant battle against enemy U-boats, and aliens, even Americans, were not welcome there.

Hence the task ahead of me which overshadowed everything else was to slide through Fishguard by fair means or foul. One slip would mean hours of delay and possibly prison. Other obstacles standing in the way of a proper handling of the story, once in Queenstown—cable difficulties and lack of ready cash—were bridges to be crossed at a later time.

Getting to Queenstown by the speediest method was the initial problem. Concentrating on this as the 8:30 sped westward through London suburbs, I hastily wrote four telegrams in case my friend, the Paddington station-master, had neglected the promised telephoning. These messages went di-

rect to the Admiralty and to friends in other government offices. One was an urgent appeal to my own office to check the situation carefully, and above all, to do it promptly.

Landore, Wales, is an obscure little station, used during the war by the British Intelligence Service to comb every train bound for the seacoast. I shall never forget this place because, as the police began to operate through the carriages examining papers, I had the same mental reaction an escaped convict must have when his cover is scant and guards with sawed-off shotguns are approaching. I had no documents authorizing me to enter a closed naval port, and as it was 2:30 A.M., within a few miles of Fishguard, I had little hope of producing any. These alien-hunting Britishers would have no compunction about shoving me off in the darkness, and I knew it. I promised myself gravely, however, that there would be a worthwhile argument while the shoving was going on.

The train came to a smooth halt. A small station with a dim light burning within was all that was visible. Voices were heard as a number of men entered the coach in which some British newspapermen, one American special writer and I had been chatting. This "special" was Fred Pitney, of the New York *Tribune*. He had boarded the 8:30 in the same circumstances, and I had included him in my telegrams back to London for authorization. Like myself, Pitney had no papers nor passports of any kind. He had looked British enough to obtain a ticket for Fishguard without question since he had spoken only the purest of English when he was at the ticket window. But even that, he found, was not enough. The main thing was to pass the critical inspectors at Landore.

"Identity cards and papers, please," demanded an inspector as he approached our group. The British journalists produced the ordinary press identity cards which proved they were British, and that was enough. I looked at Pitney and Pitney

looked at me. The situation was getting desperate. We had no papers beyond the wartime documents asserting that we were decidedly alien.

The inspector was waiting. There was one of those extremely awkward silences. It emphasized a noise in the train corridor.

"I say, old chap, some one is calling your name," chirped up one of my British colleagues.

The name was not being called correctly but a voice unmistakably Welsh was giving the Welsh version of it in a piping, shrill tone. A little fellow who proved to be the Landore station-master entered the car. He called the name again.

"Here I am!" I shouted, glad to have something to break the tension.

It was a telegram. The inspector sidled up, breathing a liquorful breath upon me as I read:

"Home Office at request of Foreign Office has telegraphed permission for you and Pitney to proceed to Queenstown." It was signed "Keen."

If you have ever had a hundred-pound weight lifted from your neck, you know the feeling. Some would have broken down and wept. For me it was a sudden relief from nervous tension which had begun hours before in London. The most immediate reaction was to cause a ten-shilling note to pass from my hand into that of the little Welsh station-master. What if he had been too indolent to search the train for me with that telegram? What, in fact, would have been my position if the booking agent had not detected my nationality at the ticket window and had let me go to Fishguard regardless of the "fly trap" at Landore?

Half an hour later the train halted on the quay at Fishguard. Above the hum of activity here, the hiss of steam from the waiting steamer, and the bustle of scraping baggage and

descending passengers, my name was again being shouted, this time in unadulterated English.

An admiral and his aide approached. The aide made certain of my identity, and the admiral bowed. I sensed that my good friend Captain Hall in London had sent the admiral with some instructions. It was 3:00 A.M., an unholy hour for admirals. The officer was speaking:

"I am happy to meet you and welcome you to this port," he said. "His Majesty's Admiralty has directed me to see that you are comfortable aboard the steamer for Ireland. I have taken the liberty of assigning to you one of our petty officers and engaging a stateroom."

The petty officer stepped up to take my baggage. I had none. The admiral assured me that I would find it convenient to permit the petty officer to serve my tea in the morning and heat my shaving water. I had no razor. I did not drink tea in the morning. But the petty officer had been ordered to accompany me to Ireland and accompany he did.

In the dim light of the quayside the admiral appeared to be a handsome man, big and straight in gold-braided blue uniform and cap.

The steamer's siren rent the air with shrill warning. The admiral and his aide turned to deal with an argument behind them which carried on when the siren left off. Here was an alien who had somehow leaped the hurdles into the sacred precinct of Fishguard without authority. He was a photographer for an American syndicate, bound for Queenstown to make pictures. He did not sail. As the ship backed away from the quay his eloquent language could still be heard after the darkness had blotted him out.

Between Fishguard and Rosslaire Harbor on the Irish side is the shortest route across the Irish Sea. Thence by train to Cork and Queenstown is a matter of a few hours. Thus it was

the late forenoon of May 7, 1915, that I jumped from the train in the little village, which, at that moment was a fountainhead of grief.

II

It was the supreme assignment for the newspaper reporter who found himself in Queenstown that May morning. Groups of survivors had already been brought ashore, their minds filled with the horror of a great foundering liner, and worse still, gnawing doubt as to the fate of friends and relatives still missing.

A few bodies had found a temporary bier on the dirt floor of an old stone building on the water-front. It was Saturday. Eight hundred newspapers depending upon the United Press thousands of miles away were leaning on me and me alone to give them the details of this appalling tragedy. On Saturday newspapers seek to get their news in early in preparation for the Sunday editions. What a load!

The most natural thing to do first was to visit the temporary morgue and scan the faces of the dead. Here were thirty bodies, men, women, and children. Vanderbilt, Hubbard, Frohman, and others of prominence were not among them. I began to talk to the half-crazed survivors. Many of these had been people of breeding and dignity a brief time before. Now all were objects of charity, wearing such apparel as the kindly residents of Queenstown had been able to furnish them. Some were clothed scantily under a single outer garment. Others were still in the wrinkled sea-soaked garb of the steamer deck. Millionaires and ship-hands mingled together, all shaken, all babbling of their tragic adventure to any one who would listen. There was a group huddled in the small office of the Cunard Line on the quayside. Others were wandering along the narrow street of the water-front, searching vainly for

familiar faces. Still others were lying prostrate in rooms and even in the lobby of the overcrowded Queens Hotel.

One of the first survivors with whom I talked was Mrs. J. S. Burnside, a sister of J. C. Eaton, of Toronto, Canada, one of the leading merchants of the Dominion. Clad in rough, borrowed garments, she sat weeping and disconsolate in the Cunard office—waiting. Her story confirmed those to which I listened later in the day. Mrs. Burnside and her daughter had been at the luncheon table with Walter McLean of New York, and two others. Everything happened quickly. The first torpedo struck. There was a rush for the decks and general excitement. She was thrown into the sea, picked up unconscious, and brought ashore. "I do not know what happened to my daughter," she said, "and I fear I am the only one of our party to survive."

Robert Rankin of Ithaca, New York, was the next. He had been standing on the deck talking to Thomas Bloomfield of New York, and Isaac Lehman, a Canadian, when he saw part of a conning tower and the periscope of a submarine. He saw the white wake of a torpedo. There was an explosion. The vessel was deluged with black smoke, while a rain of debris fell. Rankin found himself in the water and was picked up by one of the starboard lifeboats, which he said was in charge of the coolest man he ever saw. This was a steward named Welch, who rescued thirty-two others.

My greatest preoccupation in talking to these survivors at first was their news of the nationally-known Americans aboard the liner. Singularly, few could remember having seen them during the confusion. It was finally from Mlle. Rita Jolivet, the French-American actress, that the story of Vanderbilt and Frohman became known. With them was Herbert Stone, son of Melville Stone, chief of the Associated Press. All three, standing on an upper deck, had refused to rush for the life-

boats. Mlle. Jolivet became separated from her companions and eventually found a place in a boat. She did not see them again. They died heroically, refusing to save themselves when it might have been possible.

With such information in my mind and with scraps of names and addresses scrawled on the back of an envelop, I was reminded that newspapers at home were depending upon me and further interviewing would be futile if the details could not be transmitted to the United States. Moreover, I had entirely forgotten that I was the representative of only one American news agency and that possibly an army of competitors were already firing their messages over the cable to England for relay to New York. Press-association men pay little attention to the special correspondents who represent one or two newspapers only. The former think in terms of hundreds of newspaper offices waiting for brief, terse bulletins and flashes, anxious to cast their papers on the streets with the first news, no matter whether in ten or in fifty words. The rivalry which begins at the news source extends through the editorial rooms and presses at home, those at the destination often exulting in a beat of ten minutes over local opposition papers.

Throughout the United Kingdom the telegraph station is found at the local post-offices. It was so in Queenstown, where the small post-office was called upon to telegraph more words in a given time than at any period in Queenstown's history. Survivors were sending their cables to anxious relatives at home. Press messages enjoyed no precedence over this deluge of emergency despatches.

I had been instructed by my chief in London to "send 'em brief and frequent." To my great relief I found that I had funds to cover a considerable number of messages. But where to write was the question. I had imprudently neglected to

bring a typewriter; small portable machines were not in general use and our London office boasted none of them. A sheaf of telegraph forms from the post-office and a short pencil was the answer. A public house—saloon—faces the Queenstown post-office. This was my logical office and luckily the proprietor offered a small adjoining room exclusively for my use at ten shillings in advance. In that little room I worked at intervals for the next four days, printing each despatch laboriously by hand.

Delivery of the first message to the telegraph clerk brought a pleasant surprise. He volunteered the information that mine was the first press telegram so far offered. It was plain that my rivals had not yet arrived. Thereafter I shot telegrams at my friend the clerk fast and furiously. Between intervals of interviewing, writing and filing, my anxious eye was ever roving for the sight of my competitors. They were not desired by any means. Each trip to the post-office was an assurance. This office, I found, was the sole telegraphic avenue from Queenstown to the outside world, and if my rivals desired to shun it, they were welcome to do so.

The single telegraph clerk was bewildered. He had never known such a great volume of business. The operator, working in plain view a few feet behind the clerk's counter, was also swamped. But he pounded his key with a sort of desperation. My own telegrams represented an abnormal number of words. This situation was encouraging for me and would be disheartening to my rivals once they arrived on the scene. The strict rule of precedence would at least place my despatches before theirs, and mine would arrive minutes or even hours earlier in the United States.

A little observation, however, proved that there was a quicker way to beat the game. As messages were submitted to the clerk, either by *Lusitania* survivors or myself, he counted

the words and skewered them on a spike, face upward. When he could stab no more he carried his spike to the operator who began to send off the top. Hence, after all, the last message filed was the first to be put on the London wire. Both the clerk and the operator were too busy to notice this irregularity. And I have no hesitation in confessing that I took full advantage of it.

My writing being done in the public house across the street gave me full opportunity to watch the spindle. Instead of delivering my despatches one by one I saved them. When survivors' messages had filled the spike to within one inch of the top I descended upon the clerk with enough to do the trick. When he had carefully counted, cashed and spiked them, an urgent argument backed by a ten-shilling note sent him back with the whole batch, face up, to his brass-pounding colleague, who kept his key working with the same disregard for detail.

It was just after one of these skewer excursions that I observed my first rival. He was Ben Allen of the London bureau of the Associated Press.

"When did you get here?" he asked anxiously.

"A little while ago," I evaded.

Allen said he was accompanied by Frank Elser of the same bureau, and that some of the Hearst men had arrived with them. They came via Holyhead, Wales, and Dublin.

There are two routes to Queenstown, one way by way of Fishguard and the other through Holyhead. Trains leave London at the same time but the Fishguard route is three hours shorter. However, Fishguard was a sealed port.

It was many days later that I learned how my involuntary choice, jumping the more difficult and precarious barrier, had allowed me to have about fifteen hundred words of the *Lusi-*

tania disaster relayed through London and on the way to New York before my competitors arrived in Queenstown.

The memory of the days that followed in that little Irish way-station—a funeral bier for all the world except the Central Empires—is recalled as a jumbled journalistic nightmare. Food and sleep were necessarily almost forgotten. The rush of telegrams was uninterrupted, day or night. Financial worries ceased to be a burden through the kind offices of Wesley Frost, the American consul, who fortunately was well supplied with government gold. He loaned it liberally to me and to others who pledged their offices to pay. This gold figuratively flowed through the small telegraph office.

It kept the latest details of the greatest ocean disaster of the time steadily feeding into every newspaper in the world, a straight development of a newspaper story that encompassed misery, suffering, death, and even insanity. Not a single survivor was normal. Many of them, drenched with horror as they searched through the morgues for relatives who they knew must be there, were capable only of driveling incoherence. Many of their narratives never appeared in the American press. Reporters to whom they told them mercifully omitted them.

Three morgues now held the remains of the victims who had paid the price of indiscriminate warfare. Emotions were stamped and frozen upon these faces. Few of us who were forced to look into them will ever be able to erase the memory. One of the clearest pictures in my recollection is that of agonized fear on the face of a dead mother who held in her arms the bodies of her two dead children.

These morgues were guarded at the doors by two brawny officers of the Irish constabulary, with the typical Irish fear of the dead. Nothing could prevail upon one of them to step

inside the house of death. I discovered this, particularly as I went in to identify the body of Charles Frohman.

A tip had come to me from one of the survivors that a few bodies had just arrived at one of the morgues. One of them looked like Frohman, the informant said. I lost no time investigating. There on the floor, stretched out among the other bodies, lay the remains of the great New York producer. Save a small bruise over one cheekbone the body appeared quite normal. A serene expression was upon his face, in strange comparison with the distorted countenances of others about him.

There was little doubt in my mind about the identification, yet confirmation was necessary. I was momentarily alone in the morgue. It was inviting complications to touch a body without a witness. To this end I stepped outside and asked the constabulary guard if he would enter a moment to assist in making certain Frohman's identity. The reply was an emphatic refusal.

"It's me duty to stand outside and here I stand!" he said. "I wouldn't go in that place for a hundred pounds and all the devils in Ireland behind me!"

The situation was explained, but he was adamant. After much persuasion he promised to look in from the outside as I entered, threw back the flap of Frohman's coat, extracted his cardcase from a pocket, and made certain that it was he. After a look at the other bodies to be sure that Vanderbilt, Hubbard, and other missing notables were not among them, I hurried back to the post-office and sent the story that Frohman was among the dead.

Later, in company with Frank Elser of the Associated Press, I received another tip that the body of Elbert Hubbard had been brought in. We investigated this together and found that it was an Englishman who in death appeared to be the double

of the East Aurora publisher. The latter had been on his way to Germany by way of Holland to interview the Kaiser. This man had the same flowing necktie, the long graying locks, and the same general type of face, but it was not the body of Hubbard. That was never recovered.

It was again Elser and I who were drawn together at eleven o'clock at night in the Town Hall morgue to investigate fourteen newly brought in corpses still wrapped in the stiff canvas tarpaulins in which they had been enveloped when taken from the sea. Here was a grim obligation, unwrapping them to look into grimacing faces, made more ghastly still in the flickering light of an old-fashioned torch. Blocks of ice were piled around to chill the air. It was a cold and clammy adventure.

One old lady's face was a mask of hatred, no line denoting fear. The wide open eyes held their expression in death.

In this eerie task we found no familiar faces that were big news in the United States. And it was a relief the following day when bodies began to come in too mutilated by sea vultures and fish to leave any hope of identification.

Aside from the recovery of Frohman's body the dead of the *Lusitania* proved a minor part of the story. The living who were wandering aimlessly about the streets of Queenstown were a study.

Surrounded by sympathetic groups, an American army officer told over and over again a tale indicating that his experience had temporarily upset him mentally. He had boarded the *Lusitania* in New York with his wife and four children. Two of the children had perished in the disaster. It was with hysterical joy that the father related how fate had treated him kindly in leaving to him the mother and the other two. And he wondered why his hearers did not laugh with him in his "good fortune." News from Queenstown did not record

this poignant touch. It was one of the many things at the Irish port better left unwritten.

An English millionaire brewer suffered the delusion that he had personally rescued fifty survivors. Disheveled, his clothing still damp, his gray hair awry, he searched out every writer he could find to tell of his experience in exhaustive detail. His name appeared in the list of survivors, but the impossible rescue story was not cabled.

I tried to talk to a Wisconsin automobile manufacturer who had been picked up in golf clothes. His response was almost physical violence.

"Why should I talk to you blankety-blank reporters?" he shrieked. "You are a crowd of jackals and vultures feeding on all this misery. I'll do my talking when I get back to the United States. I'll tell 'em something about the war, the blankety-blank-yellow-livered gang in Washington!" This survivor was obviously pro-Ally, a Republican, and a warlike one. And it would have been difficult to find a soul in Queenstown that day who did not agree with him.

I recall several interviews with prominent *Lusitania* victims incident to the new neutrality position of the United States. One of these was Fred J. Gauntlet of Washington, and I quote his words as cabled from Queenstown:

If America does not avenge her citizens who lost their lives by this violation of all the known rules of international warfare, I shall feel like renouncing my citizenship. This was murder, criminal murder. And Count von Bernstorff was the criminal premeditator of it.

I saw the first boat launched over the port side of the *Lusitania*. It was filled with women and little children. It was dashed to pieces against the listing side of the ship just before the davits could be cast loose. These women and children were drowned before my very eyes.

This survivor told me one of the most coherent stories of the disaster. He was in the dining-saloon when the explosion came. Dishes rattled to the floor. He rushed to the port deck and later to his cabin, kicked off his shoes, donned a life belt, and when he reached the deck again, found the ship sinking fast. He jumped overboard, swam to a position out of immediate danger, and saw the great vessel shudder, sink slowly by the bow while turning over partly to starboard, and then glide gracefully from sight. He was finally able to crawl into a collapsible boat in which he and thirty-two others were rescued. Others corroborated the story of the lifeboat, including Charles E. Lauriat of Boston, and I cabled it in full.

The despatch of cablegrams in short "takes" from Queenstown, relayed at London for New York, caused one regrettable mixup. I had written a brief interview with Mlle. Rita Jolivet, who was with Frohman, Vanderbilt, and Herbert Stone when the crash came. She told of her rescue. Evidently in order to facilitate transmission, cable operators somewhere en route split this message into two parts. It arrived in New York in such form as to indicate that Mlle. Jolivet had seen Herbert Stone in the lifeboat that had picked her up.

The publication of this despatch resulted in an urgent cable to me from Melville E. Stone, asking further details regarding his son's safety. This obliged me to send the difficult reply that Mlle. Jolivet's words had evidently been garbled in transmission and that his son was still among the missing.

Burial of the dead in Queenstown cemetery on May 11th was a dull climax to this war drama. Most of the survivors, without ties and with no dead relatives or friends to be buried, had left for London. Victims, townsfolk, and even newspapermen had seen enough tragedy during the preceding days to sate all thirst for more at the picturesque little burial ground over the hill in an emerald valley. A great trench yawned

and was filled with the coffins of the dead. Prayers were said, and that was all.

When I returned to London, I found an urgent message telling me to get in touch immediately with Raymond T. Baker, commercial attaché of the United States embassy from Petrograd, staying at the Carlton Hotel. Baker, a friend of Alfred G. Vanderbilt, had rushed from Petrograd at the first news of the *Lusitania*'s sinking to help in the search for him. When Baker learned that there was small hope that Vanderbilt was still alive, he decided to stop in London. Here came one of the few touches of romance growing out of the disaster. Years before, Baker and Vanderbilt had been rival suitors for the hand of Miss Emerson, daughter of the Bromo-Seltzer king. Vanderbilt won, but friendship grew out of rivalry, and brought Baker from Petrograd to do everything possible for his friend, and failing this, to comfort the widow. Mrs. Vanderbilt eventually became Mrs. Raymond T. Baker.

His suite at the Carlton contained an inviting chaise longue. I reclined on this as we talked. Six days had elapsed since the first news of the *Lusitania* disaster crashed on London. Most newspaper writers who had rushed to Queenstown had slept but little, had eaten infrequently, and had managed only an occasional wash and shave. My friend Ray Baker discovered this after we had talked a short time. I slept the day through on that chaise longue, covered with a sable coat which Baker had brought from Russia and threw over me as he left the room.

When the records of the London office had been checked, it was discovered that I had sent some seven thousand words of closely skeletonized cables from Queenstown, all of them printed with a lead pencil in the wine-room of the pub across from the post-office. These words represented less than a

thousand dollars in cable tolls, but to me they meant extraordinary newspaper experience. Perhaps also those words contributed something to a growing sentiment in the United States which eventually brought us into the European war.

CHAPTER IV

DUBLIN EXPLODES

I

PASSAGE TO IRELAND

EASTER week of 1916 was as memorable to me as it was to Ireland.

My narrative of the Irish rebellion does not involve political or ethical contingencies, for when word filtered through to London that Dublin was seething with revolt, and that probably a new phase of the World War was beginning, there was just one thought in mind. That was the shortest and quickest road to Dublin. My immediate chief agreed with me that Dublin was calling. His words were: "Go to it!"

Within half an hour after this, I jumped out of a taxicab at Paddington Station in time to learn that the last train for Fishguard, Wales, from which port I was to take a boat to Ireland, had left a few moments before. My hope of catching a ship to land me on the Irish side faded.

As I backed away from the station ticket window with the information that I could not get to Fishguard that night, I discovered Robert Berry of the Associated Press. He had also been assigned to go to Ireland, and we were in the same predicament.

There was no question of going back to our respective offices with the sad news that we had been dumb enough to miss the train. We simply joined forces. A moment's discus-

sion proved we had badly miscalculated on a race to Ireland by way of Fishguard, because this route would have required our landing about one hundred miles south of Dublin and going thence by train to the city. We discovered afterward that such a route would have been impossible because the Sinn Feiners had drawn a close cordon around Dublin, and there was neither getting in nor getting out.

A railway time-table proved that we were just as well off where we were. In fact we were better off, for there was a train scheduled to leave Euston Station for Holyhead, Wales, and a comfortable margin of time to catch it. Holyhead was the British naval port almost directly across the Irish Sea from Dublin, although passenger ships usually landed at Kingstown, a short rail journey from the Irish capital. It did not enter my head that the Holyhead-Kingstown service might be interrupted on account of the Irish outbreak.

Berry and I loaded ourselves and our portable typewriters into a taxicab at Paddington and headed for Euston Station.

Though Berry represented the Associated Press, an American news organization, he was Scotch by birth. As an American I would have had difficulty buying a railroad ticket to a British naval port, but that problem was solved at Euston when Berry bought both tickets, and we settled down to wait half an hour until train time. Suddenly the big railway terminus was plunged in darkness.

Everybody knew what that meant. Within five or ten minutes German Goths would be over London to distribute a destructive round of high explosives. This was getting to be a habit with the Germans. Their planes came across from Holland to the English coast, which they followed until they sighted the Thames. The river, a perfect ribbon of silver, was punctuated conveniently with the sharp outlines of bridges. This was their guide to the center of the city.

People like ourselves in Euston Station simply waited around for things to happen. There was not much use running in circles. There were perhaps fifty people in the big main lobby. Many had been through these raids before and understood them. There was no particular danger in a great building unless the Germans should plant a bomb directly inside and that probability was remote.

People milled around nervously. The staccato crack of British anti-aircraft guns and the explosion of shells sent probing into the dark skies was the first sign that the alarm had not been false. "Br-r-oom! Br-r-r-oom!" came the first dull explosions from the bombs dropped by the raiders. An explosion so close that it seemed to displace the air in the waiting-room created a momentary frenzy, but the station and those inside it remained secure. Just outside, perhaps a hundred yards away, life and property had gone up in fragments. The heavy stone walls of the station had been our own protection from the blast.

The thundering of bombs like the frantic banging of a bass drum, and the crackling of scores of anti-aircraft batteries with shells bursting above, blended in a pandemonium of sound. The ground and building vibrated when one fell near, though it was impossible to sense its direction. Then suddenly the raiders were gone, pointing the noses of the Goths toward Holland. The anti-aircraft guns ceased fire.

London, with only the noises of the street as usual, was again bloody, battered, and burning in places. But it was already at work putting out the flames, aiding the wounded, laying out the dead and patching up the pieces.

I recall—I do not think I shall ever forget—that immediately after this raid I found myself in the station baggage-room, where an hysterical railway employe, knowing nothing better to do, shouted over and over again in a high-pitched

voice. He thought he was singing, and these were his words: "Oh, this is the end of a perfect day." It was the end of a perfect day. It is not often, even in late April, that London has a day of such boundless sunshine. One should have guessed that there was a catch in it somewhere. And there was. It brought on a perfect night for raiding aircraft.

Between us Berry and I represented more than two thousand newspapers in America. Our goal was, of course, Dublin. But fate seemed to be against our getting out of London. We asked about the train to Holyhead, and were informed that it would leave when the order came through. Eventually, it did.

At Holyhead, another problem presented itself: how to get to Dublin? There was a British destroyer going. But hear the words of the lieutenant who blocked our way in spite of our explanations:

"If you men go to Ireland on that destroyer—and I do not know that it is going to Ireland—you will board it with no less authorization than that of His Majesty's Admiralty in London."

This assertion was delivered with the implication that permission from His Majesty's Admiralty in London was something beyond our hopes. It was, in fact, an illuminating suggestion.

We lost no time in getting to the nearest telegraph office. Here we both filed urgent messages to our respective offices, seeking mediation at the Admiralty, and at the same time wired our good friend, Captain Reginald Hall, Chief of the Admiralty Intelligence, telling him that we expected him to use all his influence with the higher-ups to get us to Ireland on the first naval vessel leaving Holyhead. Toward evening there arrived at our hotel on the quayside telegrams from our London offices saying that everything had been arranged.

I quote the message I received from my chief. It seems that he had at first attempted to convince the Foreign Office that it was all right for me, an alien, to remain in a closed British port, pending decision as to whether I might board a British warship. And he did convince it: "Foreign Office arranged with Home Office to permit you remain in Holyhead pending War Office decision regarding Ireland," Keen telegraphed. "This will be communicated as soon as possible."

This seemed a trifle discouraging; but another message followed immediately which supported my theory that in going anywhere it is always well to go first and surmount the difficulties, if any, when they present themselves. The second message read: "Train leaving Euston to-night carries Foreign Office credentials enabling you to take boat leaving Holyhead two Thursday for Ireland. Foreign Office directs you learn from local railway officials hour of train's arrival. Meet it personally obtain credentials rush acknowledgment receipt this message. Keen."

Berry had received a similar message from the London bureau of the Associated Press. We made more inquiries and learned that the London train arrived at 2:19 A.M. Also, we discovered that light draft naval vessels could enter the Liffey River running into the heart of Dublin. This meant we would be permitted to see much of the fighting.

Most important of all, we should probably be the only American correspondents so favored, for we had ascertained that the Irish rebels had formed a cordon around the whole of Dublin through which our rivals, moving to the city by land, would not be able to penetrate.

All this indicated to Berry and me that we were heading toward a beautiful and exclusive word-picture of a genuine revolution—a private war. It was exclusive, of course, as far

as two thousand newspapers could be called that, and at any rate we were the only Americans to be present, and hence it was "our" war. We decided to celebrate this great stroke of luck in advance, and proceeded to do so by eating the most expensive food obtainable at Holyhead's leading hotel, washed down with the best wines, and with an ample ration of Napoleon brandy with our demi-tasse.

Having wined and dined ourselves in leisurely fashion, we spent hours wandering around the town or sitting in the hotel waiting for 2:19 A.M. to arrive. We walked several times to the dock to see the little gray destroyer that was to transport us. We watched every clock that came before our eyes, and discussed at great length the prospect of handling the story after we should reach Dublin. We were growing more certain every moment that we should have no competition in our well-engineered scheme of getting into Dublin. We were assured that every passenger ship which crossed the Irish Channel under normal conditions was by order of the Admiralty tied up in some British port. It was, in our own terms, a "cinch."

Finally, after much lolling about and much self-satisfaction over our good fortune, two o'clock struck. We were waiting on the railway station platform. Nineteen minutes later the train steamed in, and we recognized Captain Ralph Butler of the British Foreign Office preparing to descend from one of the carriages. We walked briskly to him. He smilingly affirmed that he had been commissioned by the Foreign Office to accompany us to Ireland. That was very nice. Captain Butler was an Oxford don, temporarily detached from the University for special duty, and was known to foreign correspondents as a gentleman and a good fellow. We were genuinely glad to see the captain, and began to ply him with queries about general arrangements.

It was during this close-up interrogation of Captain Butler that the blow fell. And what a blow!

All around us suddenly were a dozen or more familiar faces. These faces were those of other American correspondents from London who had unwittingly permitted Berry and me to pioneer a ride to Dublin, only to step in themselves at the proper moment and share the fruit we thought was to be ours alone. Blame attached to no one. It was just one of those things that happen.

What had actually occurred was that when the Admiralty in London had been told that two American correspondents were in Holyhead demanding navy transportation to the Emerald Isle, the British naval authorities had said:

"What an excellent chance! Let us send all the American correspondents to Ireland! The United States is not in the war, and there are millions of Irish-Americans whose sympathies will be with the Sinn Feiners. It is essential to get the British point of view over to the Americans who are not of Irish extraction, and the more American correspondents get to Dublin, the greater weight will the British viewpoint have in the United States. Eh, what?"

Forthwith the Admiralty had begun to telephone every American correspondent within reach. Nine out of ten had agreed to go and be chaperoned by Captain Butler. They had caught the 8:45 P.M. train at Euston for Holyhead. And here they were, laughing hollow laughs up their sleeves at us, their advance agents.

Not only had the Admiralty taken advantage of the situation on behalf of other Americans, but it had sent along some of the stars of the British press, not to mention Augustus Birrell, the British cabinet's Secretary for Ireland. Under the leadership of Captain Butler was a party of some twenty persons.

An officer from the destroyer appeared in the crowd a few moments after the train arrived, and announced that the ship would be under way as soon as the party could get aboard. A launch was ready, and we left immediately. The little war craft's sharp nose was soon cleaving the waters of the harbor out towards the open sea and Dublin.

On board the correspondents were quartered in various cubbyholes normally used as accommodations for officers. The captain's cabin, where I happened to land by way of a man-hole on the after gun deck, was for a time a cozy little place. At the captain's suggestion, a steward mixed for us a concoction of thick British navy cocoa. The dish was hot and tasty, but atop a rich dinner plus the heavy red nectar of Burgundy, and with the destroyer now bucking the heavy swells of the Irish Sea, the captain's cabin became a most uncomfortable place to be. The little ship shivered in every plate and joint, and pitching like a bronco, it swayed and rolled at decidedly disturbing angles.

The captain played host and disappeared. My companion Berry seemed an able sailor, which I certainly was not. It was exit for me up the iron ladder. I rapped for air on the lower side of the manhole cover that held me in till a sailor dragged me out on the after gun deck. I explained that it was merely a question of fresh air. It was a bit rough, he agreed, and volunteered that if I wished to remain above, it would be better to tie a rope around my waist and attach it somewhere. This he helped me do, with ample slack so that I might venture on occasion to the rail.

The destroyer was running dark. A thick, damp mist hung low and obscured the sky. The ship's high speed added to the darkness was good protection against the German U-boats which roamed the Irish Sea at will. That was one element of comfort as I hung against a deck partition, but there were

drawbacks. With each pitch of the boat the stern naturally followed in an upward movement which sent me heavily against a partition decorated with paraphernalia which felt in the darkness like a row of large balls mounted on sticks. Dangling at the end of the rope out on the deck, or bumping into these projections while engaged in choppy conversation with the lone gunner, I weathered about three hours of this kind of travel before daylight. As the light grew stronger and visibility higher, a clearer eye on the troublesome objects I had been wrestling with on the deck partition distinguished that they were shiny metal balls about a foot in diameter, to which long handles were attached.

"What are those things?" I shouted at the gunner when I had maneuvered near enough to raise my voice over the roar of the wind and slapping spray.

"Them?" he shouted back. "Them's depth bombs, sir. Them's the handles to heave 'm by." Waltzing over to them with sailor-like disregard for the rolling, shimmying motion of the ship, he examined them—six in all, I believe, and shouted back:

"The safety catches are all secure, sir; there's not the slightest danger."

Well, so much for a night with high explosives. The mist-blurred coast of Ireland was now coming into sight. The thought of those sleepless hours of bouncing against the bombs left me. The destroyer slackened speed. We had overtaken a small sailing ship, and through a megaphone an officer on the bridge was demanding her business in these waters. A short time before, a German submarine had anchored in a small bay not far down the coast and put ashore Sir Roger Casement, the one-time British consular officer who had been in Germany soliciting help for the Irish rebellion. The British knew that the Germans had landed arms and

ammunition in Ireland at Casement's request. Naturally there was suspicion of sailing craft just off Ireland at six o'clock in the morning.

The destroyer came to a full halt, making certain that the two-master was not a blockade runner, and then cruised straight toward the coast, and into the Liffey River. At seven o'clock we had steamed abreast of the Dublin customs house, known to Sinn Feiners and the Dublin army of rebellion as "Liberty Hall." This building, a long two-story structure fronting the river, was a sorry sight.

Twenty-four hours before, the ship which was about to land us had turned its three-inch gun on Liberty Hall and perforated it with high explosives. But the rebels had since then returned to it and were vigorously sniping from its shattered windows. Bullets slapped the steel sides of our destroyer not only from this quarter but from many other angles. Ten minutes of this, and the destroyer's machine-guns began spitting back a warning that heavier and more destructive fire would follow unless sniping ceased.

The rebels evidently got the idea. Not a shot was being fired when our party disembarked one by one, jumping from the destroyer's prow to the quay and heading at no slow pace and with zigzag steps toward a British barricade three hundred yards away. There was not a single casualty among the writing group when we arrived at a small hotel just across the narrow street from the Northwestern Railway Station. However, many shots had been fired before we were all under shelter.

Quartered in the hotel we found an Irish Regular Army colonel in command of British troops in that section of Dublin. Under him also were some Irish guardsmen and a detachment of kilted Scots. Among the correspondents other than Berry and me were James Tuohy, for a generation the

correspondent of the New York *World* in London, a pure-blooded Irishman returning to his country for the first time in twenty years; Arthur S. Draper, London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*; Percival Phillips and Percival Gibbons—these last two to be knighted later by the King of England for their achievements as war correspondents in France.

In Dublin I had expected to stop at a well-known hotel, but I lost all desire to be its guest when I found all the windows smashed with bullets, and barricaded with bedding.

II

PORT WINE AND CODFISH

We were an unwelcome crowd in a beleaguered hotel. Here we were able to take a look around. Black smoke was issuing from the center of the city a considerable distance away. This, we learned, came from the ruins of the General Post-Office and other buildings which from the first had been the center of heavy fighting.

Our own section of Dublin we found was completely surrounded by rebels. Just across the river, the Dublin City Distillery and other like buildings were occupied by the Irish republicans. On the left were large warehouses, from which snipers fired away in desultory fashion. On the right immediately across the street was the railway station held by British troops, whose line extended along the quayside as far as the barricade through which we had passed. Somewhere behind us was another rebel quarter with a machine-gun in action.

Under these conditions we found it impossible to penetrate into the central part of the city, though we naturally made the effort to gather material for eye-witness stories of the revolt. Then, too, we were obliged to realize that it would

be virtually impossible to communicate what we might write even though we should produce the copy. Consequently, the first day was spent in observing the immediate neighborhood of the hotel.

I recall that as I crossed the street to the railway station a wicked stream of lead would shoot at me from a rebel machine-gun. After the first trip I negotiated this crossing in faster time, taking a running start and covering the distance in nothing flat, or close to it. This was a sporting event until the novelty wore off. The rebel machine-gunners would get into action a second too late, and the fire would go to waste on an empty street, tearing into the buildings along the quay.

Meantime, the snipers fired as the spirit moved them, often at some person who presented a target, but more often for the pure enjoyment of marring the brick-work of the hotel. Our Irish colonel had stationed a number of soldiers on the roof of the hotel and the railway station with orders to shoot into the rebel snipers. Their fire, of course, concentrated rebel attention on the hotel.

We learned during the day that the main fighting zone was in the Sackville Street district, where the rebels had accumulated their main strength. They occupied the Central Post-Office and the Metropole and Imperial hotels. In this district shops were looted, and a wave of villainy followed, frightening the residents who were not engaged in fighting.

In command of the rebels was James Connolly, Irish-American chief-of-staff for the republicans. Street fighting was progressing with considerable intensity. The British troops were employing the usual tactics in taking and mopping up building after building, concentrating on the Sackville district. Having defined their lines, they brought artillery into play, and toward evening were hurling shells into

the rebel strongholds. Earlier in the day we had received reports of the battle, but now we were able to see the eighteen-pound shells drive the republicans from the buildings across the river.

The accuracy with which the British field-pieces half a mile away were placing their shells in the buildings nearby us was something to afford us a great deal of comfort as well as natural interest. Under fire the Sinn Feiners hoisted their flag, a golden harp mounted on a field of green, on the building across the narrow river. I counted the shells as they went screaming at the building. The first drilled a neat hole in the stone cupola over which the republican colors flew. It exploded inside with a roar.

Other shells followed in rapid succession, soon forcing the rebels to desert the place. The field gun, however, continued the fire until shell number 38 crumpled the cupola, bringing down the emblem. As it fell a thick smoke settled over the city, rising from the Sackville district. Either the rebels had fired the post-office and other buildings upon being driven out, or British shelling in that area had started a conflagration. The smoke gave way to licking flames and the sky over Dublin was illumined.

That night I wrote a story of what I had seen, accepting the promise that a special armored tug carrying the King's messenger with military despatches would be the means of getting it back to London to be relayed to America. The telegraph from Dublin to the outside world had ceased to function when the rebels first took possession of the post-office.

The rebel leaders had planned with some thoroughness previous to the beginning of the actual outbreak. They had transported large supplies of arms and ammunition into Dublin, concentrating their ordnance in the central post-office

and other buildings in that vicinity. They had prepared all these buildings and the big Four Courts building at the foot of Sackville Street for a siege. Much of the ammunition had been smuggled, but it developed that a large stock of rifles had also been brought in from Germany. These had been captured from the Russians on the eastern front in the early days of the World War.

All this had been arranged by Sir Roger Casement, who thought that the best moment for Ireland to break hundreds of years of British domination was when the British were weakened by World War reverses. Casement and other leaders erred first, because this was not a time to gain widespread sympathy for such a movement, and second, because the republicans had not reckoned on the effect of a few British field-pieces in action in the heart of Dublin. These cannon, more than the bravery of the few battalions of loyal Empire troops centered in the city, served to break up the Easter rebellion. After the guns had succeeded in making the various rebel strongholds untenable, the struggle lost its unified and orderly character and became one of the isolated areas of resistance.

The bright glare of conflagration which I witnessed from the roof of our hotel that night was in fact the end of the serious menace to England that Ireland would emerge victorious in her effort to secede from the British Empire. Here began, however, a movement which later aroused support in post-war England for Irish home rule.

It had been a strenuous forty-eight hours for Berry and me. What we needed most was sleep, so we were assigned to a room on the side of the hotel facing the warehouses along the quay. We turned in for a rest without worrying over safety. The electricity had been cut off and the only light came from a single candle. I was preparing to snuff this

light and settle down to sleeping when a bullet buzzed through the window, somewhat after the manner of a bumble bee in a hurry. It struck the opposite wall.

Another followed before we tumbled out of bed and took cover under the window sill. Whoever the gentleman was behind the gun, he was doing some fairly accurate shooting. The nearest refuge for snipers was in a warehouse two hundred yards away. The first shot indicated the low velocity of a home-made charge. The bullet had not penetrated the wall but lay on the floor.

Berry and I pulled the mattresses off the bed and arranged a place to sleep on the floor. Then with a hat posed on a cane and the candle placed behind it, we proceeded to bait the sniper into wasting his ammunition. He fired repeatedly, but only once after the first two shots did he succeed in placing a bullet within the target of the window-frame. When the sniper tired, we blew out the candle and went to sleep.

The following morning we complained with a certain amount of mock bitterness to the colonel that it was an outrage to permit a sniper to interrupt the sleep of his guests. His keen Irish sense of humor responded with the promise to do everything possible to make our visit pleasant. He apologized profusely in other directions. The sudden influx of guests, he explained, had caused the food supply to be limited to a few codfish brought up the river on a despatch tug, and the drinks were now restricted to a small supply of port wine in the cellar—this, despite the fact that one of the largest distilleries in Ireland was located a short distance away on the other side of the Liffey.

The food problem in our section of Dublin had become a serious one, not only for the hotel in which the correspondents and officers were quartered, but for the people of all the immediate area. It became necessary during the day for the

troops, drawn into a cordon, to oust rebel snipers from a small bakery and put it into operation.

Before nightfall word was sent out that bread was obtainable at this bakery, and women and children who hitherto had been forced by military order to remain indoors, were permitted to come for bread. Hunger formed a line along the sidewalk leading to the bakery, braving snipers' bullets that continued to whine over the heads of those half-starved people. The troops had been busy the whole day wiping out snipers. Only a few fanatics remained, and they appeared content to expend their fire on any conspicuous object. Two children fell in this breadline, one of them mortally wounded.

During the day, accompanied by an officer, I had visited the Four Courts building where the heavy fighting had been done. Despite a military pass permitting me to go anywhere in Dublin, the British sentries on duty would let me go no farther than this building. The general post-office could be seen from there. It was a smoking pile of ruins. The walls of the Four Courts were chewed by lead and huge holes yawned here and there. Thousands of law books in the library had been piled against the windows. Tables and chairs choked all doorways, and never, except in the war rubble of France, had I seen such absolute destruction.

The reason why sentries forbade any one entering the central business area was that many rebel strongholds remained there. Later in the day, evading sentries with a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, I was able to reach a large hotel, fronted on Saint Stephen's Green. There a group of rebels under the command of Countess Marciewitz were entrenched and still fighting. This was one of the hottest of isolated points still held by the rebels. They had dug trenches and gone about the business of fighting in real military fashion. My companion and I entered the hotel from

the rear, with the intention of going to the roof, if possible, to get a view of the fighting in front and below. We soon discovered this would be out of the question.

A British major in command of soldiers on the roof—and a very excitable British major he was—ordered us from the hotel on the ground that there was not enough food in the place to begin to feed the mouths already there. We assured him we had no desire to eat his food but would like to get a view of Saint Stephen's Green. The major was adamant, however. He informed us that he was in command and that the only thing he desired of us was that we should "get the hell out of there." This we did after a few minutes of futile argument.

We went, naturally, the way we came, threading our way through the back streets and alleys toward the North Wall quay. We were shot at occasionally but, thanks to the bad marksmanship of the revolutionists, we were never in any serious danger of being hit.

Evidence was unmistakable that everywhere the people of Dublin, caught unawares in the throes of the rebellion, were suffering terribly from fright and hunger. As we traversed the tenement section in Common Street, hunger-pinched faces of men and women and children looked out at us from doorways, and men with furtive eyes watched us from upper-story windows. Our civilian garb gave us a certain immunity from danger. Without doubt a British uniform would have meant a murderous fire from those upper windows.

The people had been shut indoors for five days without food or a chance to get any, and most of them were destitute. At one point during our observation, my companion and I took refuge in a doorway when a concealed republican opened fire with some show of accuracy. Just inside the house

was a wrinkled woman with several children around her.

"No food! No food! My God, when will it end?" she wept.

Another shot from the sniper sent her and the children scurrying away. We tarried awhile before hurrying to another doorway. We then followed a course close to the buildings, leaving this neighborhood without further encounters.

Dublin, since the beginning of the revolt, had had no trains, street cars, vehicles, telegraph or telephone. Streets were empty except for scattered soldiers and an occasional fool-hardy civilian.

Returning to the hotel I met the colonel, who announced that the sniper who had disturbed our rest had been captured. The hotel now possessed some bread in addition to the codfish and port wine. It all offered a fairly satisfying supper. Afterwards, we went across the street to take a look at our sniper. The rebel machine-gun which had been plying on the street ceased fire but we took no chances and made it on the run. Our sniper proved to be a brunette gentleman with a very black moustache. His raven hair began about an inch and a half above his bushy eyebrows. I inquired whether he realized he had been shooting slugs into our hotel window. He retorted with spirit that he did realize it and was proud to have done anything that might assist in bringing about Irish liberty. At the colonel's order a soldier brought the rifle which our sniper had with him when captured in the warehouse. It was a large-bore arm of Russian manufacture.

Preparing to retire for the night, Berry and I lighted our candle and walked brazenly about the room while arranging the mattress back on the bed. We had just crawled in when "Zip! Smack!"—our sniper was at it again with fair aim. Though his bullet missed us by at least two feet the effect

was immediate. We were both out of bed in a split second, and lost no time in yanking the mattress back under the window sill.

It was five minutes before the sniper fired again, this time missing the window. His less accurate shooting was due perhaps to the fact that we had obscured the target by getting rid of the candle. The brunette gentleman, we decided, must have been somebody else's sniper. Our own was still in action.

The next day saw the Dublin rebellion suddenly crack. I recall hundreds of prisoners filing along the dock at night and aboard a steamer, being taken to prison camps in England. They were the rank and file of the secession movement mixed indiscriminately with their leaders. Here were the low-brow of the Dublin slums for the most part, men whom Tom Larkin and others had whipped into action and an enthusiasm for a free Ireland allied with Germany. But standing out like brilliant lights in the slow-moving column of some eight hundred men were the idealist type, the intellectual, the college professor, the patriot, and the martyr glorying in his captivity.

In that column somewhere were men who are to-day high in the councils of the Irish Free State. Theirs was a cause. Their bad fortune at that time was only a temporary setback. The era in Irish history, which has placed the Emerald Isle on a level with other British dominions, has created the Dail, and has given to Irish statesmen a free outlet of speech, is like a burst of sunshine after the dark. But if this change had not come, there were men of that type in the prisoners' march of 1916 who would still be fighting on.

Sir Roger Casement, undoubtedly the chief fomenter of this rebellion, had that sort of courage. I hold no brief for his method of soliciting German aid at a time when Great Britain was at death grips with the Central Powers on the

Western Front. But upon my return to London, I sat in the High Court of Justice in Fleet Street while Sir Roger was tried for high treason. There he sat in the dock, his hair and beard awry, his tweed suit still crumpled from the ducking he had received while landing from a German submarine, his shoes deprived of laces for fear he might attempt suicide. Here was Casement, his head high. Here was a martyr.

I recall that his expression did not change when the Lord Chief Justice arose to declare him guilty of the crime and pronounce the sentence of death. In a drone he was sentenced to be hanged with a silken cord, an honor allowed to titled persons at their execution. Casement arose to complain in a voice as calm as it might have been at an afternoon tea. He objected to conviction under a statute eight hundred years old.

They say that Casement was just as calm when they placed the silken cord around his neck in the Tower of London. I did not see the execution. No correspondent did.

I wrote a long description of Casement in the dock during his brief trial. I described the man from head to foot as I sat a few feet away from him. I played upon his poise at a time when he must have known that there could be but one end. My story must have been too sympathetic. The British censor declined to pass it, and it never reached New York.

CHAPTER V

WITH THE BRITISH

ANTI-GERMAN riots which followed the *Lusitania* disaster in London and other British cities resulted in the internment of thousands of German subjects who, by reason of long residence and business connections in Britain, had up to that time been treated with broad latitude.

The British propaganda service, also, believing that it was wise to strike while the iron was hot, intensified its efforts in stirring the United States into the war against Germany. Dr. Walter Hines Page, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, frankly admitted that he believed that the United States should join the Allies.

It was through the intervention of this diplomatic chief that the British government allowed more liberties to American correspondents than to those of any other nation. Shipping a destroyer load of Americans to Dublin for the Easter rebellion was but one example.

Hence it came about that I was given permission to visit the battle cruiser squadron in the Firth of Forth. The battles of Dogger Bank and Heligoland Bight had been fought, and the Germans were claiming that the British had lost the great cruiser *Tiger*. In the Dogger Bank brush, the Germans had lost the cruiser *Blucher*, while the *Derrflinger*, *Moltke*, and *Seidlitz* had been forced to run for cover in the German mine-fields.

I was permitted to go aboard the *Tiger* and relate in des-

patches dated "With the British Battle Cruiser Squadron, Somewhere in the North Sea," that the *Tiger* was still intact. The big ship bore a dented armor plate just above the water-line as a memento of the fight, a last kick from the *Blucher*. There was the other "cat," the *Lion*, aboard which I went to pay my respects to Admiral Beatty.

"Of course you know," commented the admiral, "that it will be necessary for you to go ashore if we get the battle call while you are with the fleet."

"I understand that, Admiral," I replied. "How long after you receive the battle call will it take the fleet to get under way?"

"About thirty seconds," said Beatty.

As the several units of the fleet (I was permitted to name the *Lion*, *Tiger*, *New Zealand*, and *Princess Royal*, 700-foot fast-moving fortresses all, and was obliged to ignore the identity of others) were anchored several hundred yards offshore: it was evident that those thirty seconds would preclude my going ashore. I let the matter rest there.

During the several days that I loafed aboard the *Tiger* and the *New Zealand*, the battle call was expected. Officers and men were on the alert. I would have gone to sea with the fleet had the call come. It was thrilling to think about. But it was months before the Germans finally did come out to fight the great Battle of Jutland.

I was allowed to visit the British air-training camps and write about them with much freedom. I went to the Somme battlefield in France to witness the intensive shelling preparation policy of Sir John French, British commander-in-chief, and was permitted to write an eye-witness description of the first battle of the Somme. I was even given leave to interview German prisoners. During all these excursions I was accompanied by a British officer, and a clever one, who pointed out

the "most available" facts. It was propaganda designed to sell the British case to the American people. It was perfectly legitimate. The propaganda factor of modern warfare is as important as battles in the field and the European war saw the inception of propaganda used to its fullest possibilities.

As an example of this, I quote from a cable despatch I wrote at the British front under the date line:

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN NORTHERN FRANCE, July 20, 1916.—Every foot of the new German positions behind the lines captured by the British north of the Somme is being carefully and slowly drenched with a destructive fire of British high explosives in preparation for a new attack. British shells are now dropping upon German works from guns stationed miles to the rear. British artillery pieces of large and small caliber, acting in unison, are systematically pounding the German first lines.

The roar of guns is continuous and resembles the heavy roll of thunder. The Germans are replying only occasionally. Either they are seriously outgunned or are saving their ammunition.

British aircraft without molestation are directing the fire of the artillery. Since the beginning of the Anglo-French push, German aircraft have been surprisingly absent. Allied fliers and balloon observers have been working in perfect security, obtaining most valuable information.

The despatch went on to describe the village of Fricourt, in which I stood that day. This village had been flattened to the ground by British shell-fire as if a giant steam-roller had passed over it. It will be noted that the despatch told little except that the British were still shelling energetically and their aircraft was active, with preparations on for a new attack.

What the despatch might have said but did not was that

the village of Fricourt marked the jumping-off line for the British attack, which had been preceded by ten days of intensive shelling. Also, that the British forces had progressed comparatively little, fifteen hundred yards perhaps, and that from where I stood I could see the new German positions then under intensive shell-fire. It was in reality the breakdown of the policy of Sir John French, a policy maintaining that the artillery could win the war, that long and intensive bombardment would make it easy for the British troops to advance and occupy the territory so bombarded with a minimum of losses.

The Germans had burrowed beyond the reach of shell-fire. When the British advanced, the Germans let them pass, and then came up to turn their machine-guns into the rear of the still advancing troops. The slaughter at Fricourt and beyond was frightful. But all that was not for friendly American correspondents to cable to America. Without contravening the truth, however, it was possible to write the British side of the picture as it then stood.

Another feature of British propaganda directed at neutral America at this time was the articles prepared by British military experts subtly holding forth the specter of German victory in Europe and the move against America next. Among others, Major C. Darnley Stuart-Stephens maintained in widely published articles that the German general staff could conquer the United States with ease. He insisted that the German general staff had worked out a campaign capable of landing 400,000 German troops on American soil in such a strategic position as to cut off nine-tenths of American steel works, munition factories, shipyards and arsenals.

That the British navy was in complete mastery of the North Sea was ignored by the British expert. He pointed out that 50 per cent of the German mercantile marine in Ham-

burg and Bremen could go forth with 400,000 German veterans and land them within fifteen days on the New England coast. So efficient was the German organization, said the writer, that these liners could go again in another month with a like number.

There was some logic in the argument if one eliminated the United States navy, having also first disregarded the British navy. One of my own despatches told of the Major Stuart-Stephens argument.

The German striking point would be at Boston [he said]. This city would be captured from the land side, and its defenders, paltry in themselves, would be devoid of the presence of even such a garrison as could sustain more than two or three days' resistance.

A minor operation would be conducted simultaneously at Chesapeake Bay, where there are no forts. Then would follow the holding of a line extending from Lake Erie to Chesapeake Bay, both flanks protected by water, and behind it the sea. Also behind the natural rampart occupied by the invader and the seacoast are practically all the American arsenals, nine-tenths of the steel works, the munition factories of Connecticut, and the ship building yards.

This, then, the vital region for the equipment and maintenance of the national defense, would lie in the enemy's rear. The whole of the Republic, save the all-important section behind the enemy's lines, could live comfortably with plenty of food, clothes, also movies wherewith to while away the tedium of time, but the American colossus would be without shells, without guns, and without the material for their production. Years would elapse before America could, under these conditions, scientifically equip a sufficient army to warrant an assault on the invaders' position in the Alleghenies.

Perhaps? I wonder whether this German threat, via Great Britain, gave the war department in Washington any worry at the time.—So much for the art of propaganda.

When I was assigned to London early in 1915, I had believed that my stay abroad would last six months or perhaps a year. I had now been in England the greater part of two years, and the people, soldiers and civilians alike, were beginning to agree with Kitchener that it would be a long war. This great chief of the British armies had passed on.

While the French and British were hammering with futility at the German lines in northern France, the Germans had been concentrating on the Russians on the eastern front. Blow after blow from Von Hindenburg's sledge-hammer had weakened and discouraged the Russians. After conferences with his Allies, Kitchener had decided to go to Russia and do what was possible to stiffen the Russian morale.

I had been besieging the War Office and the Foreign Office in London for an interview with this Spartan-like leader. He had said at the outset that the war would go on three years. It now appeared to have no end in sight. Allied victory seemed remote. I wanted to know what he thought about it.

The Germans were threatening to draw a submarine blockade around both England and France, and to starve them out. The United States was still neutral. The Russians were weakening. Allied arms in the west were making no progress, and troops were being devoured in a war of attrition.

What does Kitchener think? I demanded. The Foreign Office consulted the War Office. Yes, Kitchener would talk to me—after his return from Russia. He boarded the warship *Hampshire* for the voyage. I was content to wait. No other war reporter in London knew that I had been promised the coveted talk with Kitchener of Khartoum. It was something

to look forward to. Then came the news. The *Hampshire* was mined and sunk off the Orkneys. A lone survivor babbled an incoherent story before he died. Kitchener was gone forever.

Whatever the General might have thought, others were looking forward to Allied victory and peace. I interviewed Sir Walter Runciman, president of the British board of trade. Runciman was a member of the cabinet and his optimism was supposed to reflect a government view. British trade will come back after the war, he told me. "We must never let the German helmet rise again in Europe." He believed the war was a struggle for trade supremacy, for markets.

Gordon Selfridge, the Anglo-American department-store wizard, told me the war would stimulate trade throughout the world. He looked forward to renewed trade agreements with the Germans on a more sane basis. Thus it went at a time when the most casual observer could see that things looked bad for the Allies.

Early 1917 found me as United Press manager in France. I had been ordered to Paris on short notice. William Philip Simms, former manager there, was with the British armies. Henry Wood, who succeeded him, had joined the French as correspondent at Compiegne. I stepped into Wood's place. With my wife and infant son I had crossed the English Channel from Southampton to Le Havre in a small ship which might well have been torpedoed and sunk without great loss to the Allied cause. It was a decrepit craft which creaked its way across with two hundred civilian passengers without convoy and with no protection except friendly darkness. Human life was cheap. Ships were valuable, and costly ones were not risked for passenger service on the channel.

My office in Paris proved to be a tiny affair with a table,

one chair, a telephone, and a typewriter mounted on a sewing machine stand. Entrance to it from the ancient rue Montmartre was gained by a creaking Louis XIV staircase, and the single window looked out on the Crescent Café in which Jean Jaures, famous French socialist leader, was assassinated at the outbreak of the war. A block away was the Paris Bourse where all the telegraphs of France begin and end.

On the street, everywhere, were Frenchmen who spoke a tongue I did not understand. I read French laboriously, but it was evident for me from the first moment at Le Havre that the spoken word in French was impossible. In Paris it was worse. Parisians speak with a machine-gun-like staccato all their own. At first you think they are cursing you.

An inadequate knowledge of French, a telephone over which I could not talk, a complete lack of news liaisons and contacts—I was up to my neck without a life-preserved. It was the custom of the organization for which I worked to throw its men into a situation and let them sink or swim. Here I was, the Paris representative of a news association serving hundreds of newspapers. By way of competition there was the Associated Press with a staff of writers all conversant with the French tongue. This staff was under the direction of Elmer Roberts, ex-Associated Press correspondent in Berlin. Roberts had the added advantage of a close connection with the Havas agency, the official government-subsidized news-gathering organization of France.

Here was a problem. It seemed impossible to avoid being beaten occasionally by my powerful rival on news of routine nature, but to create the proper impression at home I must score on something spectacular.

The prevailing news concerned the German submarine blockade, which Berlin had assured the world would in a few months choke France and England to death. The Allies were

maintaining a disdainful silence. It seemed desirable to bring some important official around to the talking stage. To this end it was necessary that I find some person of influence in the French government, a bilingual one, to coöperate with me. I found the man and concentrated on him. He was François Monod, an attaché of the propaganda service of the French Foreign Office.

Monod, a dark little man with a thin black beard, had once taught French in one of the American universities. He spoke fluent English, and it amused him to teach me something of Parisian French.

It was my instructor's primary and patriotic duty, however, in his wartime position, to convince me, an alien neutral, that I should cable everything possible to the United States tending to influence our entry into the war on the side of France. It was my own personal propaganda to convince Monod that he should persuade some high French official, the Minister of Marine, for example, into giving an interview on the submarine blockade situation. Allied silence, I argued, was becoming ominous, and Americans did not understand it.

My personal sentiment was then, and had been since the sinking of the *Lusitania*, for American participation in the war, but it was not prudent to admit this too strongly to my new friend, Monod. With the belief that I, a neutral correspondent writing for several hundred newspapers, had been converted, Monod's interest might have sagged. As it was, he promised to do his best to arrange an interview with Admiral Lacaze, chief of the French navy.

It was Sunday morning in my newly leased Paris apartment that the telephone rang, and Monod's excited voice was heard.

"Hurry to the Ministry of Marine," he shouted. "Dé-pêchez-vous, mon ami! Ett ees vairy ampor-tant!"

Without waiting for more explanation I jumped aboard my bicycle (taxicabs were hard to get) and arrived at the big gray building on the Place de la Concorde just across the Seine from the Chamber of Deputies, and within a stone's throw of the Hotel Crillon where the peace conference afterwards was staged.

Monod was waiting for me. "Venez!" he said simply.

We were immediately ushered into the private office of Admiral Lacaze. The admiral, a spare little man with soft blue eyes and gentle voice, greeted me in French. He motioned me to a delicate, gilt Louis XV chair which stood near his desk. Now came Monod with a brief explanation that I was a new-comer in Paris and spoke no French, but that millions of people to whom I wrote daily wanted to know about the submarine blockade.

The admiral was perfectly willing to talk. Monod, standing, acted as interpreter.

I asked the admiral if it were true, as claimed by the Germans, that submarine blockade could have the effect of starving out the two greatest Allies.

The admiral stiffened at this. He spoke, however, dispassionately. He claimed that Allied measures were adequate to defeat the U-boat campaign, and disclosed that, despite the U-boats, about one hundred merchant vessels were reaching French ports daily.

"The amount of flour lost due to submarines is under one per cent less than a French baker usually wastes," asserted Lacaze.

"If you ask me who will be victorious in this war," he said, "the answer is that it will be the side having the will and the morale to hold out a month, a day, or even an hour, longer than the other side. And Germany is now feeling the pinch far more than the Entente powers."

The interview was of some length. It came at a time when I needed it, and was prominently published under my name in every French and British newspaper as well as in hundreds of papers throughout the United States.

Little did any American correspondent writing at that time in France realize that within a few brief months he would be watching General Pershing and his staff land on French soil, and that American troops would soon be landing at St. Nazaire.

I learned French rapidly. One day, without the least warning, I suddenly realized that I was understanding every word of the rapid-fire delivery. My ability to speak the tongue had also improved.

Like those of other correspondents my daily despatches and bulletins were carefully evading the fact that despair was beginning to creep into the Allied ranks both in and behind the lines. The French were beginning to burn up man-power in the slaughter-house of Verdun. There had even been some mutinies on the Aisne. Subconsciously I was preaching Allied victory through writing between the lines to the American people and the Wilson administration. There is no doubt that these despatches and those of other correspondents, who felt as I did, helped to stir up a war spirit at home.

Among other things the Paris job consisted of watching the activities of the American ambulance service and the La Fayette Escadrille. Both were filled with American boys serving as volunteers with the French armies.

One day an ambulance driver, an old schoolmate, dropped into my little rue Montmartre office to announce that he was going home. He had been driving ambulances under fire with French wounded for many months. He had seen some of the hell at Verdun. He was crossing to England to sail from

Southampton. He wanted a little loan. He got it and departed for the coast. Late that same day he was back in the office. His ship had been torpedoed in the Channel. Survivors had been landed on the French side and sent immediately by special train to the capital.

Here was an eye-witness story of the sinking of the *Sussex*. Still wet from the chilly waters he sat down and told me the whole story, and I cabled it as fast as I could type it and rush it to the Bourse. It was seldom, even in wartime, that a story of this importance walked into your office and begged to be cabled.

The sinking of the passenger steamer *Sussex* by the Germans in defiance of President Wilson's notes on the freedom of the seas undoubtedly contributed to the declaration of war by the United States Congress on April 6, 1917.

CHAPTER VI

BATTLE OF THE PAS DE CALAIS

AT midnight, August 3-4, 1914, Rear-Admiral Rouyer, of the French navy, stationed at Cherbourg, received a wireless order flashed from the Ministry of Marine in the Place de la Concorde, Paris. It read: "Take every vessel now in your command, steam for the Pas de Calais. Clear for action with German High Seas Fleet. Fight to the death."

What was the "Battle of the Pas de Calais"? Who knows? It is buried deep in the archives of the French Ministry of Marine. "Fight to the death!" A laconic command which meant a desperate conflict under conditions not unlike those of historic Trafalgar.

When was it fought?

It was never fought.

Rear-Admiral Rouyer ran over in his mind his total fighting force. It did not take him long. Under his command were three small armored cruisers—*Marseilles*, *La Gloire*, and *Amiral Aube*, his peace-time fleet, and *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Depetit-Thouars*, and *Gueydon* of the Navy School division, which had joined him at Brest, and a few torpedo boats and submarines. With this small force he was ordered to defend the Channel against the naval squadrons of Kaiser Wilhelm, built by that monarch in his jealous attempt to rival England on the high seas.

When he sailed with his tiny fleet cleared for action, Admiral Rouyer could look nowhere for reinforcement. The

main effectives of the French navy were concentrated in the Mediterranean. England's great dreadnoughts, fast battle cruisers, scouting fleets, and schools of smaller craft swung peacefully at anchor, held there by statesmen self-deluded in the belief that the war menace might still be averted. Conversations were still passing between London and Berlin, and Great Britain still lay neutral, although at this very moment the irresistible forces of Germany were flowing like rivers into Belgium, and the Belgians were even then beginning to fall back on the fortresses of Namur and Liége.

And that twenty-two-mile strip of water, England's communication with the Continent—who was to defend it? Like a tiny rat terrier about to bait a bulldog, Rear-Admiral Rouyer steamed at top speed to fight the Battle of the Pas de Calais.

The French admiral believed—in fact, he was definitely certain—that the great fleet of the Germans was already steaming toward the Pas de Calais—dreadnoughts, armored cruisers, battle cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—and behind this, Rouyer could logically assume, were lumbering massive transports filled to overflowing with the same gray-green fighting material which was at that very time driving through Belgium.

Rouyer, his officers, and every man aboard the French fleet knew that they were outranged and outgunned, and that the enemy, when and if his smoke smudges began to appear on the horizon, would come crushingly on with a tragic superiority in weight and numbers.

The French fleet reached its battle position in the Pas de Calais at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of August 4th. At 6 p.m. three divisions of British torpedo boats left Dover Harbor and steamed across the strait toward the Flanders Banks. Two or three of these ships passed close to the cruiser *Jeanne d'Arc*,

and the crews ranged themselves along the decks and cheered. But it was not yet the cheer of a Franco-British entente. It was a cheer of admiration such as goes to the courageous.

At sundown that evening the French torpedo boats held themselves to the east of the strait to cover the squadron, which sat ready for action throughout the night between the Dover cliffs and the French coast.

At 11 P.M. on August 4th, Great Britain declared war on Germany, and dawn of August 5th brought the little French squadron the news that the war had become general and it no longer stood alone. Soon after that, Rear-Admiral Rouyer found himself commanding a unit of a combined Franco-British fleet under British command, which assumed the guardianship of the Pas de Calais.

The Battle of the Pas de Calais, had it been fought, with the certain destruction of Rouyer's fleet, would have gone down in history with Trafalgar. The name of this now obscure French admiral would have ranked with those of Craddock and Von Spee, or even higher, in the annals of naval warfare.

For with all its heroic gesture, the French maneuver was planned on strategic lines. The French naval chiefs were not so much concerned with the protection of the British coast as they were with hindering the German naval forces from taking the French Channel and Atlantic ports. Knowledge of the German strategy naturally in Paris suggested that there would be a combined land and sea operation for these positions, the possession of which would have changed the whole character of the war.

There is still mystery as to why the Battle of the Pas de Calais was never fought. The German high command may well have blundered here and lost the war at its very beginning.

Georges Leygues, then France's Minister of Marine, to whom the writer owes this glimpse into the French archives, comments like this:

"The German fleet did not know how to profit by our scattered naval forces, which had been concentrated in the Mediterranean. The occasion was lost to attempt a sudden attack on our ports of the North Sea, the Channel, and the Atlantic. The opportunity was gone for good."

M. Leygues vouches for France's knowledge at that time that the German plan of attack was for a combined land and sea operation. Germany hoped, he maintains, by the sudden occupation of Belgium, first, to turn the heights of the Meuse and force France's northern frontier; and, second, to assure herself naval bases from which she might hold or defeat Great Britain. Calais, Dunkirk, Antwerp, and Ostend had the same relative importance in the German plans as Amiens, Belfort, Toul, and Verdun.

On the eastern front Germany felt no hurry in dealing with the Russians. On the western front she sought the victory that would make her master of the world. She failed. The unfought Battle of the Pas de Calais may well have been a major factor in this failure.

CHAPTER VII

AMERICA COMES IN

NEEDLESS to say, our declaration of war was the greatest single piece of news that could come over the cables at that time. France went wild. Paris newspapers, even the most conservative, got out their largest type.

President Wilson's war message to Congress was published in extenso over the largest headlines Paris had ever seen. *Le Matin* said, "President Wilson's message has changed the face of the war." "America enters the struggle to defend the rights of humanity," headlined *Le Petit Parisien*, displaying a large American flag on its front page. *Le Journal* published a sketch showing an American gladiator struggling with a German tiger. (This same newspaper ten years later printed a cartoon of an American Samson sic tearing a Frenchman to pieces.)

I am one of those who believed that the Allies were fighting a losing battle about the time the United States stepped into the war. The struggle at Verdun alone had struck at almost every French family in dead or wounded. One correspondent returned to New York to write a series of articles showing that France was "bled white." The Allied censorship kept these articles from returning to Europe, but their purport was common talk.

Premier Alexandre Ribot came near to disclosing what had been in the heart of official France for a long time when he made a speech in the Chamber of Deputies immediately following America's declaration of war.

"For us, after such death and ruin, such heroic suffering, the words of the President mean the renewal of the sentiments which have animated and sustained us throughout this long trial. The powerful and decisive assistance which the United States brings us will not be material aid alone; it will be moral aid above all, a veritable consolation. As we see the conscience of the whole world stirred in mighty protest against the atrocities of which we are victims, we feel that we are fighting not alone for ourselves and our Allies, but for something immortal; that we are striving to establish a new order of things. And so our sacrifices have not been in vain."

Remembering these words which came floating up from the rostrum to my colleagues and me in the crowded press box in the Chamber, there seems little doubt that Premier Ribot was, at the same time, delivering a message of defeat to defeatism, a deadly, proliferous cancer which had begun to gnaw into the very vitals of the nation. It was like the announcement from the operating room of a miraculous surgical intervention on a patient about to die.

What continued and adamant neutrality on our part would have meant to the European Allies was never so emphasized as when, before the United States had been able to put much strength into the fight, the Allies had sustained their stab in the back from Russia. Russia's desertion of the Allied cause and the subsequent treaty of Brest-Litovsk released some eighty German divisions to the western front, hopeful of putting over the knockout blow. But as Premier Ribot had said in the Chamber, America's aid was not material alone, but moral above all. It gave the Allied armies and people courage to fight on and hold out until the full strength of American arms got into the struggle.

Now began a hectic time for Paris correspondents. They

had been writing European history—many of them for two years—but here was active American war history continuing where it had left off with the last stage of the Spanish-American War.

When Pershing, then a major general, arrived on French soil with the nucleus of his staff, it was a story worth columns to American correspondents in Paris. We spared no effort to learn the port at which he would arrive, also the impending date. Our two main sources of news were the French Foreign Office and Colonel James A. Logan, Jr., then serving as American military observer in Paris. Logan pleaded that he was not informed. He probably was but feared to disclose the secret. The Foreign Office at last promised that each correspondent would be notified in time to watch the historic event. General Pershing and his staff in the meantime had arrived in England. Some time elapsed before journalistic Paris had this news. The censorship was functioning at its best.

It was with the greatest care that the Foreign Office sent word that it was to my interest to be at the Gare du Nord, prepared for a short voyage on the night of June 12th. Naturally in these stirring times such a tip was taken at its face value. I arrived at the station to find all my competitors had been similarly notified. None knew precisely the destination or purpose of the voyage, but all suspected that the American staff was about to arrive somewhere on the French coast the following morning. A group of immaculately uniformed French officers was also present, but uncommunicative. Such secrecy was rather futile. Our very presence at the Gare du Nord told us that from this point one reached the ports of Le Havre, Boulogne, Calais or Dunkirk, and it was certainly one of these. It was not long before half the distance had been covered that an officer distributed railway tickets and an-

nounced, as stated on our tickets, that we were en route to Boulogne.

The following morning, some meticulous news-gatherer glanced at his watch to ascertain that it was exactly 9:20 when General Pershing stepped off the gang-plank to the Boulogne dock. His staff officers accompanied him, many of whom we learned to know intimately during the busy period that followed. A French general in the official party made a pretty little speech of welcome, and officers were introduced. America had arrived in France.

It might be well to note here the scene as Pershing's ship came into the Boulogne basin, because it was somewhat symbolic of the war. It was extremely important to correspondents watching every move and subconsciously framing their cables. As I recall it, the four corners of the earth seemed to converge in the basin that spring morning. A blackened hulk of a tramp steamer nosed her way in with Asiatics—Annamites from French Indo-China—assigned to the business of war. Another steamer had among its complement the blackest of African Negroes up from Senegal. Then there was that North American contingent personified by Pershing and the forty-odd members of his staff. Europe was present in force. Hemispheres had met.

Experienced poilus of France stood at rigid attention on the platform of the dock railway station as a guard of honor. British Tommies mingled here and there with the townspeople, who had come by thousands to watch the arrival of General "Per-sange." Evidently the censorship had not been very alert in Boulogne that morning.

A special train awaited the General and his party, ready to be off for Paris. As it steamed out, "Black Jack" went under fire for the first time in France. It was an oral fire of questions which brought for purposes of publication the following

statement, a little overdrawn, perhaps, but exceedingly apropos:

"I consider this one of the most important moments in American history. Our arrival on French soil, constituting as we do the advance guard of an American army, makes us realize to the fullest the importance of America's participation. Our reception has moved us deeply. I can only affirm that America has entered the war with the intention of performing her full share, however great or small the future shall dictate. Our Allies can depend upon that absolutely."

These were golden words, and it required the mass collaboration of the entire party of correspondents with the General to get them accurately and finally resolved into form which, first, would not clash with the rules of censorship; second, would give heart to the sorely tried Allied peoples, and, at the same time, would give the Germans something to think about. It was a statement that appeared to say much while actually it said very little.

Parisians turned out en masse, including the evening exodus of shopworkers bound home, to see General Pershing and his staff arrive. Tens of thousands lined the rue de La Fayette, the Opera, and the boulevards. They were hysterical with enthusiasm, screaming, "Vive l'Amérique," throwing kisses and flowers, and slowing automobiles down to a crawl. Members of the staff reached the Hotel Crillon in the Place de la Concorde with the greatest difficulty, General Pershing in the lead.

Long before the party reached the Crillon, however, I had been able to hire a taxi and make my way to the Bourse to send a bulletin to the United States that General Pershing had safely arrived in Paris. It was the end of a hard day for me, but General Pershing's troubles were just beginning. He immediately became the recipient of a barrage of invitations

which would have turned war-making into a round of social affairs. Ensconced in luxurious hotel quarters he became the hero-before-the-fact. In reality he was a martyr, because those in his confidence knew that the obligation to appear at luncheons, receptions, dinners, and functions of various kinds bored him profoundly. He wanted to get to work. There was a war to be fought. Forty-eight hours of this and he called a halt.

Woodrow Wilson did not err when he called John J. Pershing to lead the American troops in France. In physique alone Pershing stood out among commanders, a superb erect figure, a model of military bearing for enlisted men and officers under his orders. His European uniforms were for the most part the product of the best English tailors, and they draped his upstanding figure better than those of British or French generals did theirs. Pershing's very physical bearing told much of his vigor and power of leadership; a soldier of soldiers, whose square jaw demanded discipline and respect.

Few American war chiefs knew better the military machine they operated, with all its infinitesimal detail, or built upon such solid ground as Pershing did with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. Few men in American war records have been called upon to take greater military responsibility in choosing subordinates for tremendous tasks.

When he landed in Liverpool on June 8, 1917, some of the distinguished British military men who greeted him pointed to the group of officers accompanying him, and queried:

"General, is this your personal staff?"

"No," replied Pershing, "this is my general staff!"

Returning to the United States in September, 1919, their work well done, the forty-odd captains, majors, and colonels of the small general staff had, for the most part, become generals. Pershing had hand-picked most of them in the

Philippines years before. They were selected material with great capacity for development, and even with the European war behind them, they continued to be the root and stock of the highly compact but efficient American army.

As Pershing settled down to build the A.E.F., temporary headquarters were established in a two-story building facing Les Invalides from the rue de Constantine. These offices were devoid of furnishings, and Pershing's aides were forced to go shopping for an outfit of cheap deal tables and chairs.

The General's private office was a small room with a single table and three chairs. A few maps were hung on the bare walls to lend military atmosphere. The General and his staff were yet without troops, and actual fighting campaigns were not at all in the picture. The initial task was technical organization and avoidance of social entertainment. Staff officers were niched into this squat building wherever they could crowd in. Most of them were compelled to overflow into the small though attractive garden when more than three or four persons were in conference.

General Pershing's office would seat four, so when the ever increasing number of correspondents visited him there was standing room only. Conferences were held twice daily, brief and generally news-less. But what impressed all correspondents about Pershing was that he felt that we were an important cog in the great machine he had to build. He was frank and aboveboard in all his dealings with news-gatherers, and seemed to know the value of a story. .

Every correspondent was flooded with cablegrams from his home office: "Ask Pershing—" this or that. The General dealt with most of these requests in person.

Some patriotic soul in the New York office of the United Press designed a lovely scheme to furnish American troops, some of whom were already en route to France, with reading

matter—to "fill the idle hours in training camps and trenches." I took this cable direct to the General. It was proposed that I solicit his permission for a nation-wide campaign to have this reading matter shipped by individuals to New York, where transports and other government craft would load it for French ports.

"Yes," commented the General. "This is an excellent scheme. You have my permission to start a campaign along these lines: tell the folks at home to walk to the nearest news-stand or book-store and buy the very latest editions of magazines and books, wrap them up and address them, adequately stamped, to the American Expeditionary Forces. I am sure that the troops will enjoy them."

"But General," I queried, "isn't there some way to do away with postage? This is wartime, and ships are coming every day and—"

"Hell!" roared the General. "Give them a chance to send this stuff postage-free and they'll burrow into their attics and send stuff they've been intending to throw out for years, an insult to the intelligence of the American soldier! What did they do when we were on the Mexican border?" he added, tensely warming to the subject. "They sent truckloads of ridiculous stuff no self-respecting soldier would look at! Why, blankety-blank-blank it, our transportation was buried under it! Damned junk—insult to the intelligence of the American army—blankety-blank junk! We had to haul it, then burn it—damned insult!"

That was the interview as I recall it now. And that was the reason a nation-wide campaign was not started to send reading matter to the American troops abroad postage-free. They got some of it in the manner General Pershing suggested, but comparatively little of it.

When the General cooled down, I put another question.

It was the sort of question that had begun to bother every able-bodied American citizen abroad at the moment the draft law was beginning to operate at home. With me it was a personal question, and it received a most gratifying reply. I asked the General whether he thought it was my duty to forget the typewriter and get into the army. I explained that in a conversation years before in Washington with the Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison, an ardent admirer of a distinguished cavalry leader of my name in the Civil War, had suggested that any national emergency should find me in the cavalry. War Department records had been prepared for such a situation, I added, and I could undoubtedly return to Washington and have them revived.

"In this war," replied the General, "I consider a trained newspaperman worth a regiment of cavalry. If he is in a position to serve his country with the typewriter and does not, he is lacking in his duty."

The cavalry did little in the European war. Many cavalry men eventually found themselves aboard an iron horse, the tank. But what was impressive was General Pershing's endorsement of the saying, "The typewriter is mightier than the sword."

True to the best traditions of a good soldier, General Pershing was no orator. As a conversationalist he ranked high, but the ability to weave words, like daisies, into a pretty little chain of thought was not his. What he wanted to say extemporaneously before mixed audiences had to be said briefly and bluntly. It was only before soldiers that Pershing seemed at ease. Trained in a school which began with the Indian troubles, and followed on to the Orient and back by way of the Philippines, Pershing spoke the soldier language.

The General's first notable attempt at public speaking in France came on the Fourth of July after his arrival in Paris.

It was on this day that a phrase was born which bids fair to become immortal. It swept across two hemispheres, to be repeated by millions, and to be published innumerable times, even in the most obscure newspapers.

It has been said that General Pershing did not say, "La Fayette, we are here!" as he stood before the tomb of Washington's friend at Picpus Cemetery. Yes, and no.

Almost every writer in France went to Picpus Cemetery that warm afternoon, primed to witness a ceremony in which picturesque features were expected.

General Pershing had counted this event one of the many details in an extremely busy period. It was his intention to appear before the tomb of La Fayette, but to say nothing. The set speech on behalf of the American staff had been carefully planned, prepared, and assigned to the oratorical skill of Colonel Charles E. Stanton, of West Virginia, normally A.E.F. paymaster but occasionally a dispenser of self-expression worthy of a successful politician.

A large assemblage of distinguished Frenchmen was present at Picpus, including the Marquis de Chambrun, direct descendant of the immortal La Fayette. The Marquis, a deaf little man with a soft voice, made an appropriate address expressing the gratitude of France on "this memorable occasion." A more accurate record of proceedings might have been made if the French military authorities had not planned to have a number of airplanes surveying Picpus during the ceremony. The planes swept low, and roaring motors drowned out much of the speaking. Colonel Stanton finished his address, and a large floral wreath was brought by orderlies. General Pershing gently shoved it across the low iron railing and over the slab of marble which covered the dust of La Fayette. The ceremony was obviously over. But the crowd, hundreds of emotionally patriotic Frenchmen, had seen noth-

ing spectacular. They had heard little and were disappointed. Above the continued din of airplane motors rose the pleas for a few words from General Persane.

Speaking was not on the General's program but he bravely faced it, visibly embarrassed. What he said was brief and haltingly put. He had not planned to speak, he said, and felt that everything had been charmingly stated by Colonel Stanton. Then, taking a hitch on his nerves, he added that it was "an inspiration to stand before the tomb of La Fayette."

"We are here," he concluded, expressing finality.

The last phrase plainly implied what was in the General's mind. He meant that speechmaking was all very well, but that everything had been said, and "we are here."

What difference did it make after all whether or not the American commander-in-chief stood erect facing the tomb of the great Frenchman and addressed it in the dramatic words: "La Fayette, we are here"? There was a word combination there which said the same thing, and it swept out over Picpus Cemetery with the four winds to become famous in history.

Having been a witness to the entire ceremony standing within a few feet of the tomb, I record this incident as a matter of interest because of the varying versions.

The *American Legion Weekly*, official organ of the A.E.F. veterans, attributed the phrase directly and alone to Colonel Stanton on the occasion of that officer's post-war retirement from the army.

"It was Colonel Stanton who, at the cemetery of Picpus on the Fourth of July, 1917, stooped to place a wreath on the tomb of the noble soldier of France, and made one of the greatest speeches ever uttered—a speech two republics have got by heart. It consisted of four words: 'La Fayette, we are here.'"

And this is Ambassador Jules Jusserand's version, speaking

in Paris after his retirement from Washington: "Turning to the officer who interpreted his words, General Pershing said: 'At the time of our peril and need, France came to our rescue. We have not forgotten, La Fayette, we are here.'"

But what is more important perhaps than the manner in which the phrase was spoken, is that it was uttered that warm July afternoon under fitting auspices. The words are recorded for all time.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST TROOPS ARRIVE

If the presence of General Pershing and his staff buoyed up the spirits of France, the arrival of blue-gray transports and warships at St. Nazaire one foggy morning toward the end of June did more.

Correspondents and writers, French, English, and American, flocked from Paris to witness some history in the making. European and American papers were soon full of it, while enthusiasm for the American troops, which some one attempted to name "Sammies," was unbounded.

St. Nazaire was a fruitful center of news that gray June morning in 1917. It was, of course, the first time that American troops had landed on French soil on a mission of combat. But there were other "firsts." The first words spoken from the vanguard of the fighting power of the United States, which brought in its wake some two millions of Americans to France, were exchanged between a blue-jacket from one of the convoys and a French dock sentry. Big ships, warships and transports were steaming into the harbor under a mantle of fog.

Soon a small motor tender from one of the warships scooted alongside the dock. The blue-jacket stood on the prow of the tender and began to shoot his best navy English at the French soldier. The poilu saluted gravely, raised his shoulders, then grinned broadly as an amiable sign that conversation was hopeless. The blue-jacket grinned and the little craft turned

its nose back into the harbor. The incident was not important in itself, but it was first contact stuff and all the correspondents wrote it. When the sailor had reported back that the docks were clear and the transports began to come in, tugs puffed about, landing stages came down, and the men of the First Division rushed ashore.

Within a few hours St. Nazaire became a busy disembarkation center. Streets were soon clogged with army men and army gear. Men in American khaki or navy blue mingled with the blue of the French soldiers. American speed and energy made an indelible impression on the port city.

Before the troops had been formed into companies and marched to a prepared camp of tents and barracks on the outskirts of the port, they had flirted with every bit of French femininity; staged impromptu crap games on the sidewalks surrounded by puzzled natives; investigated every shop and café. They stirred St. Nazaire from a lethargy which had afflicted it for hundreds of years.

Transports continued to arrive during the next two days, finally bringing the full infantry strength of the division as well as enlisted stevedores and technical units assigned to remain at St. Nazaire and organize the port for the reception of the tens of thousands of men yet to come.

Only a pitiful percentage of those adventurous youngsters who came to St. Nazaire as part of the First American Division returned home. Thousands of them remain to-day in the military cemeteries which mark the battle-fields of the world's greatest war—silent symbols of the mighty army which came across three thousand miles of ocean to hurl against an egoistic empire the weight of American wrath.

The First Division, first in France, was first in dead and wounded, its strength left on the battle-field two-fold. Its regiments, the Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Sixteenth, and

Twenty-sixth, suffered appalling losses, two of them leaving as high as 75 and 85 per cent of casualties on the ground in the battle of July 18, 1918, north of Château-Thierry.

The men who landed at St. Nazaire were, for the most part, not soldiers. Volunteers from many parts of the United States, they came fresh from civil life into uniform in a brief time before they embarked for France at Hoboken. Many of us who watched the First Division go into camp at St. Nazaire were disappointed with the appearance of these men. We had seen the spic and span and rather grim troops of France and England both in action and in camp. Our boys did not measure up as far as looks were concerned. None had heard or even seen a hostile shell, but of course they were not soldiers—simply raw, enlisted material sent ahead to show the Allies that America was actually in the war. Their uniforms shrieked with newness. Tunics wrinkled over the chest, trousers were ill-fitting, and puttees showed a lack of skill in the winding.

These were Regulars in name, but recruits in fact. The average French civilian did not see this difference, but the veterans of the French army knew.

It was an eventful Fourth of July in Paris when units of the First came to parade themselves before the doting populace of the capital. They came by train and were quartered in French barracks on the outskirts of the city preparatory to the big march through the boulevards. As they swung into line, Parisians went mad with joy at the ocular evidence of America in the war.

The snappiest troops of the native garrison of Paris lined the route of march, which led principally along the rue de Rivoli, via the Place de la Concorde and up the Champs Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe. All Paris was out, filling the wide sidewalks and overflowing across the curbs.

The American Regulars which Paris had read about were on parade. Going down the street in columns of fours they held their formation badly. Shoulders slumped, feet dragged, expressions of "how-much-longer-have-we-got-to-walk?" were on their faces. They had marched from the barracks into the heart of the city earlier in the day and were already fagged. Tender feet unused to marching were pounding the pavement with aches, blisters and pains. It was terrible.

The impression made upon the French officers liberally sprinkled along the line of march to appraise the new ally was of the worst. Being in civilian clothes I was able to hear sad, frank comment passed by our sorely disappointed comrades-in-arms. These were in almost every case derogatory.

"If this is what we may expect from America, the war is lost," asserted one French officer. "These men are not soldiers; they are a uniformed rabble," said another.

They were right about it—then. But when a few months later I saw these same men parading in eastern France after a brief training period in the trenches there was no doubt about them. Every man moved rhythmically as companies and battalions swept across the reviewing field, there was a bulldog swing and a go-get-'em quality. Chests now filled uniforms which were crusted with the first mud of the trenches. These men were soldiers capable of licking their weight in wildcats. These raw recruits of July, now autumn veterans, made a name for their regiments that might be envied by any military unit. They stood against anything the enemy could produce, including Prussian Guardsmen, and won.

The American First Division left its embarkation point at St. Nazaire, one unit, the Second Battalion of the Sixteenth Infantry, being left behind to parade in Paris on the Fourth of July, and trundled east in box-cars to training quarters in

the Luneville area. The division did not see the trenches until October. Much later it was ordered into Picardy to assist the French in holding back the enemy after his big break through the British Fifth Army. It looked like a bloody battle. I was attached to the Division machine-gun battalion.

In the forced march from the east, division headquarters were located in fields or villages. Just before orders were given to advance on the last stage of the march, a hurry call was issued demanding the presence of every officer at Chaumont-en-Vixen. Hundreds of them, including brigadier-generals and colonels, gathered in the yard of the old château at an appointed hour. Accompanied by Major-General Robert Lee Bullard, then division commander, General Pershing emerged from the château and delivered a lecture that his hearers will never forget.

There was no oratory in the speech. It was sound advice. What the General lacked in word rhythm and verbal emphasis he made up in sweeping arm-length, fist-clenched gestures.

"You are going to meet savage enemies flushed with victory," he said. "Meet them like Americans! You are leading men. Be an inspiration to them! When you hit, hit hard and don't stop hitting. You don't know the meaning of the word defeat. When you get into it, forget all you've learned out of books. Use your heads and hit hard!"

There was more to the speech. It impressed well enough on young untried leaders of troops that the honor of the entire United States, past, present and future, and that of the American army depended upon them. The effect was miraculous.

The exultant enemy, however, changed his mind about smashing through the Montdidier sector where American troops took up positions. But this sector was drenched with shell-fire, some 20,000 missiles a day on the American front

alone for the next six weeks. Then the First Division went ahead and took Cantigny, the first French village to be reconquered by Americans in the European war.

Previous to this time, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker had come to France for a general inspection trip. The A.E.F. had begun to take form, especially the great Service of Supply, which began at the ports and extended straight across France, with the object of transporting, clothing, feeding, and generally supplying the fighting arms with every need. Without this great organization, which included men of such high technical skill as General Charles G. Dawes, General W. W. Atterbury, General Black, and many others, it would have been useless to bring over the thousands of recruits then in training camps at home.

I was one of several correspondents who accompanied the Secretary of War and General Pershing on a special train which took in every S.O.S. area. Days of hard work were followed by the restful dinner hours when greatness assembled around the common board in the dining-car. All manner of subjects were discussed, and one evening Pershing and Baker told a number of Negro stories. The Secretary had been especially interested in the welfare of enlisted Negro workers at the base port near Bordeaux. "I walked up to a very black Negro," said the Secretary, "and asked him if the food was all right. He said, 'Yas sah, boss, but I ain't quite satisfied with this yere bread.'

" 'What's the matter with the bread?'

" 'Well, boss, dey gives all these other men two and three slices bread, and me, I cain't git ovah one slice, and it's so thin that when I holds it up to my eyes, I can see de moon rise right through it.'

"This man," continued the Secretary, "was having lunch at the time and I asked him to show me his 'moon-rise' bread.

It was at least two inches thick and real fine white army bread at that."

This reminded General Pershing of one:

"A Negro stevedore was working at one of the ports and had heard a lot about submarine warfare. He began to get a little nervous about getting home. He approached one of the officers and said: 'Mistah Officer, I wants t' ask ef you all can give me some advice 'bout a very important mattah. What I wants to know is this: Is they any way to git home—walkin', I mean—besides goin' home on one of them boats? I's positively worried!'"

The General had another one up his sleeve:

"This fellow," related Pershing, "insisted on being sent to the hospital to have his head treated. He said there was something the matter with it. Being a stevedore at one of the ports he was not much account in that frame of mind and he was admitted to the hospital for examination.

"'What makes you think there is something the matter with your head?' queried the doctor.

"'Reason I knows they's something mattah with my haid is that I's ovah here in dis wah—an' any black man dats ovah here now must have something the mattah with his haid!'"

This Negro was not long confined in the hospital, the General said.

The Secretary of War could not remember another Negro story apropos of France, but he had one from his old home state of West Virginia.

"There was an old Negro who drove for a living and one day a traveler hired him for a short trip.

"'What is your name?' the traveler asked.

"'Mah name, Suh, is George Washington.'

"'That is a very distinguished and well-known name.'

"'Yas, suh,' responded the Negro, 'I's been a-drivin' 'round these parts now for 'bout thirty years.'"

The inspection trip wound up in the east of France, General Pershing returning to headquarters, while Secretary Baker took a look at the trenches, where he narrowly escaped contact with a German shell.

It was again at Tours and in many other instances where Pershing demonstrated his human side. Here General Charles G. Dawes, in charge of buying supplies for the troops, let himself in for a round of discipline; not for his own good, of course, but for the benefit of other officers present. Dawes and his staff had just finished dinner and were at the coffee and cigar stage when an orderly entered to warn the officers that the Commander-in-Chief had unexpectedly arrived downstairs. Dawes and his officers, some of whom to-day are big men in world banking circles, rushed down to do the honors. They found General Pershing already in the house, and they lined up to salute. Dawes had forgotten to take a long, black cigar out of his mouth, and as his right arm swept upward in salute, sparks were sent flying as from a miniature pin-wheel. Pershing acknowledged the collective salutes, then sidled close to Dawes.

"Charlie," he said in a low voice, "I might suggest that the next time you salute you put your cigar in the other side of your mouth!"

"Black Jack-Hit-'Em-Hard" John J. Pershing and "Hell and Maria" Charles G. Dawes had been youthful friends in Nebraska. There was nothing of the martinet about either one.

I have seen the former ignore small faults of officers and men when these slips were not essential to the efficiency of the service. Again, I have seen him come down like a ton of bricks on some blunder which retarded victory. Pershing

would have cast aside his best friend in the war period if that individual had proved dead wood. In fact, it is recalled that one officer who arrived as a member of the original staff, a faithful and worthy performer in the Philippine days, disappeared not long after he assumed the double duty of punishing rum and the Germans at the same time. But the Pershing iron jaw was ever present. It protruded, perhaps, to best advantage when European Allied commanders and chiefs-of-staff tried to convince him that the place for American units was as cannon fodder or replacements for their own commands. Pershing knew the value of Americans fighting as Americans, and, supported by Washington, his theory prevailed. A weaker man as commander-in-chief, perhaps, would have persuaded Washington, after having been influenced by his Allied peers, to adopt the course suggested by the latter.

The American Commander-in-Chief was a diplomat of parts but a soldier above all. If his parents had elected to train him from boyhood for the tremendous responsibility he was to assume in Europe, they could not have planned better. His father was a Missouri section foreman and in that station of life Pershing received no coddling. He was permitted to grow strong, rugged and healthy-minded. When he was old enough he went on the farm and there laid the foundation for the splendid physique which was later the talk of Europe's military circles.

Pershing left the farm at twenty-two. Later he taught school, and while so engaged he won a competitive examination for West Point. During his entire course at the military academy he excelled. He became a first captain among cadets and eventually president of the class of 1886.

The first ten years of his military life were spent as a lieutenant on the western plains, living in dreary army posts pacifying or fighting Indians. From an army-post life he

went to the University of Nebraska, where, acting as military instructor, he took a law course and was graduated as a full-fledged lawyer. He returned to West Point as instructor in tactics and was there when the Spanish-American War broke out. He then accompanied his old regiment, the Tenth Cavalry, to Cuba as regimental quartermaster and adjutant.

On the left of the Tenth Cavalry happened to be the Rough Riders commanded by Theodore Roosevelt. Mules were precious regimental property just then and both the Tenth and the Rough Riders had lost a few. Two of the errant long-ears were found wandering in the underbrush by men of the two regiments at the same time. The story is told that this brought Roosevelt and Pershing into contact under conditions where variance of military rank did not count. Two strong wills clashed and there was a duel of words. Pershing got the mules, so a fellow-officer who narrates the tale, insists.

From Cuba Pershing went to the Philippines and later back to Washington, where he was first to organize a bureau of insular affairs. Then he returned to the Philippines in command of the troops in Mindanao. In both diplomatic effort and fighting he performed the task of subduing the tribesmen so well that Brigadier-General Sumner, commanding all the forces in Mindanao, in 1900 recommended him for brigadier-generalship. The recommendation was not approved, however, and Pershing remained on the island for six years before returning to Washington for service on the general staff.

The Russo-Japanese War gave Pershing a chance to see more of the Far East. He was detailed as military attaché to Japan and as official observer with the Japanese army in the field. Upon completion of this work he returned to the United States by way of Europe. During the period following his return several officers including Pershing were pro-

moted to brigadier-generalships as recognition of their work in the Philippines. Pershing jumped to that rank from a captaincy.

Following this promotion, he was sent back to Mindanao to become military and civil governor. Among those who constituted his staff then and later in France were Major-General Harbord, Brigadier-General Dennis E. Nolan, Lieutenant-Generals Robert Lee Bullard and Hunter Liggett, and Major-General John L. Hines.

When he finished his work in Mindanao, he was ordered to the San Francisco Fair as military representative of the government. Then affairs began to liven up on the Mexican border and he was sent there in command of the Eighth Infantry Brigade, with headquarters in El Paso. After two years' service at El Paso, the brigade was ordered into real action when Villa raided Columbus, New Mexico. Within forty-eight hours after the order came to pursue Villa this crack army unit had crossed the border and was one hundred and twenty miles deep in Mexico with Pershing riding at the head.

After his Mexican expedition General Pershing was sent to Fort Sam Houston as commander of the southern department. It was there he received his order to proceed to France.

A soldier to the core, he was a strict disciplinarian who knew how to get his orders obeyed, but he was far from a military martinet. He never wielded power over subordinates just to see them flinch. Pershing's aides both respected him and worshiped him. The delightful personal side of the Commander-in-Chief was shown in his treatment of the women war-workers whenever he encountered them in Europe. He seldom failed to stop and chat with them, and on many occasions he went out of his way to honor them. I have seen him review thousands and thousands of troops, notably after the Armistice when divisions were preparing to leave

for home. If women welfare workers were present he sought them out and gave them a place of honor on the reviewing stand. He had an innate fondness for children and often stopped to question in a fatherly way the French youngsters in some village back of the lines. When the army was adopting French orphans under the auspices of the A.E.F. newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*, Pershing successively adopted six. With each adoption the editor pleaded with him to permit a story about the orphan so honored. The answer was "No!" and there never was a "play-up" of such news in the official organ.

CHAPTER IX

THE GREEN BRASSARD

I

POSSIBLY the finest stroke of diplomacy in General Pershing's career was his sanction of a plan to permit American war correspondents, a temperamental lot, to wear the uniform of the American officer with Sam Browne belt and all the trappings except insignia of rank. Only a green arm-band, marked with a white C, identified our calling.

An initial plan to commission correspondents as lieutenants and captains was vigorously objected to by the writers. We felt that it would hamper our work of collecting facts at times when army discipline required kowtowing to rank.

A major of infantry, it was argued, would outrank any war correspondent, and under such circumstances there would be endless clashes. If the major or any officer of higher rank took it into his head to order the correspondent to be gone, the latter would have no alternative but to obey. The General saw the light, and the plan was abandoned. He then ordered to be written into the "book of words"—general staff orders—a new statute which governed accredited correspondents. This clothed the news-writer with all the rank of a general—the uniform of which demanded salutes from all ranks from the Commander-in-Chief down to the buck private.

There was no outranking business. The correspondent had all the authority to talk on level terms with every officer in

the army, but on the other hand, he had no authority to command even a private. But he "rated" an automobile with a non-commissioned chauffeur and was provided with passes which took him everywhere, whether into danger or well out of it.

Pershing's decision solved the correspondent problem once and for all. It flattered the news-writer and at the same time gave him facilities to do his work. But he was neither flesh nor fowl, neither soldier nor civilian.

The arrival of the first American troops brought many American correspondents fresh from writing the metamorphosis of a great nation from peace to war. Most of these crack reporters stepped ashore on foreign soil for the first time, unfamiliar with European war conditions and therefore intent upon putting over the great scoop.

The American Press Section, G 2 D, had been organized. American troops had moved east for training and the correspondents went with them. The correspondent's task—and the censorship which he was bound to respect saw to it—was to serve as a useful part and parcel of the Military Intelligence Sections of the various Allied staffs. I was one of the first accredited correspondents with the French armies and later with the American forces in France. In this capacity I was permitted to cable any amount of picturesque descriptive material, narrate incidents of the war and even discuss after-the-fact strategy, on condition that such material had been denuded of facts which might give the enemy military information or afford him "aid and comfort."

To tell the actual and bitter truth about the defeat of any branch of the Allied armies was therefore impossible. Consequently the historian of the future will glean little authentic information from the newspaper files of the period. Neither will the official daily communiqués be of much assistance.

These documents issued from day to day by the army staffs were served up for public consumption.

A heavy defeat in the field was often described as a strategic withdrawal, or even more boldly, the occupation of a new position in accordance with plan. Communiqués minimized defeat and exaggerated victory. They did so rightly, because in a struggle of world magnitude it was a vital function of the communiqué writers to keep the people at home in an optimistic frame of mind.

But for all the restrictions placed upon his output the accredited correspondent in the European war undoubtedly witnessed more of the struggle than any individual soldier, either private or general. It was his privilege to be informed of impending battles and to take up a position on any part of the front where the fighting could be seen to the best advantage. He was provided with high-powered cars and his headquarters, wherever possible, were established at a point behind the lines where telegraph lines were working. He was often under fire in the process of his observation and on occasion shared the life of the soldier.

The war correspondent of 1914-1918 was nevertheless a sort of glorified disseminator of official military propaganda. I cannot recall any outstanding "beats" performed by my colleagues comparable to the recorded deeds which marked newspaper reporting during the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian struggle of 1870, the Russo-Japanese conflict, and our own mix-up with Spain in 1898.

In the earlier wars the reporter had infinitely more freedom. Barriers of special officers attached to him were either wholly absent or less conspicuous and burdensome.

In fact, my own ideas of a war correspondent were formed during the Spanish-American affair. I was then a short-pants schoolboy in that part of the Middle West which reads the

Chicago newspapers. That was the day when the grocer used to come around personally to solicit orders. My family received him at breakfast and he always brought the papers along with him, reciting the most important sections of the news before any one had a chance to read for himself. My chief interest centered not so much on the actual news as on the men who were writing from the field of battle.

What romance! What adventure! This supreme privilege of marching into the thick of the fighting in serried rank with the soldiers, Old Glory waving in the forefront, the boys who fell being ministered to tenderly by pretty Red Cross nurses as the brave victims of glorious war whispered, "Just Tell Mother That You Saw Me"! It was all very stirring.

Again, I pictured the war correspondent sitting beneath a palm tree calmly writing upon a small collapsible typewriter mounted upon a tripod. His despatches were somehow getting back to us at the breakfast table. I never figured how. These ideas of war and the correspondents came to me from the town theater where warfare was made glorious with illustrated songs. Current magazines and literature had something to do with it. I would have given my proudest possession to have been with our men who fought the Spaniards in Cuba, and would have given almost that much to have gone as far as Chickamauga, Tennessee, where most of the volunteers in that war from our part of the country waged their battles with fever. Somehow within reason one gets what one goes after in this world. When the great European struggle broke I had my chance to see it.

There was some romance in the work of the correspondent, I found, but it was grim romance. And at times there were barriers which took all the enthusiasm out of it. During the earlier wars the reporter did not have to contend with supervision from the general staff, censorship, and privileged of-

ficial narrators in competition. The last-named gentlemen—always men of established literary fame—were directly in the service of the government in the war or navy departments, and their high literary polish was used to glorify the terrible business. Under their pens—they seldom used the typewriter—battles upon land and sea became glamorous things with all the death and bloody suffering deleted. They wrote literature broadcast by government wireless.

The pre-1914 correspondent was a free agent unhampered by the endless variety of red tape which eventually wound into the publicity end of the game. He wrote vivid descriptions, replete with honest and often critical personal opinion. Sometimes he went to jail for it.

Turn back to the time-worn files of the *New York Tribune* with six columns of an account of the Battle of Antietam by G. W. Smalley, that paper's correspondent. The battle was fought at nine o'clock at night. Smalley witnessed it, procured a horse, and rode thirty miles to Frederick, Maryland. It was 3:00 A.M. when he arrived, and the telegraph office was closed. The operator finally turned up, and Smalley sent a short message. This operator was possibly an ancestor of one of our European war censors. He sent Smalley's despatch to the War Office in Washington without the correspondent's knowledge. But Smalley had a greater story to tell. He forged on to Baltimore and caught an express to New York. His memoirs, written years later, tell it this way:

The cars were lighted by oil lamps, dimly burning, one at each end of the car, hung near the ceiling. I had to choose between the chance of wiring a long and as yet unwritten dispatch from Baltimore, and going myself by train. The first word at the telegraph office settled it. They would promise nothing. So by the light of the dim oil lamp above my head,

standing I began the narrative of the Battle of Antietam. I wrote with a pencil.

Smalley arrived in New York with his smudged copy, and the *Tribune* printed an "extra"—the first detailed news of the Battle of Antietam.

It was a great beat, but one which in the censored war of 1914-1918 no correspondent could hope to equal. Every battle story in this modern struggle went to the newspapers in volumes that made the cables groan, but only after censors—first in the field, again in Paris, and possibly a third time in London—had examined every word, line and paragraph, with consequent delay and often useless mutilation. There were no battle "beats" in the European war.

When the Franco-Prussian War began, Smalley of Antietam fame was the *Tribune's* London correspondent. He had been ordered by Whitelaw Reid to place first-class correspondents in the field with virtually no limit on expenses. The *Tribune* correspondent with the Prussian army was Holt White. Forgotten records show that White scored a clean beat on the details of the Battle of Sedan. In one of Smalley's letters to Mr. Reid this passage is found:

The account of Sedan telegraphed Saturday night was by Holt White. He left the field against the remonstrances of his friends on the Prussian staff, rode across country at the risk of his life through three armies (Prussian, remnants of the French, disorganized and more dangerous than all, and the Belgians who guarded the frontier) traveled day and night, reaching London 5 P.M. Saturday, half starved and exhausted, only a few hours later than the first official telegraphic news of the surrender.

I took him to dine, then sat him down to his work here in the office, sending every six or eight sheets to the telegraph,

three miles from here, and he finished at half past three Sunday morning.

If White had been a correspondent in the European war his great beat would not have been possible. In the first place, he would have been under bond to submit every word to the censor. Had he evaded this obligation through some subtle initiative, he would have ceased to be accredited to the Allied staffs. Secondly, before White could have traveled to London from the eastern frontier of France, the story would have been told over and over again by competing correspondents who had used the only legal means of communication with their newspapers—the ultra-supervised, “triple-riveted” route through the censor.

Of course, it would be unjust to condemn the need for war censorship in the days when nations were locked in mortal combat, their agents watching every newspaper for hints useful to army staffs. Likewise, there was need during the four-year struggle in Europe to protect the morale of civilians in all Allied combatant countries and, by the same token, to shake the confidence of the enemy peoples.

It would be unjust to criticize generally the work of individual censors who received their orders from higher up, as they were, for the most part, just cogs in the great war machine, like other soldiers. But it was from the individual censor that many correspondents suffered—men whose zeal led them to slash and cut copy rather than to risk a studied decision. The rules and regulations by which he worked were laid down by the Allied staffs. The censor often interpreted them without imagination.

The French censor was by far the worst. The Americans were perhaps the most liberal. Occasionally the British censor

demonstrated a flash of broadness, yet he once "killed," as already told, an entire story dealing with the treason trial of Sir Roger Casement which I wrote in London in 1916.

The American censor carefully scissored every indication of location in stories written outside the war zone and even eliminated postmarks on letters written to me at the front by my family then spending the summer in a fishing village off the Brittany coast.

The French censor, however, was ruthless. The French government concentrated all cables at the Bourse in Paris. It charged the cable companies for every word before the censor touched the copy.

Post-war records give an indication of blue-pencil ruthlessness here. The average cable charge per word from Paris to New York was about ten cents. Deleted words at this rate were well over 30,000 from cables written by correspondents of the New York *Tribune* alone. More often than not these despatches had been written at the front and handled by a military censor there before reaching the invisible censor hidden in the upper recesses of the Paris Bourse. And sad to relate, the French government collected for every word whether it passed over the cables to America or not. Demands were made periodically on the cable companies, which in turn collected from the newspapers.

There is no rancor, perhaps, in giving the censor his due, years after the commission of his crimes. Now that he has passed back into civilian life, he will no doubt admit his faults, but, on the other hand, he might stand on highly legitimate ground in belated self-defense—orders from the great, the omnipotent, general staff. With that the critical correspondent is outflanked, decimated, routed.

II

Future historians now twiddling their little pink toes in cradles, or as yet unborn, will assemble the authentic history of the World War. We of this belligerent generation are still too close to the picture. Time alone, and considerable of it, will cool and eventually erase national prejudices, conflicting claims, and fruitless post-mortem polemics still seething in the brains of living war statesmen and military strategists. War memoirs are still in the making, each with its host of critics. The individual resurrectionists have still to conserve their ideas on paper in floods of controversial argument.

Let about two generations slide by before the above-mentioned historians, preordained, learned chroniclers of tomorrow, will begin to set down cold, hard facts so well-founded and sane as to be judged authentic.

That distressing query, "Who won the war?" is still a dangerous verbal explosive. Let it pass. In the meantime, if those who were privileged to watch the great struggle at close range may prepare tiny blobs of pigment sufficient to cover even a small square inch of the ultimate picture, it is undoubtedly their duty to do so.

Perhaps these ultimate historians will pry into the dusty recesses of newspapers to drag out the yellow files in order to ascertain a more human angle of the war game. This was the correspondent's forte during the World War. As a military strategist he failed almost wholly. The rules and regulations of modern warfare restrained the correspondent in the field from telling the generals how to fight their battles and likewise blocked him when there was an urge to write critical analyses of certain situations.

I shall never forget many stories on which the war censor fell with a resounding clash as he bayoneted them with keen

tered through the town from the north and held the houses on that side of the stream. Two bridges over the Marne linked Château-Thierry, north and south, and it was imperative to prevent the Germans from crossing.

Paul Scott Mowrer of the Chicago *Daily News* and I were the newspaper observers. Our minds were not on Americans at all. We were gathering local color, which we intended to cable that night, supplementing information contained in the official communiqué. Two routes led into Dormans, one paralleling the river along the main street, and another descending sharply from the rolling, wood-covered hills above. The latter route passed directly across the main street to the bridge, an ancient fifty-yard-long, suspension affair. Beyond lay the north bank of the Marne.

Leaving headquarters that morning we had intended to go as far as possible and near enough to observe events, but not at the risk of capture. Our chauffeur, a French poilu, was so advised, and acted accordingly. Our car was a staff Renault, painted battleship gray and bearing the usual military numerals. It was headed down the steep hill, and it came to a crunching halt on the bridge before we discovered anything wrong.

There were Germans with machine-guns at the far end of that bridge. We expected a well-directed stream of hot lead at any moment. Our chauffeur, with the quick wit of his race, shifted his gears to reverse. The car moved backward with a roar. Yet no fire. It gathered speed and still the enemy machine-gunners hesitated. Like a frightened crab our Renault scuttled backwards up the hill and took cover behind the friendly fringe of trees. We scrambled out, taking personal cover in the ditches at the roadside. Still the expected sputter of machine-guns did not come. The element of sur-

prise may explain this. It all happened quickly, and the Germans were as much astonished as we were. Undoubtedly we had neatly escaped capture, for once across the bridge into the enemy's line, he could have dealt with us at his leisure. Under international laws of war, a correspondent does not go armed. Resistance would have been worse than useless.

When it was evident that we were well concealed after our successful reverse maneuver, we got aboard the Renault again and proceeded to parts less hostile. Our new field of action was the road along the crest of hills which flank the south bank of the river. Here we found our friends, the French. They were the giant blacks of Senegal, strongly ensconced among the trees, ready adversaries for the Germans if there should be a move to cross the river. Batteries of snappy little 75's were mounted in position to blow the Dormans bridge off the map once the enemy set foot upon it. Likewise, any considerable grouping of enemy troops could have been similarly dealt with by direct fire. As a last resort there were the Senegalese, expert hand-to-hand battlers. They were of the hard-fighting colonial forces of General Mangin, ordered to the Marne to prevent a German crossing. What we did not know was that American troops also had been ordered up.

The German design, however, was not to cross the river at that time. Theirs was obviously a concentration of effort near Château-Thierry.

When Mowrer and I had gathered sufficient material for a color story, we started back to headquarters itching to get our fingers on the typewriter. Our Renault had carried us only a short distance when we met the wholly unexpected. It was a dusty flivver containing four men who had either much reason or none at all to be in that locality. They wore

the brimmed felt hat of the United States Army, an article of equipment which Americans usually put aside in favor of the cloth forage cap soon after arrival in France.

"Americans!" I shouted. "Americans!" shouted back Mowrer. They had passed and were disappearing down the road in a cloud of dust. Under excited command our chauffeur wheeled the Renault around sharply and took after them. They were the first Americans to reach the Marne and we were intensely interested in them. Once we halted the flivver, there began a series of rapid-fire questioning without preliminaries. Our compatriots were all second lieutenants.

"You're American?" we queried. They admitted as much.

"Are you up here on a pleasure and sight-seeing tour, or for fighting?" we demanded.

They were reticent, obviously nervous and somewhat suspicious. Our own status was not clear to them. We wore the English uniform which was *de rigueur* for correspondents with the French armies. We explained this before one replied:

"We're hardly up here for pleasure. We're here for business. Where's Château-Thierry?"

We explained that Château-Thierry was up the road "a piece," but in the opposite direction, and that it might be dangerous to tear into the town in a dust-kicking flivver. In fact, we advised, it might be expedient to proceed with some caution as, at the moment, beyond the screen of trees and across the Marne, about three hundred yards away, there were many Germans also en route to Château-Thierry. We indicated French troops in the brush not far off, which they had not observed. This confirmed our suspicions that these compatriots of ours were so green at the war game that they needed chaperoning.

These four second lieutenants were not only the first American combatants to reach the Marne in those stirring days but they were the vanguard of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion of the Third Division—General Dickman's force, which had arrived in France a few weeks before.

Eventually we picked up the Seventh Battalion, a motorized unit which had been on the road more than eighteen hours, dusty and tired but fired with the desire to "mix it" with the enemy.

Mowrer and I chaperoned this battalion into Château-Thierry on that evening of May 31, 1918. We pointed out heavy black shell-bursts of enemy fire, and explained that these were nothing more than the welcome of an ill-intentioned army which objected to their presence. These shell-bursts were the first that members of the Seventh Battalion had ever seen. The true significance of their situation was only realized when a section of the battalion had received the full force of a German 155 with dead and wounded. This occurred in a village on the outskirts of Château-Thierry. Shortly after we left the battalion that night, it had planted its guns in the houses along the south bank of the river to command the two big bridges. Here it fought with great bravery for many days.

Naturally, my companion and I lost little time in returning to French headquarters. We had a story that would thrill America. It had a kick in it for every American heart, that tale of these superb green youngsters and their baptism of fire on that famous river, the Marne. It was a picture story as well, the trickling of Feldgrauen towards Château-Thierry on one side, the olive green of America and the coal black giants of France on the other. How would it all end? It was a brand-new kind of war, the campaign of maneuver.

We arrived at French headquarters and went beyond to the

château in which the Anglo-American correspondents lived. This story was under our hats. There had not been another American or even British correspondent within twenty miles of the Marne. The story was ours exclusively. We settled down to our typewriters and wrote throughout the night.

Early the next morning we appeared at headquarters with carefully worded copy. It was necessary to get the O.K. of the field censor before the copy could proceed by wire to the Paris Bourse, and then from Paris to the cable head at Brest. But our prized story got only to headquarters. Here it was killed by the censor. An American major assisted in the execution. He was attached to French headquarters as press liaison officer. I have forgotten his name, but I hope he reads this and repents before it is too late.

Three days after the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion entered Château-Thierry, the United States Marines took up their positions at Belleau Wood, barring the road to Paris. Most of the American correspondents were concentrating on this event. When censorial authorities sought to delete all mention of the Marines, there was a concerted protest which raised the roof and shook the morale of the censor.

Demands were made by the American correspondents in the name of the American people to set aside a rule of censorship which forbade identity of troops which the enemy had every reason to know were opposite him. The Germans had no illusions about the Marines. Those doughty fighters had begun to do what their Regular Army brothers of the Third Division had been doing in Château-Thierry for three days, unknown to everybody but the Germans, the censor (especially the censor at French headquarters), Mowrer, and me.

Suddenly under heavy persuasion the American censor department, after consultation with our own and other staffs, agreed that the magic word "Marines" might be used. Conse-

quently the exploits of this brave brigade swept across the cables in such force that within twenty-four hours all America was thrilled to the marrow.

Belleau Wood is near Château-Thierry. In the confusion which resulted from that fact, the latter became a magic name associated with the Marine Brigade, yet not a single Marine fought in the battle of Château-Thierry.

It was our Seventh Machine Gun Battalion which was at the moment fighting the desperate battle of Château-Thierry. The battle went on, unheralded, piling up the enemy forces who attempted to take the bridges. Fighting became so hot that French engineers sent first one, then the other, of the bridges into the air with TNT. The first bridge that was destroyed cut off an American squad on reconnaissance duty in German territory.

Because of censorship rules the whole story of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion at Château-Thierry was smothered, or rather, overshadowed by the equally thrilling story of the Marine Brigade. Thus was the news of the arrival of the first Americans on the Marne virtually killed.

When Mowrer and I were permitted many days later to cable the tale of the heroic machine-gunners, the censor relentlessly blue-penciled any mention of their unit which might have identified them with the Third American Division, Regular Army. They were just "machine-gunners."

American newspaper readers already had the story of the Marines, hence the deleted despatches gave the impression that our "machine-gunners" were the Soldiers of the Sea. In fact, so strong was this belief that a headline writer in New York carefully labeled my lengthy cable: "*Marines at Château-Thierry*".

Without in the least minimizing the great valor of the Marine Brigade at Belleau Wood, I believe, even after years

of reflection, that this was one of the greatest crimes of the war censor. His sin was that of commission and omission. He (I speak in the collective sense) weakened under clamor to permit mention of the Marines, an order which he rescinded within forty-eight hours.

Thus were the Marines permitted to take credit for one of the greatest single exploits of the untrained, untried soldiers of the nation. He also ruined one of the best stories that individual war correspondents might hope to write through personal initiative. And it required many weeks to convince the General commanding the Third Division, that Mowrer and I were not responsible for this theft of glory from his gallant men.

The censor, however, was not the only factor which led to the mutilation or omission of stories sent out by the correspondents. An intimate knowledge of inside facts occasionally served as a handicap in competing with rivals.

An example of this happened to me early in the war when the American Air Service was still in its swaddling clothes. It had only started to draft such fliers as Raoul Lufbery, William Thaw, and others who had distinguished themselves as volunteers in the La Fayette Escadrille. The La Fayette fliers had been a high spot in the European war news for many months before the United States came into the conflict, and Lufbery was especially well known. He had shot down some twenty German planes.

It was therefore a considerable piece of news when a German two-seater came cruising into forbidden territory in the east one day, and Lufbery, who went up to annihilate the invader, was shot down and killed.

The news that the Franco-American flier had met his end was soon widely known. The censorship permitted that it be cabled, and all correspondents sent it at some length. My

story in the New York *Tribune* detailed the air encounter in which the American ace met full-on a burst of machine-gun fire from the larger plane after he had made several attempts to shoot it down. Evidently killed instantly, Lufbery seemed to lose complete control of his fast little Spad. It fell like a leaf and crashed. My cable then dwelt upon the flier's past accomplishments and emphasized the hard stroke of fate that he should die fighting a sluggish two-seater—a figurative combat between a hawk and a buzzard.

To my great astonishment two days later, I received a cablegram from the home office making known that our two rivals had published thrilling stories about Lufbery's fight with an armored German airplane; how he met in unequal combat the enemy armor plate which shed his bullets like water off a duck's back.

I had been scooped. What my competitors did not know, however, was that there were no armored airplanes. Unfortunate for me, perhaps, was that close contact with secret Allied aeronautical experiments had shown the fallacy of attempting to protect aircraft with steel. Everything had to be sacrificed to speed, which was life for the aviator and death for his enemy.

Plates of steel thick enough to shed machine-gun bullets, added to the weight of the pilot and his machine-gun, so loaded the plane that it handicapped him in speed. The enemy therefore could maneuver all around him and fire on him at will. Long before Lufbery fell, the idea had been abandoned, and even the famous Guynemeyer, who had tried to mount a 38-millimeter cannon on his fighting plane, had to abandon it because of its extra weight. It was safe to say the Germans were not armoring their planes, either single-seaters or two-seaters.

What happened to Lufbery was perhaps overconfidence. Brave as a lion, he took broad chances. For an instant only he warped his plane into range of the enemy observers' gun and a burst of fire riddled his body.

I was scooped on the Lufbery story, nevertheless, because little did the average New York editor, or the New York newspaper reader, know of the secret war experiments in aviation at the time, and perhaps he cared less.

CHAPTER X

A BRITTANY INTERLUDE

HUMAN interest, that element of news written around the joys and sorrows of people, has a wider appeal than any other type of newspaper story. The city reporter and the foreign correspondent alike are ever on the alert to discover these values wherever possible, and wartime afforded a particularly rich field.

It was in May, 1918, during the lull before the great battle along the Marne which turned the tide in favor of the Allies, that I came upon this incident in a wholly unsuspected place. In some American home there is doubtless a vivid memory of one of the principals of this story. The lad was a handsome youth, unidentified except that his body, washed up on the sandy beach of the tiny Île-aux-Moines, off the Brittany coast, was dressed in the uniform of a common sailor in the United States Navy.

L'île-aux-Moines—Isle of the Monks—is one of those small garden spots off the western coast of France, enriched by the warm breezes of the Gulf Stream, with a profusion of flowers in a typical old-world setting. The sky is deepest blue, and the sea reflects it. The small semicircular harbor is splashed with little black fishing craft sporting white and red and yellow sails, which light up the blue water as effectively as the clusters of flowers brighten the squat stone houses and the scenery ashore. These boats afford the livelihood of some eight

hundred fisher folk of the hardy Gaelic stock which inhabits the island.

Here are clean-limbed, bronzed-faced young people from whom the best sailors of France are recruited. Here are bearded old grandfathers who in their day have sailed the seven seas under canvas.

The Île-aux-Moines is a devout community centering its religious and social activity around the tall-spired church in the village. It was a gentle picture in the spring of bloody 1918, unaffected by the war except for the absence of the younger men called to serve in the French navy. Many an island household knew that brother or husband would not return.

Such a ménage was that of Mme. Esperence Aubert, who had received notice from the Ministry of Marine in Paris that Mateilot Jean Aubert was among the missing. Esperence knew that Jean had served in a French mine-sweeper, and she was enough of a sailor's wife to know that when a man is officially reported missing, he is gone forever. But the grief that gnawed at her heart most was the knowledge that Jean had died somewhere in the Atlantic without prayer, without semblance of religious attention, which is so important in death to these Breton fisher folk.

When the war began, Esperence Aubert was the proud mother of two small daughters, the wife of a sober and industrious fisherman, and matron of the attractive Chalet St. Michel, which looked over a flower garden at the sea. In September, 1917, she was just another war widow facing a struggle to keep the two growing orphans in food and clothing. The chalet must be rented. An American family from Paris took it, while Esperence and her youngsters occupied a remodeled stable next door.

So, when night brought the body of a young American

seaman ashore, Esperence Aubert was one of the first to know it. To her that body, its arms draped over the face, was as that of Jean Aubert. With the aid of the young American wife in the rented chalet, Esperence raided the luxuriant garden and wove scores of pink peonies, red roses, and green ferns into a beautiful wreath for the unknown American. Then Esperence hastily fashioned an American flag from bits of cloth. It was small and not of silk, but after a fashion it was the Stars and Stripes. With it she brought two tricolors which might have draped the bier of Jean Aubert. Meantime, since morning other villagers had done their part. The island's only vehicle, a heavy wagon drawn by two white oxen, was requisitioned. The black-frocked curé of the little church was notified. The island carpenter, a master hand, built a coffin. The flag on the customs house was drawn down to half staff, and every little fishing boat in the harbor broke out in insignia of mourning.

At five o'clock all was ready. Not a single islander from the mayor down had missed the significance of the occasion. The priest had finished the communion of the young in the little church, and as the doors closed, the villagers assembled. Old and young, they walked in groups to the Bois d'Amour, the most picturesque of all points on the island. In a shady glen among the tall, palm-like pine trees where the island's rock-ledged nose met the sea, lay the coffin. Over it were carefully draped the small American flag and the two tricolors of France. At the head rested the immense wreath, labor of Esperence Aubert.

Seldom had one seen such a funeral. All the eight-hundred-odd islanders were there—men in their wide fête-day hats and neat jackets; women in their stiffly starched white lace headdresses and full-skirted black costumes. Hardly one had failed to bring flowers. One bearded old fisherman brought

a small cross which he had shaped with a jack-knife. It was one sailorman's tribute to another.

In groups these devout islanders knelt to render homage in prayer for the dead. Some advanced to the edge of the coffin and others knelt where they had stood. Then the priest, black-robed and holding the small silver cross of his order, intoned the prayers for the repose of the dead boy's soul. None knew whether he had been Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant, but the liberal curé said prayers that covered all. It was an astounding and beautiful thing. As these islanders arose from where they knelt, six aged fishermen advanced and carried the coffin gently to the ox-drawn funeral wagon.

Some of the villagers thought that the body should have been taken into the church before the final service, but others insisted that a cloudless Breton sky and a gentle ocean breeze moaning through the tall pines formed a more appropriate setting for the last rites of the unknown.

Half way across the island there was a fresh-made grave, conspicuous in the island cemetery which nestled down in a miniature flower-flanked valley. The procession started. The curé led the way. Behind him lumbered the white oxen drawing the funeral bier, followed by a little girl carrying only the American flag. Then came Esperence Aubert in deepest black, symbolic of her widowhood in following the body of Jean Aubert. Next came the two little Aubert war orphans carrying between them the floral wreath. A wide ribbon spanned this wreath, inscribed with the words: "Pour la Patrie."

The entire populace, marching at slow pace, formed the procession as it wended its way down the crooked road skirting the sea, then up over the hill to the grave. Here an unknown American sailor's mortal remains were put to rest, the grave covered with brown earth soon hidden by a heavy

blanket of flowers, with the old sailor's whittled cross at the head. Many weeks after the funeral Esperence Aubert was still tending the grave with infinite care.

The story of this patriotic tribute to America was published in the New York *Tribune*. Proof that it caught a responsive chord in many an American heart was shown in a flood of letters and checks which came across the Atlantic to Esperence Aubert. The two Aubert orphans were soon inscribed on the orphan roll of the American Red Cross, which meant that their mother would not want for their subsistence.

The Chalet St. Michel was not for rent the following summer. While German Goths continued to shower bombs on a defenseless Paris, a daughter was born into my own household in this Chalet St. Michel. That explains the circumstance of my finding a human interest story on this tiny Atlantic island.

CHAPTER XI

AMERICANS AT CANTIGNY

ONE of the most important actions, psychologically, in history," said official Washington, speaking of the 28th Infantry Regiment, First Division, A.E.F., when it took the little French village of Cantigny.

As an initial military operation, the Battle of Cantigny, so-called, had been virtually accomplished before the troops went "over the top." But, psychologically, as the War Department says, it was a great event. It was the first American offensive action in the World War.

The First Division had been rushed from the east of France, where the unit had been in training, into the Picardy region after the British Fifth Army had been smashed there by the Germans. It was an emergency well worthy of the shift. The British were hard pressed all along their front, only to have one of Haig's armies wilt under the German attack. It was an Allied disaster of the first magnitude.

The French were heart-sore and weary. They had fought to the point of exhaustion. Their nerves were raw. The Russian collapse and the German-Russian Treaty of Brest-Litovsk had become matters of sober record, releasing about eighty German divisions from the eastern front to the western front. The Americans were going over in driblets, and those who were already trained in France were of dubious quality in the eyes of the Allies.

General Pershing and the American officers of the divi-

sion and of the General Staff knew how the American soldier would perform, but the Allied commanders and their higher officers did not.

Cantigny was therefore of the greatest importance as the first victory for the American troops in the European war. It was reckoned a victory in advance, and no chances were taken that it should be otherwise.

The psychological effect upon the Allies and to a considerable extent upon the great masses of untried and partly trained American troops arriving in France as well as the hundreds of thousands remaining in training camps in the United States was of vital importance.

The burden of winning the war had already begun to shift to the Americans. There had been the famous "Backs to the Wall" order of Marshal Haig. The French were watching the transports and the ports for more American soldiers. They were downcast. Should the Americans fail in their first offensive action, no matter how small or limited, great depression would undoubtedly spread in the Allied countries and especially in France.

The psychological factor at Cantigny worked two ways. An American failure would have heartened the Germans, already tiring of the war and short of food, to an extent that both the German army and the German people would have tightened their belts and made more desperate efforts than those which were carried out later on the Marne and in the Argonne. It was the German people who eventually broke, not the German army.

The First American Division in the vicinity of Cantigny was sandwiched between French units, and it held a comparatively narrow front. It was, in fact, a part of a French army corps and therefore under French command, though immediately under the leadership of General Robert Lee

Bullard, who later commanded the First American Army. The 28th Infantry was commanded by Colonel Hanson E. Ely, now Major General Ely.

For weeks previous to the Battle of Cantigny the division had endured a rain of German steel, estimated by some of the American artillery experts at 25,000 shells every twenty-four hours. Villages which were intact when the division marched into the area soon became rubble heaps. The Germans had balloon observation all along the line so adequate that it was dangerous for any small group of individuals to show itself in the open lest there come a peppering of shrapnel from cannon behind the German front. Crossroads everywhere in the sector were under a constant bombardment, more violent at night. This was designed to keep American transport with ammunition and supplies for the troops off the road.

The division had simply to sit still and take it. Floods of gas shells at night were not infrequent. The Germans spotted and persistently shot at an ammunition dump in one village until they blew it up. I happened to be present.

Those who saw the jump-off of the Cantigny battle years ago will never forget it.

The troops started off and walked unmolested across the fields to the village of Cantigny. One lone German 77-millimeter cannon was operating somewhere beyond. No one paid any attention to it. A few machine-guns were doing some long-range firing but with little precision.

The 28th Infantry Regiment, assigned to make the attack, advanced almost without casualties, and without opposition outflanked the town and occupied it.

The infantry operation began at 5:45 A.M. and was completed at 7:20 A.M. on schedule time.

Why, one may ask, was it as easy as that? Because the

real Battle of Cantigny had secretly begun many days before. Airplane observation and counter battery work had been carefully and expertly used to locate every German battery within the area. Machine-gun nests and every enemy position which housed weapons of any caliber had been spotted. In the meantime a mass of French artillery—almost unparalleled for a single regimental front—had been massed under cover of darkness and perfectly camouflaged. Ammunition had been brought and likewise hidden. The troops assigned to make the assault had been carefully trained and lectured on the vital character of the occasion.

At 5:45 A.M. everything was ready. Everywhere back of the line there were guns ready to fire and heaps of ammunition to feed them. Many of the guns had been moved into position that night.

To refer to War Department data of this date, there were 132 of the famous little 75's (three-inch), capable of rapid-fire action. There were 36 of the larger 155's (six-inch). There were 178 more heavy guns and howitzers of various types, and 40 trench mortars—a total of 386 cannon of all calibers ready to cut loose at the signal.

All these guns opened up at about the same moment. The little 75's, firing as fast as their crews could pop shells into them and extract the cases, lined up a neat barrage ahead of the moving infantry. The other guns had their firing positions.

One battery was devoting its attention to a German battery previously spotted and others had similar assignments. Virtually every battery and every weapon the Germans had in the entire area was under a rain of steel and gas. Gas was fired at intervals according to orders, alternated with the high explosives. German gun crews could do little except clamp on their gas masks and stay in the

dugouts. Any effort to man the guns would have been for them a form of suicide.

The astounding drum fire which opened on the Germans accounted for the absence of artillery fire against the Americans of the 28th Infantry as they left their positions and walked fan-wise towards Cantigny.

During a brief period, the German infantry and German artillery sat under a hail of 200,000 shells which were handed them by the French guns as the American troops were on their way.

But if the assault on Cantigny was a walkover, consolidating the position and holding it for the next four days was the real period which tested the mettle of the untried American troops. Once the Germans were able to come out of their dugouts there was trouble. German artillery poured torrents of steel into Cantigny, and enemy troops made one assault after another without regaining any part of the new American line. It was during this period that American casualties began to mount up.

American troops which the French Command had looked upon as an unknown quantity became a very thoroughly known quantity. Due to inexperience in avoiding casualties and to taking chances which French veterans had long been taught to avoid, the American losses during the consolidation period were not light. Some of the companies of the 28th Infantry lost half their men.

In all, 45 officers and 1,022 men of the regiment were on the casualty lists before the Germans gave up hope of regaining Cantigny and halted their costly efforts to break down the psychological effect which the American acquisition of the village had created in all the Allied countries. Among the officer casualties was Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then a battalion commander.

The Battle of Cantigny had its lighter side. It might have caused a casualty in the ranks of the war correspondents. The correspondents were scattered over the front according to their own desires.

I was accompanied that early May morning by James Hopper, correspondent for *Collier's Weekly*. Hopper is an American of French extraction and subject to Latin enthusiasms. On the morning of Cantigny, with the barrage already pecking up the ground in front of the troops and the big guns thundering all around, it was Hopper's sudden desire to get into the spirit of the thing and to keep on going with the troops right into the village of Cantigny. He urged me to do this, but being correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, I argued that a dead, wounded, or captured correspondent for a daily newspaper was of no great help to his paper.

Consequently, Hopper disappeared with the doughboys in the direction of Cantigny. The writer waited until it was evident that the objective had been gained, and then made his way back over the countryside, through sprinklings of artillery, to Chepoix, a village located a short distance in the rear, where a typewriter and facilities for writing were available. Here it was possible to place an account of the battle in the hands of a motorcycle messenger who would carry it twenty miles back to the city of Beauvais, the nearest telegraph station.

Late that afternoon, when the story for the *Tribune* had been written and despatched, Hopper appeared at Chepoix. His narrative was a knockout. It picked up where I had left it, and carried on straight across the fields with the troops to the edge of the village of Cantigny. The troops had not attempted to carry by frontal assault the scattered buildings at the edge of the village, but had worked around on either

side in an encircling maneuver. Hopper was left alone, standing on the edge of the village wondering what to do next. He had not long to wonder. German soldiers in the houses and barns, shaken by the bombardment and waiting to surrender, began to flood out of the village in the general direction of Hopper. They were unarmed, having left their weapons behind.

War correspondents with the A.E.F. wore the officer's uniform with the Sam Browne belt. It being a warm May day, trench coats had been left in the rear, and there stood Hopper, looking every inch an officer, on the edge of Cantigny, and right there also were forty German soldiers, hands slightly elevated above their shoulders in token of surrender, trotting towards Hopper.

The correspondent had no difficulty in recognizing the oncoming squad as the enemy, but he wholly misinterpreted their intent. He thought they were about to attack him, and he trotted in the general direction—according to his story at the time—from which he had come. The gray-green squad trotted steadily after him. He stopped and looked around. The Germans were now much nearer, and Hopper again about-faced and trotted some more. This, however, was not for long. The enemy soon caught up and surrounded him.

In the midst of the group, and in a quandary as to what to do, Hopper's attention was directed toward the village. An American squad of moppers-up was emerging from Cantigny. The Americans caught sight of the German soldiers, who by this time had completely surrounded the correspondent and obscured him from view. An American officer cut loose with an automatic, not once but several times. When the Germans realized that they were under close-range fire, they lifted their hands in earnest.

The Germans were taken prisoners, and the correspondent of *Collier's Weekly* was extricated from his dilemma. Neither he nor the Germans were armed, so the danger had never been very real except from exterior sources.

Hopper was again left to his own resources, and he sought a convenient shell-hole. In this shallow pit he found two privates from the medical corps assisting a wounded man. They had unlimbered a stretcher, and Hopper was assigned to carry one end of it towards a dressing station some distance across the field, thus releasing one of the medical corps men to remain and serve other wounded men.

On the way back, Hopper and his companion set down their burden to talk to a soldier who was inquiring the way to the dressing station.

"Are you hit?" he was asked.

He pulled up his shirt and exhibited a tiny blue hole in his abdomen.

"He was a walking dead man," said Hopper, "and he did not know it."

Hopper's story, narrated at Chepoix, appeared via cable next morning in the *Tribune*.

Some weeks later, Hopper's own story appeared in *Collier's*. Both were interesting sidelights on the Battle of Cantigny.

General Ely and others participating directly probably saw the battle through other glasses. Much was on their shoulders.

The then Colonel Ely, commander in that important battle, was able to add it to other laurels to come. The War Department has summed this up in laconic fashion as follows:

At Cantigny the 28th was commanded by Hanson E. Ely, then Colonel, now Major General, U.S.A.

Born in Independence, Iowa, November 23, 1867, General Ely has a most distinguished service record.

He saw service on our Western frontier and in the Philip-

pines before the World War. For his brilliant leadership and gallantry at Cantigny, General Ely received the Croix de Guerre with palms. Later, while commanding the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, General Ely was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism under fire during the capture of Vierzey, near Soissons.

General Ely led the 3d Brigade in the Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Blanc-Mont, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

On October 1, 1918, General Ely was appointed Major General, and placed in command of the 5th Division. Under his leadership the 5th Division achieved what is hailed as one of the outstanding exploits of the whole war when it succeeded in crossing the Meuse (Dun-sur-Meuse), November 2, 3, and 5.

CHAPTER XII

THE CHALLENGE OF "UNDER FIRE"

IT is probably the high-strung man with taut nerves and a power of imagination who suffers most under fire. No man relishes the thought of destruction by scrap iron propelled by high explosives, nor enjoys showers of whistling lead. There is a bit of the cowardice of self-preservation in each of us, and my own observation led me to a conclusion that few men in the late war were willing to permit others to observe any outward manifestation of the gnawing fear within them.

The newspaper correspondent was often caught under fire at unexpected times when circumstances led him into danger, but he seldom sought local color by going over the top with the troops. My own researches into the psychology of fear are founded on the reactions of others and a comparison of these with my own ability to get very well scared on many occasions. All these seem to indicate that the appellation "utterly fearless" is applicable only to mythical heroes. Scores of officers and men have told me that under fire they always sought solace in a silent prayer, which they figured the next best thing to a dugout or a bomb-proof shelter.

The degree of fright which humans endure in war, it seems, is regulated by their nervous systems. To put it in the most simple formula, some men have their nerves closer to the surface than others. A mule will stand shell-fire much better than a horse. And in the same way, there are "mule

men" and "horse men" in the moments of varying degrees of danger, and they react accordingly. The man with "horse nerves," so to speak, often has great self-control, while the man with "mule nerves" has less need to conceal inward emotions.

This horse-and-mule simile comes from personal observation of these animals under fire. Horses are nervous and terrified. Mules are not. I recall an occasion in Picardy, not long before our taking of Cantigny, when two horses and a mule on an ammunition cart were killed by a direct hit from a German shell. The horses struggled in their death throes and accepted death with a challenge. On the other hand, our mule dispensed with reflexes, and simply called it a day.

Man's reactions in battle or under fire, it would appear, are individual, and his outward behavior is gaged by the human power to master nerves. Once on the Marne in the summer of 1918, when the Germans had broken through the French on the Chemin des Dames, and were pouring down toward Château-Thierry, two French officers, a fellow correspondent and I were making an inspection within the lines of the American Third Division. German bombing planes appeared, laid a few powerful eggs, and disappeared down the river towards Château-Thierry. Everything was confusion.

The members of our party left the dugout in which we had taken shelter and began to walk down the road. Suddenly, from nowhere, a German fighting-plane zoomed out of the sky, and turned its machine-gun loose in our direction. Bullets kicked up dirt within a few feet of us. Two members of our group had sensed the danger and had scrambled from the road to dodge the machine-gun fire. The other two, having assumed that the plane was an Allied machine within its own lines, narrowly escaped death. They realized

the danger only after it was all over, and such after-the-fact realization shook their nerves. But the former, relieved, when the danger was past, that alertness had lessened the danger, were calm enough, and little shaken by the experience.

Shell-fire produces a helpless feeling and the reaction that one would like something to get under, even though it might be a tree or the flimsy roof of a building. A shell gives its warning whine a few seconds before it strikes. There is but one thing to do—drop prone to the ground. Human ears soon become expert enough to tell whether the missile is to burst near enough to be harmful.

There is something in the exhilaration of battle which distracts the mind from danger, but the most charitable thing one can say of the man who has been under fire and insists that he was not at all afraid is that he is a harmless prevaricator. Were he so dumb as to be incapable of any degree of fear, then the question would arise: how did he pass the mental test required to join the army?

French soldiers about to go over the top in an attack were served a generous ration of the strongest, most potent liquor on the army ration list. American soldiers who were serving with the French were given this "shot," but it was not a custom in our army to drink "courage," and our men went over the top on sheer nerve.

I have known and observed both officers and men who were continuously scared from the moment their units entered an active area, and when the gray dawn of the zero hour approached, their nerves were so ragged that it was a secret to none who happened to be near them. Yet these fellows went into battle with the sort of fanatic ardor that merited citations and won medals.

There was an officer in one of the crack American divisions who wore two automatic pistols. When asked why

he went around like a two-gun man of the old West, he would disclose the fact that his father's life once was saved because he carried a spare weapon. It was in the Indian wars and muzzle-loading days that the father, a regular army officer, was able to unlimber a second pistol and finish off a brave who, otherwise, would have killed him.

The élan with which men go into battle, and carry on through everything the enemy does to stop them depends in great measure on the esprit de corps of the unit to which they belong. The Guards regiments of both England and Germany were known as crack regiments, and fought with demoniacal bravery. The French Colonials had a reputation as hard-boiled fighters and lived up to it.

Unlike the Guards regiments of other nations with long lines of tradition through many wars, the American army's esprit de corps was "football stuff." The generals lectured the colonels, the latter lectured the lower ranks, and the commissioned ranks lectured the non-commissioned ranks, and so on down the line. The theme was, "You are a bunch of bearcats; get in there and fight." Yet long before the Armistice there were American divisions which were classed as veterans, and these felt that their division record was at stake in every action. The "pep" talks of the officers harped on the glory of the unit.

Despite all this, there were men whose hearts and souls were tortured beyond endurance. I have seen them in a frenzy of nervous emotion, tearing their hair and weeping. I have seen them exhibit a hand or a foot wound in dressing stations, and heard them tell rambling stories of how they "got it." A surgeon would dress the slight wound, and send the man to the rear with a tag tied to his tunic on which were marked symbols indicating court-martial. To the initiated the tag read, "Self-inflicted wound."

Wounded men usually were self-possessed and brave. Field surgeons—the wise men of the army—attributed this to the man's certain knowledge that he was going to be transported to the rear and, for a period at least, if not for good, would be spared the dangers and discomforts of the line. There is nothing glorious about modern war. The World War was as near hell on earth as could be made.

Yet there were innumerable instances, too, of coolness in situations of grave danger that suggest bravado. During the first Battle of the Somme in 1916, a few hundred meters beyond Fricourt we found a British subaltern under a pup tent pitched low over one of the thousands of shell-holes, lolling back in a folding chair and enjoying afternoon tea. His orderly had prepared it, and it was tea-time. There was also the story many months later of the British General who rejected the alarm of a German surprise advance until he had finished his bath. He escaped capture almost literally in the altogether.

The Americans, however, fought the war hard, and with all the discomforts. American correspondents who had covered the British and the French before our own troops began to get to France learned this to their own discomfort. I spent six weeks with the American First Division in Picardy sector, southwest of Montdidier. Incidentally I learned more about the habitat of rats than seemed possible. We shared dugouts with them by day, and came rat-like out from our underground holes by night. Meanwhile, the Germans unceasingly plastered the countryside with steel, high explosives, and gas. Our engineers estimated that the Germans were giving us about a thousand shells every hour over the division area. And this area was not so large when called upon to share several shells each and every minute of the day and night.

CHAPTER XIII

IN NO-MAN'S-LAND

WITH tens of thousands of Americans in training camps at home early in 1918 it occurred to me that a series of stories giving some of the sensations of coming under fire for the first time, the first night in a first line trench and the first patrol in No-Man's-Land would appeal to a wartime imagination. Consequently, I obtained permission from French headquarters to join a regiment in the line to gather first-hand information for the series. I had been in the war three years but had never patrolled in No-Man's-Land. I had been in a first line trench and had been under fire.

The sensation of a night patrol in the blighted strip of ground in front of the trenches had its ghostly thrill. It was a supposedly quiet sector in eastern France which units of the American First Division had been permitted to occupy for a few days with the French by way of training. The first Americans to fall in the European war had been killed by shell-fire in this sector a few days before. They were buried in a little battle-front graveyard a mile to the rear. The Germans had raided a section of trench and ascertained that Americans were facing them. It was no longer a quiet sector although the American troops had withdrawn.

My readers will bear with me if I give here in part the wartime picture written as I wrote it then when my sensations were fresh:

To-night is moonless. The sky is a speckled dome. Occa-

sional bursts of enemy machine-gun fire and nervous grenade and rocket firing have ceased. Both trénelles settle down to a period of the quiet which is customary at intervals over routine nights in trenches where both sides have been at it for over three years.

"Give them a few rounds with the *mitrailleuse* and see if they are still alive," the company captain orders. A machine-gun lieutenant sends a panoramic sweep of lead out into the darkness. A sheepskin-coated poilu, silently occupying his little niche in the trench next, obeying an order, drops a grenade into the cup-like end of his grenade rifle, and fires. The half-pound explosive slug leaves the cup with a metallic ring, and detonates with a roar and a white smoke cloud a score of yards in front. The poilu lays his steel helmet on the parapet and deftly heaves a hand grenade, which sends its pieces zinging from just in front of the wire as everybody ducks. A parachute flare sky-rockets up from a few yards away, and floats down, lighting up nothing but the frosty tangle of wire and dull gray grass ahead. Then it becomes quiet again. "The Boche is not very hateful to-night," the captain suggests.

A soldier comes along the trench with a steaming pail. It is the night coffee brewed back in the third line rolling kitchen, and carried up. This kitchen soldier is the night's most welcome guest. With the coffee he brings along the "gnole," the French army's ration of grog. A poilu explains to-night that American soldiers in this trench sometime ago called it "booze," and drank it with a gulp and a cough. Most poilus mix it with their coffee, though this one adds that he found it handy fuel, when his regiment was on the Chemin des Dames, to heat field rations in a stove made of an up-turned German shrapnel helmet.

The night patrol is starting. The trench has been warned

not to fire at crawling figures in No-Man's-Land. A captain and a lieutenant crawl over the top, leading the way. They carry blunt little automatics in one hand. A half dozen poilus follow, two deadly "pineapple" bombs in each hand, and the party picks its way cautiously through the wire.

Traversing ordinary wire entanglements is an impossible task, but here an almost invisible little path winds its crooked way over the dead grass carpet where the wire is lowest, and occasionally detours to escape a shell-hole. This path will be wired up tight again before daybreak. The frosty wire rattles and tangs despite utmost care in stepping high while stooping low, and occasional crawling. Sounds intensify and seem unnecessarily sharp. But to veteran ears they are just ordinary.

The first entanglements are passed. Then comes a short open space, and then the next. A soldier stumbles a little over an invisible wire, and the captain stops to whisper, "Douce-moment." The second maze is passed more quickly because it is narrower.

"It always seems a long time the first time you come through the wire," the captain apologetically whispers. But he is telling a polite little lie and knows it, because his first sensation in wire climbing was years ago in this war, and is now a faded memory.

You are in No-Man's-Land—a waste of gray, grassy ground except for shell-holes here and there—some old and overgrown with weeds, and others now black dirt craters. In front of you is simply blackness hiding other rows of enemy wire ahead. Behind is the vivid frosty stuff you've just come through.

A figure huddles in a shell-hole ten yards away. Everybody sees it, and crouching lower, stops. The lieutenant crawls ahead alone, his automatic poised. But nothing happens, and

he waves the others ahead. It is only a poilu who came out earlier to mend the wire where a Boche shell had mussed it up earlier in the day. He has been a little puzzled by the silent patrol.

The party moves ahead Indian file, and in five minutes the novice suddenly discovers that in every direction is darkness. The tangle of wire in the rear has faded from view. Occasionally a white object appears on the ground. A close-up look, and you try to forget it. The rest of the patrol have seen things like this before, and think nothing of it. But a grinning white thing in the middle of No-Man's-Land gives food for thought—for the beginner.

"Rat-tat-tat," a Boche machine-gun breaks the silence. Everybody flattens against the ground and waits until the stillness becomes depressing. This "rat-tat-tat" shows that the Boche is still very much alive. It is a warning to be cautious. Almost any minute an unfriendly parachute flare is likely. The patrol's work is done. It has found "nothing unusual in No-Man's-Land."

As stealthily as any American Indian ever crouched or crawled, the patrol heads back, but ready to flatten out again at a second's notice. Quiet continues, however, and the patrol returns to the friendly wire, and crawls and wriggles through it and into the trench, which gives the sensation of being the safest place in the world.

Word is passed down the trench to all its silent watchers that the patrol is ended, and that trench warfare is on again. At daybreak there will be more coffee and "gnoles," and the night trench dwellers will pass the watch to the day shift, who have been sleeping peacefully in the dugouts a few yards away.

After six days and nights of "first trench" life, the poilu goes back to "rest and quiet" in the second line.

"It isn't bad when you get used to it," the captain explains.

This night patrol may be called the third act of a play written around trench life, but coming back from the reconnaissance, the dark hours following have enough of melodrama to make an interesting fourth act.

Darkness seems to settle down quickly over the frowsy, weed-grown gray strip in front which nobody owns, and nobody treads in daylight. The low dirt ridge just behind a tangle of wooden stakes and barbed wire over across melts quickly into the failing light, and nothing is visible except your own sand-bagged parapet, and the ragged maze of your own barbed wire.

A battery of French guns barks sharply in the rear. Firefly flashes wink a mile behind the enemy's wire. The French gunners are saying good night to a Boche battery, and the dull "boom," "boom," "boom"—then the squeal of the enemy steel above—tell that the Boche is answering. Unless unforeseen things happen to-night, the gunners will "rest on their arms" until daybreak. On "quiet" sectors like this, it often happens.

With darkness down, the night shift are eating supper in their dugouts, and rigging out in sheepskin jackets to begin the silent night watch over the parapets. The dugouts—corrugated steel and sandbag construction at intervals a few yards back of the first line—are smelly and dark, but filled with life. It is human life and insect life, the latter making little difference so long as steel and sandbags shed vagrant shells. Men say they can get accustomed to insects, but the bite of a shell is different.

Here I find myself at home, and can fancy myself in a cave back somewhere in the Land of Liberty, the familiar names of the dugout inhabitants penciled on the wooden bunks suggesting New York's East Side, St. Louis, or Mil-

waukee, while other strictly Yankee names tell of boys from our great West. The youths who have given their names this quasi-immortality are no longer its inhabitants; they were the "Sammies," a small body who won immortality of a more lasting kind by the bitter fight they put up in America's first battle against overwhelming German odds. And now, whoever followed the news of the war at home—and who did not?—knows where this dugout stood.

To-night it is occupied by French poilus. They are again eating their evening soup, meat stew, bread, and cheese, and drinking their rations of Pinard. No long time shall elapse—to look into the future a way—before the Smiths and Browns, the Winthrops and Cushings, as well as the Schultzes and Janovicsys or other boys with other familiar names, will be back here to carry on the watch over the wire in front of the dugouts, and to guard the little American graveyard two miles in the rear, where eleven earth mounds lie under rough-hewn crosses, each bearing a name of a doughboy who fell in France.

The night poilus have taken their places a few yards apart along the parapet. The day poilus have fled into the dugouts for food and rest.

A machine-gun is rat-tat-tat-ing its evening tryout. All machine-guns are frequently tested at night. A fainter rat-tat-tat shows that the Boche is doing it too. A bright fiery streak roars up near by, and a small white parachute floats gently down with an incandescent flare lighting up No-Man's-Land for a hundred yards around. Someone has seen a suspicious move beyond the wire, an officer explains. The officer orders a few rifle grenades fired as a warning to prowling Boches perhaps trying to learn something or cut a wire. The poilu heads silhouetting over the parapet at intervals against the blackness beyond, duck down for an instant while

the grenades explode with cavernous roars. These missiles fly into a hundred pieces each and wipe out life for rods around them.

More machine-guns are tapping their warnings, or having their tryouts here and there along the line. The Boche again, as if nervous, is doing it too.

A half hour follows without a single spark of fire-works. But they break out again—both sides watching, flaring, bombing, machine-gunning suspicious things in that uncanny black stretch of No-Man's-Land fringed on each side with watchers who trust nobody but themselves.

Another period of silence except low voices of men talking in "trench whispers." They have learned to trench-whisper by constant practice. A poilu apologetically explains, as he rearranges his nest of black, egg-like hand grenades on the trench shelf before him, that American soldiers talked too loud at first. But they have finally learned to "parler doucement," he adds.

The Boche is active again. A flock of hand grenades roar themselves into silence on the other side, as fiery light streaks perform arcs like Roman candles, and then float gracefully down under their parachutes into the German lines. A rifle grenade explodes half-way across No-Man's-Land, and Boche machine-guns take up the tune. The Boche having told the French by the display that no German soldiers are prowling in this part of No-Man's-Land, there is silence again until time makes things uncertain.

I am given my choice of a bunk and stretch myself out to rest—but not to sleep. The sounds without are peaceful enough, but the unusual environment, to say nothing of certain sibilant sounds from the neighboring bunks, kills slumber.

An officer comes and whispers, "The Boches are as quiet as

we are ourselves. Our first patrol, which went out at two o'clock, reports all quiet. If you came seeking excitement, I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

To him a quiet sector brings monotony. To me just to be in the midst of the war scene seems exciting enough.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LOST BATTALION

THE LOST BATTALION" is a misnomer, for the battalion was never lost.

However, time will never quite efface that small niche carved in the records of American history by the incident. The battalion was a unit of the 308th United States Infantry regiment and fragments of Company K, 307th Infantry Regiment—some seven hundred men in all—commanded by Major Charles Whittlesey, which, in a bushy ravine of the Argonne, fought a Thermopylae: beleaguered, cut off, surrounded, almost annihilated, but never lost. Here was American heroism that compares with anything in our annals of war. Here, too, was a tactical blunder on some one's part which, wanting this heroism, might lie buried deep in the secret court martial archives of the War Department in Washington.

Major (later Colonel) Whittlesey was a New York lawyer when the 77th New York National Guard Division was mobilized for active service in France. His was the legal mind. To him a statute was a law, and an army order a command to be interpreted faithfully and well. Thus did this civilian soldier execute the command to break through the enemy and hold at any cost. Thus, in its zeal to reach prescribed objectives, did the "Lost Battalion" lose its liaisons with supporting troops on either side and finally attain the small Ravine de Charle-

vaux alone. No other small area of France was so thoroughly soaked with American blood.

The story of the Lost Battalion was cabled by all American war correspondents in the field. The original narrative was fragmentary, but its striking point was that Major Whittlesey, with three-fourths of his command slain, the remainder starving and weak but fighting on, replied, "Go to hell!" to a German message calling upon him to surrender.

Whittlesey sent no such message. His pitifully few remaining guns delivered the equivalent, however, and what the commanding officer did was even more heroic.

Few stories that are printed in daily newspapers, especially in war times, can be adequately presented with perfect alignment of detail. Newspaper reporting is a highly competitive business. Unless badly beaten by rivals, the collector of news must take much for granted, and many rumors taken thus are more picturesque than otherwise.

The story of the Lost Battalion was an exception. In order to obtain the real facts, I visited the headquarters of the 77th Division at Château Villain in the Haute-Marne Department, many weeks after the Armistice. Here was a story that rivaled the imagination of fiction writers. Data compiled from the experiences of the two hundred-odd survivors checked and correlated, records of a minor post-Armistice court martial, the testimony, both sworn and unsworn, of regimental officers from Major Whittlesey down, gave all important details of the bloody nightmare in an Argonne ravine. It was another Custer's Last Stand. Lacking that aboriginal savagery of Little Big Horn, it was somewhat more human in comparison.

After seven days and nights of almost continuous fighting in the tangled underbrush of the Argonne forest, the 77th Division on the early morning of October 2, 1918, ran flush into a system of enemy defense—wire and trenches studded

with machine-guns flanked by artillery. At 12:50 P.M. the American attack was continued in liaison with French forces on the left.

In the forefront of the attack was the 308th Infantry Regiment, of which a battalion was commanded by Major Whittlesey. The order was to break through, to consolidate the positions won, and to hold them. The attacking force, composed of elements of two battalions of the 308th Regiment, was accompanied by sections from Companies C and D of the 306th Machine Gun Battalion.

A powerful artillery barrage preceded the attack, which smashed through the enemy wire defenses. There were American casualties, while a number of Germans, two officers, twenty-eight enlisted men, and three machine-guns, were captured and sent to the rear.

Whittlesey's men forged on without great opposition, encountered the Ravine de Charlevaux, their objective, and quickly filtered into it. They dug foxholes and prepared to hold while elements from behind were coming up. That night some men from Company K, 307th Infantry, succeeded in joining Whittlesey, but they were all. Units on the right and left of the Whittlesey force had not advanced so fast in the general attack.

As in a football scrimmage, the ends had held and the center had given way. It was through this center that Whittlesey's men had gone, leaving the Germans to re-form their line and cut the battalion with its few supports off from the rear.

Now fix in your mind the scene of a six-day tragedy which had few if any equals in the world's greatest war. Imagine a small ditch such as a plow might cut, then magnify it ten million times. Its sides are broken and irregular and grown with scraggly brush. At the bottom is a trickling little stream fed

by a spring somewhere beyond in the hills. About five hundred yards long, this ditch is plugged at the upper end by a small slope and it empties into a marshy flat which is again interrupted by a hill. This was the V-shaped cul-de-sac known as the Ravine de Charlevaux. On the northern slope of this blind ravine a wagon road cuts into the rocky soil, leaving a steep slope upward from the stream. Above the road is a wall of jagged rock extending to the crest about twenty feet.

It was on the northern slope of the Ravine de Charlevaux that Whittlesey's men dug their foxholes for the night. Machine-guns were posted to sweep the valley and protect the flanks, and although no man carried either blanket, pack, or overcoat, all were fairly comfortable and unmolested by the enemy.

Each man had brought but one day's rations; hence at day-break the following morning, details were sent toward the rear for food. Patrols were ordered in other directions to make contact with the enemy and to ascertain his strength. One by one they returned to report that the Germans were everywhere. Shells had now begun to fall in the ravine but they were doing little damage. The men were well protected in their foxholes on the slope.

Suddenly an enemy trench mortar opened fire at close range. A number of men were ordered to locate and destroy this weapon, but they returned to report that heavy machine-gun fire balked their mission. A prisoner they had captured verified the suspicion that the enemy had taken up strong positions between Whittlesey's battalion and the rear. This meant that the men sent back for food would not return.

It was plain that the battalion was surrounded. Major Whittlesey ordered his men to form a hollow square—a human fringe on all four sides of this boxed-in ravine—to ward off

attack from as many directions. A carrier pigeon, the battalion's only means of communication, was turned loose. It proved a vain hope.

As darkness settled down that night, enemy voices were heard. Shadowy forms glided through the underbrush. The Germans were closing in and preparing to attack. It was from the crest above La Viergette-Binarville road that action finally came. Scores of hand grenades were thrown from above into the foxholes on the slope. This fusillade continued for some time. The Americans were under orders to remain steady, but each man was ready with his rifle loaded and his finger on the trigger. Many had been wounded and some killed in the rain of grenades.

Emboldened by inactivity on the American side the Germans began to prepare for another attack. This time they came out of their cover, forms faintly silhouetting over the top of the ridge. This was a signal for action from the foxholes. Rifles cracked. Howls from above indicated German casualties.

Flashes of light from the American rifles gave German machine-gunners on the opposite side of the ravine their range. They cut loose viciously. Bullets by thousands swept over the foxholes. There were many killed and wounded. Eventually however, the machine-gun fusillade ceased, and only at intervals during the remainder of the night were the Americans under fire.

Daylight, on October 4th, gave Major Whittlesey and the officers of his staff the bald realization that the situation was desperate. More than 150 men were dead or wounded. Of food for the living there was none, and little hope of getting any.

At intervals during the day the Germans tossed trench mortar shells into the ravine and sprayed it with machine-gun fire. At last they resorted to trickery. English-speaking Germans shouted fake messages into the American lines that a general

retirement had been ordered. One man crawled from his burrow and stood erect. An officer ordered him to take cover. His move had been that which the Germans reckoned on from the entire American forces. The fake order once devised, it had been assumed on the German side that it would be followed blindly, and at a given moment, when time had elapsed for every American to be standing, hell broke loose.

Hand grenades rained down the cliff in front, and from the two sides and the rear, machine-guns spat pitiless masses of lead. But for the steadiness of both officers and men, who saw through the fake retirement order, casualties would have been frightful. A fake gas mask order was later shouted from the left. It had such a German flavor of accent, however, that the nearest doughboy fired. Judging from the yell of pain which followed from the brushwood, he got his man.

Surrounded as they were on all sides by machine-gunners, snipers, and grenade throwers, it was suicide for an American soldier to fire his rifle. The sound by day and the flash by night were the signals for concentrated enemy fire. A rustle in the underbrush, the "ping" of an American rifle, the fusillade—this went on continually until that hollow square thinned rapidly. But it still remained a hollow square.

Jeers from the German side reached the ears of the Americans as they squatted low in their shelters. They yelled back jeers of their own in expressive but unprintable English.

Time passed without record, marked only by daylight and dark. A penetrating October rain fell. Many a foxhole contained a grotesque, awful sight. Heavy trench mortar shells had blown these shelters, in some instances, to pieces, throwing the pitiful victims into the open. But the dead men were fortunate. Those who lived with gaping wounds knew there was no relief, and even those who lived intact were beginning to know the tortures of starvation and thirst. Food had long

since been exhausted. Water trickled with the gurgle of a dying fiend through that little stream below, but it was the water of death, flavored with intermittent streams of lead by night. Many a brave youth who under cover of darkness crawled cautiously down the slope to fill his canteen paid the penalty. Daylight found him stiffened there.

Throughout the days in that tortured hollow square men suffered worse than any known version of hell. Bandages for the wounded were soon exhausted. The surviving medical units finally crawled like slugs to rob the dead of their first aid kits to succor those with gangrenous wounds and slight chance to live. All were soaked and chilled by incessant rain, weakened by empty stomachs and subjected to fire from men —within a stone's throw—well fed and adequately equipped with modern weapons for slaughter.

If Whittlesey had surrendered, few could have blamed him for saving the lives of those remaining under his trapped command. But Whittlesey was made of different clay, and so were his men.

On October 5th, an American airplane circled high over the ravine. In the hope that this might happen, Major Whittlesey had placed a number of white panels at the far end of the cul-de-sac. It seemed rather a vain hope that these might be seen, since the foliage was dense. But later in the day the American artillery fire from guns miles away began to crash on the ridge of the hill to the south. This was a creeping barrage and, as it advanced, it caught a group of the enemy with annihilating force. Then the American shell-bursts began to advance toward the American foxholes.

Fate seemed to rule that those tortured survivors of an ever thinning hollow square should be wiped out by their own artillery. Down the hill it came, a bedlam of ear-splitting crashes, churned that devilish little stream into an agony of flying

mud, then stopped! Men in foxholes said silent prayers. An Almighty Providence, an unseen hand, lifted that barrage clear over the northern slope of the Ravine de Charlevaux and dropped it crashing again into the enemy positions. Jeering grenade throwers on the cliff were themselves thrown high in the air, in fragments. In retaliation for a taste of their own medicine, the Germans literally lined the southern ridge with heavy machine-guns and fired streams of bullets into the American position, searching every foot of rocky soil and intent upon exterminating all life. Wounded men, moaning in their shelters, were wounded again.

That night it appeared to be the beginning of the end. Much ammunition had been used against the almost invisible enemy. It was running low. Food, of course, had been exhausted long before. Men were beginning to take desperate chances to get it. One crawled boldly into the enemy lines and returned with a hunk of black bread which he had taken from a corpse. Another discovered a bacon rind which had been used to soften cuts on his hand. He divided this with a companion. Others began to dig roots from the hard soil for what small nourishment they contained.

October 6th dawned, a rainy Sunday of despair. Not one man knew it was Sunday, but it was a better day than others because the faint rat-tat-tat of light machine-guns could be heard from the south. American airplanes, too, appeared occasionally, dropping parcels of food which, with terrible regularity, fell into the enemy lines. The aviators were not noting the white panels which still lay near Whittlesey's shelter. They were feeding the Germans. Starving Americans being denied American food!

Heavy trench-mortar shells continued to fall into the ravine. Judging by the American artillery fire and the activity of airplanes, the enemy sensed an impending effort to relieve

their quarry, and redoubled their energies at slaughter. Machine-gun fire from the northern crest became furious. The last two officers of the American machine-gun sections which had been part of the battalion were killed. There were but nine guns originally and now only one remained in action. It sputtered a weak and inadequate reply to the flow of lead from the other side. The dead were everywhere, but the semblance of the hollow square still remained, made more awful by a stench that only seasoned fighters know.

Major Whittlesey and his two captains, McMurtry and Holderman, had been no better off than the humblest private. They had scooped out their own shelters and remained within them while directing the defense. They were just as foodless, waterless, and harassed. Theirs was a greater responsibility and perhaps in that sense they suffered more than the others. There was nothing to do but wait and defend this ravine of death. Their only communication with the outside world, the white panels to signal the aviators, had seemingly failed.

In the drizzle which fell on the morning of Monday, October 7th, nine men had slipped into the German lines before dawn with the hope of collecting a few packages of food dropped by the aviators. During the afternoon a dirty, bedraggled figure in khaki, carrying an unloaded rifle to which was attached a white rag, appeared at Whittlesey's shelter. The firing had lulled. The battalion commander was conferring with McMurtry and Holderman. The messenger was a survivor of the food detail, who reported that five had been killed and the others wounded or captured. He bore a note from the enemy, written in precise English and addressed:

TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER:

Sir: The bearer of this present, Private —, has been taken prisoner by us. He refused to give the German Intelligence Officer any answer to his questions and is quite an

honorable fellow, doing honor to his Fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

He has been charged against his will, believing that he is doing wrong to his country, to carry forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the battalion of the 77th Division with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more, in view of the present conditions.

The suffering of your wounded men can be heard over here in the German lines and we are appealing to your humane sentiments to stop. A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat Private — as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

THE GERMAN COMMANDING OFFICER.

Whittlesey read this message. He then passed it to Captain McMurtry, who read it and in turn passed it to Captain Holderman. All remained silent. Whittlesey arose, steadied himself as a delirium of weakness passed over his body, and went out into the open.

Exposed as he was to the enemy, he slowly gathered up the white cloth panels and reentered the shelter. White flags were repugnant to the New York soldier lawyer. The appeal to "humane sentiments" had not penetrated. Major Whittlesey did not write a message and send it back saying, "Go to hell!" as commonly reported. He sent no message; but as the word spread from foxhole to foxhole that the enemy had suggested this way out, the pitifully few remaining American guns blazed away their defiance, which said "Go to hell!" in far plainer language than words.

As the day wore on, there was a growing sound of rifle and machine-gun fire from the south. The survivors knew what this meant and set their jaws more firmly. It was the unmistakable sound of American fire. The Germans heard it, too.

It was now that they played their last card, the most "humane" of all—liquid fire. Against starving men whom they had not dared to attack in the open, the Germans turned loose machine-guns, rifles, and grenades as the accompaniment to long, vicious jets of liquid fire, directed at the American left flank. It was the first direct attack. Men who were crazed by hardship and danger of many days staggered from their fox-holes, firing as they advanced to meet the flame-throwers. The lone American machine-gun got into action at point-blank range. The attack failed.

Late that night an American officer reported to Major Whittlesey. He belonged to the 307th Infantry Regiment, which had fought its way to the relief of the Lost Battalion. The Germans had departed. Americans were now lying in the woods on the right flank. Before morning, elements of the 308th Regiment had also arrived from the south, bringing food and ammunition. The relief of the Lost Battalion was accomplished.

Before noon of October 8th, 252 men, some sick and wounded, all that remained alive of a gallant 700, filed out of the ravine toward the south—toward proper care and rest.

One month to a day after the Whittlesey battalion began the advance which ended so tragically, Pershing's army in the Argonne had dislodged the Germans all along the line, and the big retreat which carried the enemy into the Ardennes was on. About one month later the Armistice had been signed and the first Americans were on the Rhine.

It was the youthful, rosy-cheeked Major Fred W. Hackett of Champlain, New York, who first led American troops into the fortress city of Coblenz. I was on the train which on December 8th carried 900 men of the 39th Infantry Regiment into the Rhineland city, affording its inhabitants an ample view of the American uniform for the first time. The pop-

ulace was philosophical about our arrival. They accepted us as a matter of course.

But the most interesting German in Coblenz for me at that time was a certain Lieutenant Prinz, a dapper Little Prussian officer who looked as if he had just hopped out of a bandbox, a pleasant person, courteous and anxious to please. He spoke faultless English and, thus accomplished, had been chosen as interpreter for the American Bridgehead Commission.

Lieutenant Prinz was the man who wrote the note to Whittlesey demanding the surrender of the remnants of the "Lost Battalion." He expressed great admiration for Whittlesey and his heroic command. He said he hoped some day to meet the American officer, but did not confirm the popular story of the manner in which Whittlesey was said to have replied to his note. It was, in part, that discrepancy which weeks later carried me to Château Villain to check the truth about the Lost Battalion.

The bodies of the fine American youth who died in that ravine now rest under shimmering white crosses in the great military cemetery at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, while that of their gallant commander lies in that greater burial plot, the Atlantic ocean. Whether the disappearance of Colonel Whittlesey from a steamer off the American Atlantic coast several years after the war was suicide or an accident, none will ever know.

The Ravine de Charlevaux is now clothed in handsome green. Nature has healed and covered its wounds, while the devilish little stream at the bottom purls on, flanked by the softest of woodland moss.

CHAPTER XV

THE SWINGING DOOR

ONE phase of America's participation in the World War which the autobiographical generals omit was the call direct from the general staff to explain the "swinging door." The call was made in the "War Correspondent Sector."

It was October, 1918, at which time the Germans were giving way in Belgium and northern France and Allied troops were, in consequence, advancing. The American First Army in eastern France was not advancing. The Allies—that is to say, the French and the Belgians—were monopolizing the newspaper front pages at home. The situation called for explanation, and Chaumont, American headquarters, asked the war correspondents to tell the folks at home about the "swinging door" and not to spare the superlatives in the telling.

The "swinging door" was this:

The American First Army in the Argonne, flush against the Kriemhilde Stellung—the other side of which was Germany itself—was battering at the figurative hinges of a strategic door which was swinging faster under such pressure at its western or outer side. Hence, the more rapid and more spectacular advance of the French and the Belgians, though they remained in northern France and Belgium.

The burden of G.H.Q.'s solicitation for a better press at home was to make the people who were knitting socks, rationing sugar and enduring gasless Sundays see how it was that the American army was responsible for the much publicized

advance of the Allies. And the war correspondents rallied as one man. The home front pages were recaptured and alien publicity put to rout.

Cable despatches from the front during that period read like the "Charge of the Light Brigade." They lectured, editorialized and ranted over strategy, topography, geography and heroism.

To draw attention to the east there were flights like this:

German military chiefs have their eyes on this Eastern battle and not without misgiving. Its issue is Germany. That is why America should not grow impatient with Pershing's hard-fighting armies here in the East, while other armies are dashing forward by leaps and bounds. "Patience" should be the watchword. Pershing's turn will come.

The military strategy of the situation was handled somewhat after the fashion of Civil War correspondents who were forever telling Grant and other generals how to do it. The European war correspondent was tightly censored, but in an emergency like the "swinging door" all bets were off.

One despatch at this period read:

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMIES IN THE FIELD, Oct. 20.— Though the greatest events since 1914 are occurring in Belgium and northern France to-day, nothing should dwarf in American minds the character or extreme importance of Uncle Sam's slower but sterner battle in eastern France. Here the Germans are defending Germany itself. Yonder the battles for Belgium and northern France are still proceeding.

Here the Americans are now flush against the outpost defenses of the German Fatherland and the enemy is fighting with every ounce of his fanatical strength and enormously sacrificing his waning effectives to hold us off his strategic railway—from Mezières through Sedan and Montmedy to

Metz—which makes Metz the powerful feeder it is for territory west as far as the River Aisne.

A retreat probably from almost all of southern Belgium, nearly to the German frontier, would result from our severance of this line from Metz to the west, and this is why Germany is fighting the defense of Germany in the sternest battle the Americans ever encountered over natural obstacles which give the enemy all the advantage.

This was eventually what happened, and it was not long in coming. In the meantime it was not so pleasant at G.H.Q. to contemplate that the French and Belgians in the west might continue to go "dashing forward by leaps and bounds," and Chaumont wanted it well understood at home why the American army was not doing it. Hence, a general description of the topographical situation in one of these "swinging door" despatches:

The Verdun struggle of 1916 thrilled the world. Military critics agreed that two things saved Verdun: First, the valor of the French poilus; second, powerful natural positions, armored and fortified with every means French military science could devise. Glance today from the towerlike hill of Montfaucon at the sullen ridges of timbered hills for miles, each appearing like a forbidding fortress, or look on a good map from the eastern fringe of the Argonne Forest across the Meuse and you will see the same character of natural defenses that saved Verdun, only this time it is the enemy that has fortified them with everything at his command and studed them with mazes of wire and thousands of machine guns and cannon.

All this was true, but it was written in the flamboyant style designed to make the allied advance in the west look like a parade-ground maneuver. Admittedly it was publicity, and there were some excellent American press agents on the

job. Most of the correspondents put their heart and soul into it. The line stood out:

The Germans have burned up nearly a score of their divisions opposing our advance, knowing that five miles here are more vital to the Fatherland itself than twenty-five miles elsewhere, backed by more invaded territory.

As to American valor—and it is not belittling American valor to repeat it—there were flights of word painting that blotted out Bunker Hill and Custer's Last Stand.

The picture of the Belgians and French advancing in the west by "leaps and bounds" was balanced in one despatch by the story of the Rainbow (42nd) Division's capture of Chatillon Hill. The strategic importance of this hill was a trifle exaggerated:

The Côte de Chatillon lies immediately southwest of the village of Landres et Saint George, marking the apex of the Kriemhilde Stellung. With heavily wooded slopes running to the crest, 718 feet high, it dominates the encircling hills around it and the tangled forests of Romagne and Bantheville on the east. Possibly no natural stronghold but Verdun ever offered such a formidable barrier to advancing troops.

The battle itself was not necessarily exaggerated, but it failed to go down in history as a battle.

It was the task of this division, some of whose men hail from New York State, and the forty-eight-hour battle here will doubtless gain mention in the histories of the future [a despatch said].

Foot by foot, hour by hour, night and day, the Americans fought through the vast spiderweb of wire entanglements woven through and around trees and underbrush on the slopes. The Germans, knowing their position to be the key to the surrounding hills and valleys, massed machine guns

between every belt of wire encircling the stronghold from top to bottom. Snipers lurked everywhere and hand-grenade fighting figured constantly in the never-ending combat.

Covered with mud, with hair matted, their beards growing, their faces black, the Americans crawled mostly on their stomachs, cutting the wire, bobbing through it, wiping out resistance wherever it was found. Meantime hails of machine-gun bullets swept them from the crest and a lone seventy-seven cannon fired constantly at direct range.

German and American dead intermingled thickly on the slopes when the doughboys began to approach the crest Thursday morning. And here, encircling the summit, they found in the thickness a center spiderweb which the spider formed of scores of sputtering machine guns and the lone cannon still belching direct fire.

Trench mortars were brought up to tear great gaps in the heavy belt of wire encircling the crest, and the doughboys with yells leaped ahead with only the cold steel in their hands. The lone "seventy-seven" was taken intact, its crew still firing as they were run through with the bayonet.

These many years later, it is not belittling the Rainbow Division or the really magnificent soldiers who composed it to say that publicity at the time required the telling of something about the division and its record and what the battle of Chatillon Hill meant in the general scheme of things. "This battle for Chatillon Hill," the despatch warned, "is an example of America's battle just now in eastern France." No one at that time knew that within less than one month—on November 11, 1918—the war would be over and Germany would be suing for an armistice.

Survivors of the Rainbow Division will look back with some pride on the record of the division given in the war despatches at the time.

The division responsible for this victory (Chatillon) is now overshadowed in the world news [the despatch said]. During its service it has taken prisoners from twenty-three enemy divisions, including three guards and one Austrian division. It has also captured men from nineteen enemy units unclassed by divisions, including foot artillery and storm battalions, minenwerfer, labor, agricultural, signal, railway and other battalions. It has been in action in almost every important American battle and had its first bayonet experience when it routed the Imperial Guardsmen several months ago.

The fillip in this bit of war-press pageantry came in the last paragraph of the cabled despatch (ten cents a word), when of the Rainbow Division it was said: "Its hardest battle, however, is admittedly that of the Côte de Chatillon, which remains a fair example of America's stern combat against the outer defenses of the German Empire."

General headquarters congratulated the war correspondents on their efforts in bringing the A.E.F. back to the homeland first pages. The despatches that went over quieted those timid souls at home who were bombarding the War Department to know what the American army was doing while the Belgians and French were going forward "by leaps and bounds."

What the American army was doing was hammering at the "swinging door."

CHAPTER XVI

A CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN

THE formidable power of the American Expeditionary Force made the Armistice possible.

The last advance of the American First Army in France, ending with the cessation of hostilities at eleven o'clock on November 11, 1918, together with the American Second Army, organized and ready to strike, represented the pinnacle of American military power which probably will never again be equaled.

The impending end of the war and the Armistice celebrations which followed distracted attention from the last American advance. It will remain more impressive to those who observed it than decades of peace celebrations and victory parades. Nothing so thoroughly measured the tremendous military power of modern America.

I had witnessed the arrival of General Pershing and his small staff at Boulogne in mid-1917, followed the slow, methodical building of the A.E.F., and saw its rookies of Cantigny become the hardened veterans of the Château-Thierry salient, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne.

It is to be doubted whether any army at that time would have stood long against the powerful mass of maneuver that Pershing hurled against the Germans in the final phase. The American machine functioned with such precision and speed that it was not only difficult for the main body of the retreating enemy to keep clear of it, but it was almost impossible

for American correspondents to follow its progress and get their despatches over wires and cables in time to be classed as news.

During this last advance—and there was then a feeling that the end was approaching—officers and men seemed fired with a will to work the American war machine up to a momentum that would carry it into Germany. That is where it would have halted if the Armistice had not intervened. Even the elements were overcome.

Much was made of the steady tramp, tramp of German army boots over the cobbled highways of Belgium and through Antwerp and Brussels in 1914. The world was too war-weary in November, 1918, to pay much attention either to the complete absence of military form with which the Germans retreated or to the businesslike military precision with which the American First Army conducted its pursuit.

The roads in places were ankle deep in mud. Often roads had disappeared altogether. In advance of the main section of the First Army and behind the skirmish lines a fellow correspondent and I slogged through thirteen miles of this to reach the road center of Buzancy, where the advance might be observed. Before us, behind us and with us were batteries of light artillery, the indomitable little 75's hurrying along to keep up with the skirmishers. Occasionally they would wheel off the road and go into action, guns blazing at unseen targets, while horses took much needed rest. A salvo or two and they were off again—advancing. Nobody realized it, perhaps, but it was the last big advance.

Motor trucks filled with soldiers also passed. They were in pursuit of the enemy and in support of the skirmish lines ahead. We arrived at Buzancy, which was still receiving enemy artillery fire, though in diminishing quantity. The German batteries were drawing steadily back out of range.

Darkness set in with chilling wind and driving rain. Now began to come the infantry, the main body as distinguished from the skirmish lines which had gone through Buzancy long before, supported always by the little guns that strove to keep up, advancing and opening fire, while horses and gunners wondered whether the Germans and pursuing doughboys were doing a marathon.

Marching in columns of four led by their officers, came the doughboys through Buzancy's main street. There was no "tramp, tramp, tramp," but an equally rhythmic "crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch," as feet scraped the graveled highway and passed beyond. Heads down against the beating rain, the American youths marched silently except for that eternal "crunch, crunch." Here were thousands upon thousands of them backing the play of the skirmishing battalion keeping contact with the German rear-guard ahead.

Nobody knew where or when the main body of the opposing German army would try to stand against our advance. No one cared. The order was "On to Germany!" and the First Army was following this order literally with all the resolution that had marked the Kaiser's march through Belgium toward France in 1914.

I stood on the curbing of Buzancy's main thoroughfare that night in awe. The darkness was intense. Rain and wind were violent, but out of the roar of the wind and the swish of the rain there was the steady movement of feet going forward, heard and not seen, though the column was so close I might almost have touched the fringe of it. It was uncanny. Men seemed to be marching in their sleep.

Meanwhile in a shell-torn château fifty feet back from the street, I had found an American dressing-station where surgeons were working over the wounded. The operating room had once been the salon of the provincial castle. Its ancient

chandelier dangled incongruously now, holding brilliant acetylene flares which illuminated the room. Windows devoid of glass were covered with army blankets to keep the light in and the wind and rain out. Within there could be heard the occasional crack of the 75's, but the howling wind and spanking rain drowned out the sound of the marching army a stone's throw away. Here, too, there was little conversation.

Two surgeons bent to their work over improvised operating tables. Orderlies held the lights closer when necessary. As fast as one wounded case was cared for, he was placed on a stretcher and moved to the cellar, while another took his place under the hands of the surgeons. The roads to the rear were blocked with advancing troops. The movement was forward, not backward. Ambulances were few and far between, and the wounded were better off under cover.

The last casualty having been disposed of for the moment, the two surgeons joined my companion and me for a cup of hot tea in a corner of the room. The conversation had only started to dissect the dirty weather when stretcher-bearers brought in a wounded doughboy. Without a word one of the surgeons arose and began to scissor away the clothing that encased a shattered leg. As the tea-party progressed ten feet away, the surgeon, working skilfully and swiftly, amputated the leg between the knee and the ankle and the remnant dropped to the floor to be carried away by the orderly.

No one in the room as much as commented on the incident. The surgeon finished his work and returned to the tea. He was Dr. Edward Miller of Baltimore, whose son, a private in the First Army, was even then perhaps marching silently with the others outside in that unending column of humanity, head down against rain and wind, to victory in the last advance.

Dr. Miller's companion surgeon was Dr. Emmet Faer of Cincinnati. Both had slept little and worked constantly for three

days. Their operating stations had been changed five times, remaining as near the fast moving skirmish lines as possible and most of the time under shell-fire.

Sergeant Charles Copenhofer of Cincinnati was the chief assistant in this dressing-station. Copenhofer's ancestors went to Ohio from Germany and Charles was moving back toward the land of his forebears in a manner they would never have dreamed.

The skirmishers, the artillerymen, the truck-drivers, the doughboys, the machine-gunners, the surgeons, and their assistants, formed an accurate cross-section of the type of Americans who made up the last advance in the World War. They were veterans all, and they constituted the cream of a nation which in a comparatively brief time had welded itself into a war machine that was well-nigh invincible. Never in the military history of the United States had there been its equal.

It was toward 11 o'clock that night when an ear-splitting explosion shook the Buzancy château, tearing the blankets from the windows and raining plaster down from its walls. The surgeons were again operating. Orderlies rushed about, moving wounded into the cellar as the detonations continued at intervals. Had the enemy turned back and was he now advancing?

Investigation proved that it was a battery of our own "heavies" which, sandwiched between the marching columns of infantry, had swung off the road into the garden of the château, and defying the deluge of rain and tearing wind, had calmly opened up. This, too, was part of the war machine in action.

As darkness gave way grudgingly to gray dawn under low-hanging clouds, the snake-like columns of infantry were now being cut by chugging caterpillar tractors drawing great

long guns of the heaviest caliber. These were the monsters on which Pershing depended to shell the Metz-Mezières-Sedan railway on which the enemy relied to provision his forces. They were soon at it. The war on French territory was won when the last advance came within striking distance of this railway line.

Whether it was to continue on German soil depended upon Germany alone. Germany chose otherwise. The Armistice prevented the United States from developing a still more formidable war machine which, with relentless force, would inevitably have compelled peace well within Germany.

We followed the infantry northward toward Fosse. Here despatches were available to show that the line was so far advanced that it was useless to continue. The enemy was still retreating. Making our way back afoot, it was well toward noon when we met with the last straggling troop columns on the forward march. With them and behind them came more guns, more trucks and every description of army material and equipment. Headquarters staffs of divisions, brigades, army corps and even general staff officers were moving up in automobiles. The only rearward movement was that of ambulances, despatch-bearers and an occasional group of prisoners.

Scenes over this long stretch of war-torn ground, with battered remnants of war material here and there, also an occasional body not yet buried, were not adequately described at the time. Attention was directed to the general retreat of the Germans, not only on the front before our First Army, but out of France and western Belgium. The cracking of the front by our First Army and the cutting of the vital railway communications by which the German general staff provisioned its forces caused the enemy to retreat everywhere.

Upon my arrival in Buzancy on the evening of November 2nd, I discovered that I was some thirteen miles by foot and

some thirty more by motor from Bar-le-Duc, headquarters of the field section through which all despatches were censored and relayed by wire to Paris, thence by cable to New York. The only wires in Buzancy that evening were those of the infantry strung along the ground for immediate communication with the advancing rear. It appeared that I would be unable to get a single word back to my paper about this big advance. It was necessary to take a "long shot." This I did by writing a brief despatch on the back of an envelop from my pocket simply telling that the advance had reached Buzancy and was continuing beyond. The despatch, some fifty words in length, was read to some unknown on the other end of the wire with the request that he relay it back to brigade headquarters and then ask that the relay continue through division, corps, and army and finally to press headquarters in Bar-le-Duc. I had small hope that the system would work. But it did. Progressing through the various posts of command the message reached Souilly, army headquarters, where it fell into the hands of Captain Grantland Rice, the press liaison officer. He obligingly telephoned it on to Major Bozeman Bulger, in command of press field headquarters at Bar-le-Duc, who had it typed and placed on the Paris wire. Days later I learned that it was published exactly as written in the first edition of the *Tribune* in New York. That was a break of luck which would not often be repeated.

What I had witnessed at Buzancy was but a thread of the general forward movement. Other roads led through other Buzancys and on them the same thing was happening. Other seemingly endless columns of infantry were marching, other surgeons were operating in rubble heaps, and other guns, large and small, were crawling forward. It was the greatest victory parade, considering the forces involved and the pre-

cision with which it was conducted, in the history of American arms. Yet history so far has laid little stress on it. The Armistice came so quickly in its wake that in the popular mind it was forgotten. Soldiers and civilians alike in all the Allied countries entered into the celebration incident to the end of hostilities. Nothing else mattered.

General Pershing's final report refers to the pre-Armistice advance as the "Third phase—Meuse-Argonne offensive":

"Between September 26 (the beginning) and November 11 (the end), 22 American and four French divisions, on a front extending from southeast of Verdun to the Argonne forest, had engaged and decisively beaten 47 different German divisions, representing 25 per cent of the enemy's entire divisional strength on the Western front," says General Pershing.

On November 11th, the American First Army stretched from the outskirts of Sedan to a point just southwest of Metz, a distance of more than sixty miles. It was composed of three army corps—the Third, Fifth and First, comprising the 5th, 90th, 89th, 2nd, 80th, 78th and 77th Divisions under General Hunter Liggett. In the meantime on the right, ready to strike on November 14th against the Briey iron basin had the Armistice not intervened, was the American Second Army under General Robert Lee Bullard.

The Second Army was composed of six divisions—the 3rd, 4th, 29th, 36th, and 35th. This army together with twenty of the smaller French divisions (one American division made three of the French numerically) under General Mangin, was prepared to wrest from the Germans the iron mines which had for many years supplied the raw materials for shells and guns.

Thus with the First Army of the Americans in possession

of the rail transportation system which supplied food, ammunition, and equipment, the Second Army was to take from the enemy the base of his ammunition supply.

A section of General Pershing's final report, detailing the operation of the First Army is illuminating:

By the 7th (November) the right of the Third Corps had exploited its river crossing to a distance of ten kilometers east of the Meuse, completely ejecting the enemy from the wooded heights and driving him into the swampy plain of the Woevre; the Fifth and First Corps had reached the line of the Meuse River, along their respective fronts, and the left of the latter corps held the heights dominating Sedan, the strategical goal of the Meuse-Argonne operation, forty-one kilometers (about 25 miles) from our point of departure on November 1. We had cut the enemy's main line of communications. Recognizing that nothing but a cessation of hostilities could save his armies from complete disaster, he appealed for an immediate armistice on November 6.

While the Allied nations were celebrating a premature armistice report on November 9th, there was no thought of cessation of hostilities on the part of Marshal Foch, Allied commander-in-chief, General Pershing, and other military heads. On this day at 9:00 P.M., orders were issued to both the American First and Second Armies, based on a telegram sent by Marshal Foch to all Allied headquarters. The Marshal telegraphed:

"The enemy, disorganized by our repeated attacks, retreats along the entire front.

"It is important to coördinate and expedite our movements. I appeal to the energy and initiative of the commanders-in-chief and of their armies to make decisive the results obtained."

Following orders given, the American First and Second

Armies forged forward. On the morning of November 11th at dawn, the Fifth Corps of the First Army had taken the last point on the Meuse River and this stream was wholly in American hands. The Second Army had also advanced all along the line in preparation for the big offensive to be launched on November 14th, with the Briey iron basin as its objective.

"At 6 A.M. on the 11th," says General Pershing's report, "notification was received from Marshal Foch's headquarters that the Armistice had been signed and that hostilities would cease at 11 A.M."

With other correspondents attached to the First Army, on the dot of the memorable 11 A.M., I heard the vast silence which ensued as the last crack of our own 75's echoed away and the last German shell arrived. For a moment no one in the group of which I was one, spoke. Ears were attentive, seeking proof that it was actually over.

That night from the heights along the Meuse in the immediate rear we saw the endless line of tiny camp-fires that illuminated the shallow trenches and foxholes of the first line. The armies were licking their wounds in peace.

In Paris, London, New York and elsewhere in Allied capitals there was riotous enthusiasm, with little thought of the millions dead and maimed.

From September 26th to November 11th—over the three phases of the Argonne-Meuse offensive—the American First Army alone had lost 117,000 in killed and wounded.

That was the sacrifice which made the Armistice possible.

CHAPTER XVII

UNOCCUPIED GERMANY

FATERNIZATION" was a much discussed word in American newspapers immediately after our troops had worked their way from eastern France through Luxembourg and to the Rhine. The doughboys had, for the most part, trudged their weary way over the hills and through valleys leading along the Moselle and at last reached the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle in the neighborhood of Coblenz. This was the American bridge-head area and this was where they were to settle down in billets and wash the last vestiges of Argonne mud from their uniforms. The German peace had yet to be made. Statesmen were yet to gather at Weimar and discuss the details of the Armistice.

The problem was whether the war was to continue after a breathing spell into the heart of Germany. This was up to German statesmen who were still harassed with sporadic outbreaks of civil strife in the German provinces.

That part of the American army which trekked to the Rhine only knew that comfortable Rhineland billets were a far cry from the muck, the blood and the suffering of the Meuse-Argonne. Calico on the blond German frauleins, and for that matter swathed about the good German hausfraus, looked like silk to John Doughboy. After the fashion of the race many a doughboy sock was surreptitiously darned and reparations came their mysterious way on shirts and undies. There were comfortable quarters and good clean laundry. Spring was not

far off. Could one blame this erstwhile individual of bloody war if his thoughts turned domestic and to love?

Germany was still at war with the United States. Here was fraternization with the enemy. Army headquarters in the big building facing the Rhine at Coblenz was in a stew. Here was a violation of the laws of war and occupation. There seemed nothing to do but to put an end to fraternization and orders were so issued. And that made John Doughboy keener than ever to fraternize. And he did. Love affairs in the warm billets will be remembered for many a day in the Rhineland; yes, and for generations to come.

The fraternization business was not entirely confined to doughboys. The following story went like wild-fire through the army one morning: A young lieutenant with meticulous ideas on army rules and regulations and especially the ban on fraternization sought out his colonel to report that a foolish young fraulein was making life miserable for him in the house where fate had billeted him. She seemed to have a fascination for his Sam Browne belt and lieutenant's bars, if not himself, and she showered him with embarrassing attentions such as secretly shining his boots, washing and pressing his raiment and bringing his breakfast to be eaten in bed. While the lieutenant was describing his predicament to the colonel, the major commanding the lieutenant's unit appeared and listened with sympathetic interest. He joined the colonel in advising the vamp-ridden younger officer to change his billet at once. The next day the colonel strolled around to the billeting officer's sanctum.

"I want to change my billet at once," he said. "One of my lieutenants left his billet yesterday and I would like to have that one."

"Sorry, sir," apologized the billeting officer, "but the major engaged that billet early this morning."

In one village of the American area the young "fuzzy faced" herren formed a vigilante committee designed to chastise giddy young frauleins who insisted on flirting with American soldiers. The heaviest penalty was that guilty ones should be barred from public festivities and that a list should be prepared and published so that their future husbands might know that the girls once had flirted. Many of these little frauleins did not wait for the penalty and flirted well and good. They left the Rhineland in due time as the wives of soldiers and Uncle Sam provided the transportation.

The Army rounded up married soldiers and gave them preference in the return home over others. Often fifty couples were sent on their way at one time. This also happened in France where troopers waiting to go home had fallen in love and sought out the village marriage authorities. From the various areas the married couples would be sent to one of the embarkation ports where quarters were provided separately for the wives until the sailing day. An amusing incident grew out of this at Brest, one of the larger ports. A group of German brides arrived at the same time with a bevy of French brides. The war was fought all over again. Hair was liberally pulled and clothing torn before an armistice could be arranged and the alien brides and enemy brides were assigned none too gently to different quarters.

Another amusing feature of the military sojourn on the Rhine was found in the arrival of newspapers from the home towns of the doughboys. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers had preceded the Rhineland army back to the United States. Most all had been copiously interviewed by the home-town newspaper. The Rhineland troops began to clip from these newspapers and send the clippings to the *Stars and Stripes*, the official A.E.F. newspaper published in Paris.

Over the desks of Captain Mark S. Watson, a for-

mer Chicago and later Baltimore newspaperman, and Lieutenant Stephen T. Early, former Washington writer (eventually secretary to President Franklin D. Roosevelt), editor and assistant editor at that time of the *Stars and Stripes*, flowed the protests of the Rhineland soldiers against the "whoppers" the boys were telling at home. This led to a "whopper" column in the official newspaper, a feature greatly enjoyed in the Rhineland.

Watson and Early adopted the policy of investigating these too extravagant stories and when untrue reprinting them with the facts and the name of the soldier whose imagination ran riot for the home-town paper.

A youngster in St. Louis told a local newspaper that he lay for five hours on the battlefield holding his severed jugular vein. When the stretcher-bearers came he told how the bullets flew so fast that they cut the handles off the stretcher. Other thrilling experiences were recounted with such vigor that this liar got his picture in the home paper posing as the "boy hero." The story, picture and all, came back to comrades who had known the "hero" intimately in France. And they sat down and wrote the truth to the *Stars and Stripes*. Official investigation proved that the boy hero had never been wounded and had run no great risk of being so at any time.

A Brooklyn newspaper published a serious story about two returning soldier boys who had so often been led "over the top" by those noted French Generals, "Vin Blanc" and "Vin Rouge." It took little investigation in France to tag these boys by name.

A captain of engineers of the 77th Division was credited with telling a Buffalo newspaper that his division had won the war alone and unaided, making the Armistice possible by its drive through the Argonne Forest. The *Stars and Stripes* re-

printed the story with appropriate comment, mentioning the captain's name.

Whopper stories were sent to the desks of Watson and Early at the rate of nearly one hundred a day over a period of many weeks. The official newspaper published all that could be proved whoppers. It seemed that the boys who had returned could tell the gullible folk at home anything and get away with it.

These Rhineland days were somewhat dull for retired war correspondents. The problem of "making" news on occasion was diverting and to this end I set forth one morning in uniform and in a military car with a uniformed soldier chauffeur to explore what lay beyond the bridge-head in unoccupied Germany. I was accompanied by Marguerite Harrison, well-known correspondent, then a visitor to the bridge-head. Our first objective was Mannheim, a German industrial city where we found to our surprise the local Spartacus or rebel troops having a slight brush with a garrison of Saxons occupying the town. We were all right until we reached the Rathaus Square where our car ran flush into barbed wire entanglements. Some machine-gun fire conveniently broke out to lend color to the situation. When the opposing factions ensconced in buildings and barricades on opposite sides of the square finished firing at one another, we were put under arrest as undesirable aliens.

A tall and very hard-boiled Saxon officer sought to know the meaning of an American military automobile appearing so brusquely upon the scene and I left it to Mrs. Harrison to do the explaining with her very excellent command of German. She related that we were in search of color in unoccupied Germany and the officer stiffened. It was only when she invoked the memory of a dear old German grandmother that our Saxon began to warm up and was eventually able to con-

vince himself that there was some merit in the expedition after all. In due time, he so thoroughly capitulated to the charms of Mrs. Harrison and her ancestry that he turned us loose and apologized for having been a trifle upset by the sudden appearance of a military automobile on the scene of his particular battle. There were still occasional bursts of machine-gun fire from the opposing elements, both quite well protected by their barricades. We left the scene with no great reluctance and drove out of Mannheim and on down the Rhine. If memory can be accurately depended upon we were twice again arrested that day but not to the accompaniment of machine-gun fire. On both occasions the German grandmother was invoked to gain our liberty. We returned to Coblenz that evening with a fairly colorful story.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PROPAGANDA SHOCK TROOPS

IT is a fairly safe wager that not one in 50,000 Americans ever heard of a little contingent of American troops who came out of the maw of war during the Christmas celebration on the Rhine, dusted off their uniforms, and announced themselves as the "Propaganda Shock Troops."

The Propaganda Shock Troops have never been remembered in post-war history, yet they did much to assist the knock-out that came with the Armistice. Some believe that they contributed materially to the unrest in Germany which brought about the revolution and sent the Kaiser fleeing into Holland. They fought not with bayonets, but with something with a sharper appeal to war-weary Germans. This was "truth shrapnel," scattered behind the German lines.

So fierce were the attacks of these truth bombs that the Germans surrendered by thousands. And those who did not surrender sent word back home somehow that the war was lost.

The Propaganda Shock Troops were equipped with two motor trucks, one containing small silk balloons and gas tubes, and another piled high with pamphlets and cards upon which were printed in German some very pertinent facts.

The small balloons each carried aloft four and one-half pounds of publicity attached to a slow-burning fuse, timed to scatter it—a half pound at intervals—over areas known to be occupied by German soldiers who had reason to believe they were soon to face an American infantry attack.

Perhaps it may have been taking an unfair advantage to tell starving German soldiers that when—not “if”—they were captured by the Americans, they would receive as prisoners a generous ration of butter, beef, and bread, and “real” coffee three times a day. The prospective prisoners were advised to surrender and discover this to be the truth.

Having worked on the gastronomic wants of the enemy, the propaganda barrage then appealed to good sense. There was a follow-up card, neatly printed, diagramming the American soldier, a tiny figure in 1917, when he numbered 76,000 in France, until he had grown in October, 1918, to the substantial bulk of 1,800,000.

And then followed the somber truth for Germany that from September 1 to September 30, 1918, the Allies on the western front had captured 2,844 German officers, 120,197 men, 1,500 guns, and 100,000 machine-guns.

After all this had been allowed to sink into the discouraged minds of the German soldiery, the fuse on the little balloons burned another notch, and sent fluttering down another half pound of pertinent interrogation:

Will you ever be as strong again as you were in July, 1918?

Will your opponents grow stronger or weaker?

Did your terrible losses in 1918 buy the victory promised by your leaders?

Have you the slightest hope of victory in the future?

Are you going to throw your lives away in a hopeless cause?

All this was followed by President Wilson's answer on October 14th to the German armistice proposal: “It depends upon the German people to put aside that government which has disturbed the peace of the world.”

The work of the propaganda unit was not without danger.

German officers knew the psychological effect of such showers of literature over their lines. It meant that those of weaker clay would bide their time to surrender and pass over to the promised land of real white bread, fat, yellow butter, and good red meat.

So the German officers would get word back quickly to their artillery when the little black balloons began to soar, and the landscape from whence they came would be plastered. And the "shock troops" would crank up the trucks and move to other parts.

It was some time after the Armistice that we learned that the work of American propaganda—when the wind was right—had loomed large in the German cosmos. President Wilson's fourteen points took on sober significance. Then it was true that the Americans were seriously in the war, and the American troops were already across in great force? A lurking doubt came, and expanded, relative to the wisdom of the Kaiser and the war leaders. Where was victory, and how could there be victory on *ersatz* food and *ersatz* everything, when Americans had mountains and mountains of white bread, yellow butter, and red meat to feed even the German prisoners?

Second Lieutenant Nicholas Ifft, generalissimo of the Propaganda Shock Troops, arrived on the Rhine in time to drink to the 1919 New Year in very thin and almost foamless German beer. He and his troops—a handful—had finished their work in the war and were bent on a new assignment. It was cooking and bottle washing for a group of American war correspondents.

Ammunition for the Propaganda Shock Troops was carefully manufactured under the general supervision of Major General Dennis E. Nolan, Chief of the Intelligence Division, General Staff, and more directly by Walter Lippmann, Lud-

low Griscomb, Charles Merz and other journalistic stars serving the A.E.F. with their talents.

Mr. Lippmann had charge of the preparation of the "truth bombs" written in German and persuasively designed to convince Fritz that the war was lost so why not surrender and receive some proper nourishment. The balloons were bought in England by Mr. Merz.

Of the three here mentioned, Mr. Lippmann returned from the war to become chief editorial writer for the New York *World* and eventually a renowned commentator on current affairs. Mr. Merz returned to journalism on the New York *Times* and Mr. Griscomb became a professor of zoölogy at Harvard.

CHAPTER XIX

THE RAZZBERRY CLUB

THE Armistice, bringing forth great things—treaties, births and rebirths of nations—brought also to soldiers of every rank amenities of life which four years of war had shelved as happy memories. And the war correspondents who had followed the American army through the grime of the Argonne shared these delights; for on reaching Coblenz after our troops had crossed the Rhine, we found there good hotels with baths, clean towels, and decent food to make life normal again. In our acknowledgment of these conditions we sought for a way to express our gratification. And we wanted to show it to the rank and file of the army as well as to the officers. We did this by organizing the Razzberry Club.

You can't have a club without rules, and the first one passed for the conduct of this extraordinary press club was the following: In this association of accredited newspaper correspondents and soldiers, military rank shall not count. This applies to guests of the Razzberries, and to such members as are in the army.

Our club room was the parlor of the Riesen Furstenhof Hotel, a spacious room with many long windows giving unobstructed view of the swiftly-flowing Rhine, and beyond, on the far shore, of the great towering fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, over which floated the American flag. In this room we could banquet a good-sized group of men, or on ordinary occasions a member could seat a friend or two at one of

the small tables for a social meal. There were comfortable corners for intimate conversation, and desks for men who wanted to catch up in their correspondence. All such accommodations seemed particularly agreeable at that moment.

We correspondents had many friends in the army. Their importance for us was not measured by bars, oak-leaves, eagles, and stars on the shoulder-straps of uniforms, but by the intelligence and personality of the individuals. Hence, our guests were privates, corporals, and sergeants, along with commissioned officers, generals not excluded. Rank was left on the doormat when rank entered the Razzberry Club. Our mess table often found a private of the rear rank chatting over disguised corn beef with a man who commanded divisions. No other group of people could have formed such a club. No other circumstances would have permitted this camaraderie which swept military rank to the winds. Special distinctions were not forgotten, but they were momentarily equalized once within the portals. The rank and file of the A.E.F. included some of the best American manhood and intellect. The commissioned ranks were made up of men worthy of their salt, but in the great conglomeration which was the hurriedly assembled and quickly trained whole, there were some "awful dumb-bells" wearing the Sam Browne belt.

This somewhat solemn preamble might give the wrong notion of the club, but its very name ought to dispel any mistake as to its nature, for while the correspondents certainly achieved some serious work there, we had plenty of off time in which we played. We both worked and played with real zest, although as was natural to men just recovered from war, our playtime was our best time. Our guests found this true, and in every instance seemed to fall in with the club spirit with all bars down.

General Pershing was an occasional guest of the club, where

he found congenial spirits whose talk he seemed to enjoy. He accepted with a smile the club's dictum, and stood on ceremony never. I have watched the Commander in animated conversation with a high-browed, bespectacled private who on the other side of our magic threshold would have stood, as strict etiquette would have compelled, at rigid attention. Here he was a man like the rest of us, like the General, and I could tell from that officer's manner that he took this view of the contact, and was pleased by its ease and naturalness.

Charles Schwab, that simple steel magnate from Pittsburgh, was one of our visitors, and when an old friend shouted across the room, "Hulloa, Charley," he did not seem embarrassed by this display of familiarity. But, as all who have met him recognize, this rich man was no devotee of ceremony. On the occasion of his visit, he was invited to sit in at a poker game, and did so. He won something like a billion German paper marks. What luck at cards a too, too rich man always has!

Not a celebrated person who came to Germany after the Armistice failed to make an appearance at the club as its guest. Before they crossed the Rhine these famous people had heard of the Razzberries, and they figured on being invited within the sacred portals. Statesmen, politicians, bankers, writers, singers, and every kind of artist—we entertained them all, provided they had the entrée, entertained them, as a usual thing, with a heaping dish of corned beef hash, or, if they came on a day when the larder could turn out ham and eggs, why, the Razzberries rose to the pinnacle of pride as hosts, and pressed on their guests a second helping.

One day I was sitting at a table in our mess room near where Hank Gowdy, sergeant in the Forty-Second Division, was dining with a famous visitor, one whom we were all

eager to meet, none other, in fact, than Eddie Rickenbacker, captain and ace.

It came out in their exchange of talk that Gowdy's home town was Columbus, Ohio, and Eddie exclaimed:

"Gee, I had a letter from my mother from Columbus, Ohio, only to-day!"

"Yes?" remarked Hank.

"Sure. Here's the letter," pulling it out of his pocket. "Mother sent it with her picture, a snapshot taken with a neighbor."

Hank took one glance at the photograph.

"That other woman is my mother!" he shouted.

"You are fooling," said Rickenbacker. "A coincidence like this isn't possible."

For answer Hank brought forth a picture signed "Mother."

It was true, and neither boy had known that their mothers were neighbors and friends.

From the Razzberry Club many post-Armistice newspaper expeditions had their origin. I have written of two of these into unoccupied German territory. Our club with its informality, its genial good fellowship, and its absence of any kind of snobbery, even military snobbery, was *sui generis*, and stands alone in the memory of the war correspondents who formed it.

The officers of the Army of Occupation also had their club. It was a spacious building in which the German officers of the Coblenz garrison had long held their revels. Members of the Razzberry Club were invited en masse to celebrate New Year's Eve, 1919, in the officers' club. It was a stag party, and the principal entertainment was ordering the German waiters back and forth with food and drink. The party was well organized, with thanks to the potent quality

of the Rhine wine—the beer and spirits were *ersatz*—most of the hosts and guests were also well organized as the witching hour rolled around.

I was seated at a long table chatting with Percy Hammond, dramatic critic visitor to the unoccupied zone, a few moments after the memorable year 1919 was upon us. A few feet away a Chicago newspaperman was in an amusingly amiable mood. He was whistling softly, and fondling the neck of one of those tall Rhine wine bottles.

Hammond noticed him, and remarked:

"I've known that bird for years. He's getting ready for action. He always whistles softly like that before he beans somebody with a bottle. That soft whistling is the danger signal. Let's move."

Our subject of conversation did not wield the bottle. Instead, he arose gravely and advanced to an open space which served as a trail for waiters bearing their well-loaded trays to the feast. A squat little Teuton servitor was approaching, the largest and most intricately packed tray of the evening balanced aloft on one hand. A wicked gleam appeared in the eye of our Chicago friend. He aimed carefully, and caught the little waiter between the shoulder blades with the flat of his hand. The tray stopped where it was; the waiter went on. There was a resounding crash.

"Let's go home," suggested Hammond. "The excitement is over."

The Prince of Wales visited Coblenz as the guest of American officers. It was not a stag party this time, and more decorum obtained. The Prince brought along his own supply of Scotch whisky, and he and the members of his party shared it liberally with hosts and guests alike. The ladies were Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. workers, and American telephone girls,

the latter having moved up to the Rhine from Paris after the Armistice. The Prince danced with all the fair ones, and every one was happy. He left the impression on all assembled that he was a darned good egg.

One of the high spots in the early American occupation of the Rhine was the introduction of William Slavens McNutt to Brigadier-General Frank Parker. McNutt, of writing fame, is one of the most sartorially indifferent of men. Parker, one-time commander of the veteran crack First Division, is the most particular person regarding dress in the army. The occasion was a troop review almost within shadow of the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. I recall that we wrote that day about the review of American soldiers on the spot where the Kaiser had watched his men do the goose-step. But the chief reviewer this day was John J. Pershing.

Bill McNutt was braced for the review before General Pershing arrived. He had not shaved. His military overcoat was unbuttoned from top to bottom, and his tunic collar yawned open in defiance of military regulations and rule books. On his head was a much stained and dented fatigue cap.

The immaculate General Parker spied Bill from afar, and approached. Bill paid no attention to him. Neither did he snap to attention, and Parker smelled a rat. He moved to a small group of correspondents, among them Cyril Brown, of the *New York World*, Edwin L. James, of the *Times*, Floyd Gibbons, of the *Chicago Tribune*, and me, and exclaimed:

"Who is that person over there?"

"That is Bill McNutt, of *Collier's Weekly*," somebody volunteered.

"For God's sake, can't something be done about it?" appealed Parker.

"Not a darn thing," we chorused.

The immaculate general gave it up as a bad job. The next time he observed the object of his horror, the latter was chatting amiably with General Pershing, a little more un-military than ever.

CHAPTER XX

COUNTING THE COSTS

WHAT an insane business war is! Millions of the world's best manhood slaughtered or maimed for life; tens of millions disjoined from productive enterprise; and peoples generally plunged into an abnormal psychological morass. All of this to what end?

All this because for decades before the spark fell into the powder barrel at Sarajevo, the world had been living in a state of medieval mentality, suspicion, and mistrust. If the late war did nothing else, it at least taught that war is not a paying business. America's part in this war was a lesson of inexperience and unpreparedness.

If to-morrow the President of the United States were to appear before the Senate and announce that the nation was embarking upon a federal program which for the forthcoming nineteen months was to cost \$2,000,000 an hour, almost \$50,000,000 a day, how long would it be before the most eminent mental specialists in the country would be calling at the White House?

This was what President Wilson did on April 6, 1917, and he was not only perfectly accountable, but supported by the majority of the citizenry. The President, of course, did not speak of money. Neither did he mention that the nation was to be thrown out of balance for a number of years to come or that there were to be dead, wounded, and maimed. He spoke only with regret of the reasons for which the United

States was compelled to enter a struggle which already gripped half the world.

The United States entered the European war because of paramount necessity. Imagine to-day quite a different post-war revision of the European map—the mighty Germany embracing what is Poland, the Baltic states, and perhaps even Belgium and a section of France; a powerful Austria-Hungary, enlarged by a considerable area of northeast Italy, and ruling by fear if not politically, every neighboring state; Turkey biting deeply into Christian Europe. That possibility in April, 1917, caused President Wilson to pronounce for war against the Central Empires.

The United States, with a foreign policy which coveted nothing, isolated, complacent, unprepared, was drawn into a conflict which cost the American people, during a period of nineteen months, almost one thousand million dollars per month. At the end of this war period the American people had shouldered a war bill of \$18,554,000,000. In addition to this huge expenditure they had poured out in loans to the Allies \$9,646,000,000. Including war loans, the American people increased their debt during the war about fifty millions a day.

England and France were in the war four years and three months. England increased her national debt about \$23,500,-000,000, excluding loans to her Allies, and France increased her debt twenty billions. Italy remained in the war three years and five months, at a cost of something over thirteen billions. Despite the comparatively brief period in which the United States participated, our cost totaled approximately 74 per cent of England's war cost, more than 92 per cent of France's, and double that of Italy.

It so happened that in the 1920 presidential campaign, I was assigned by the managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, a Republican newspaper, to help elect Warren G.

Harding by exposing the Democratic administration's extravagance in the war. As a former war correspondent, I was deemed capable of telling how a billion dollars monthly failed to supply Pershing's army in France with guns, shells, gas, tanks and other equipment needed to defeat the enemy.

One may as well confess that this material was written with a decided anti-Democratic twist, all being fair in love, war, and politics. However, one may just as well confess that a Republican war would have wasted just as much; inefficiency would have still been a glaring feature, while graft, that ever-present war host, would have played no favorites.

If the Republicans had directed the war, the Democrats would have hastened to use its aftermath as political campaign material. It was only chance that reversed the procedure.

Though incomprehensible millions were spent, Pershing fought almost wholly with guns, munitions, airplanes, and many other materials either borrowed or bought from the French and the British. As it turned out, billions of dollars were spent too late, and were utterly wasted in the hysteria of production which despatched virtually nothing for the firing line up to the time when Pershing's First Army had hacked its way through the Argonne in November, 1918. This is a matter of record.

When the First Army under Lieutenant-General R. L. Bullard had fought through the Argonne and into the Ardennes, Pershing's Second Army, in command of Lieutenant-General Hunter Liggett, was ready to drive on Metz. Assume then that the Germans did not break when they did, and were capable of carrying on the war another six months or a year; then massive production schemes at home would have been of utmost importance. The Wilson administration spent billions in war projects early in 1918. For some strange reason production was intensified at that time instead of ear-

lier. There seemed to be a tendency in Washington in mid-1917 to disregard the advice and experience of the Allies. It is true that British and French commissions arrived in Washington soon after the American declaration of war, carrying a rather superior air. High ranking British and French technical experts walked into the War Office with this attitude: "Well, now that you are in it at last, you know nothing. Just follow our advice and everything will be all right." Both England and France had experienced agonies of delay in the early stages of their war and had gone a long way toward solving the problem of control. Despite the high and mighty attitude of these commissions, it was doubtless a blunder in Washington that their advice was not whole-heartedly accepted at the very beginning.

The French, among other things, offered models and plans for the famous French Spad airplane, the highly efficient 75-millimeter gun, and other weapons which could have been speedily produced in American industrial plants. The French were astounded that their proffers were not deemed of the greatest importance.

It is remarkably easy to criticize, and critics are not always just, but it developed that Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and many of his advisors believed it would not be necessary to send large numbers of troops to France. In this they erred, or at least their information that the war would end, by means of negotiations, before the spring of 1918 was an error. It must be recalled that other war leaders made mistakes at times. The Germans themselves in 1914 were set on a brief war.

Thus it was, however, that in December, 1917, eight months after our declaration of hostilities, we had but a mere 165,000 men in France, some of whom had sailed without rifles. They were totally devoid of artillery, airplanes,

tanks, shells, trench mortars, and other supplies made in the United States. About this time the Senate Committee on Military Affairs started an investigation on war conditions. Information elicited was to the effect that, with an average of 40,000 men in each home army camp, there were rifles for training only half that number; machine-gun companies that had never seen a machine-gun; thousands of troops wearing summer underwear in winter; thousands with no overcoats; hospitals without plumbing and heating, although occupied.

General Crozier, a witness before the august senators, blamed Secretary of War Baker. On January 19, 1918, Senator Chamberlain, a Democratic member of the investigating committee, made an address in New York in which he said: "The military establishment of the United States has fallen down. There is no use being optimistic about a thing which does not exist. It has almost stopped functioning. Why? Because of inefficiency in every bureau and in every department of the United States. I speak not as a Democrat, but as a citizen!"

President Wilson branded the Senator's statements "an unjustifiable distortion of the truth."

Did, one may ask, the President and the Cabinet have information that the war would end without any great American effort? If they did, this information was wrong. The Russian army had cracked to pieces like a giant firecracker. Eighty German divisions were thereupon released from the eastern front for the long western battle-line, and Ludendorf immediately began to make preparations for the knock-out blow in the west.

Now began a period of great activity when, at last, it was evident that the United States would be obliged to throw every ounce of weight into the European war.

The great American fault was unpreparedness, the belief

that America would never be called upon to enter the conflict—hence inefficiency, an inability, perhaps, to think in terms of millions of men and billions of dollars. In holding back, President Wilson and Secretary Baker were both right and wrong. To prevent a useless waste of national wealth and American blood, they wagered against it. Unforeseen circumstances occurred. The penalty was the most colossal war wastage in human history, reckoned by period of time. When, almost one year after the declaration of war, it became apparent that action was imperative, there was no hesitation.

The Ordnance Department at Washington ordered 20,000 cannon of all calibers with munitions to serve them. This department's war bill was \$4,000,000,000. Unfortunately only 133 guns and 6,000 shells of a single caliber reached the front in time for use. General Pershing's final report, submitted almost a year after the Armistice, said:

"The only guns of these types produced at home which reached France before the cessation of hostilities were 109 75-millimeter guns. In addition, 24 eight-inch howitzers reached our front and were in use when the Armistice was signed."

Hand grenades used by American troops in France were of British manufacture. An American type of grenade was devised, and the War Department ordered 20,000,000 of them, but they proved too complicated.

The government spent \$1,051,000,000 on aircraft production during our nineteen months of war participation. As the prime object of our expenditure on aviation production was to furnish aircraft for the fighting forces in France, one might reckon that only 213 observation planes (D.H.-4 type) were available in France, at a cost of \$4,934,272.30 each. These planes were the result of experiment and were

not good machines. Our pilots dubbed them "flaming coffins," because they frequently caught fire.

The story of our aviation effort is an amazing one. The men who directed it were patriots in the purest sense, but they were unprepared for the tremendous task war brought to them. If the conflict had continued another twelve or twenty-four months their mistakes and experiments would have become, perhaps, of great value. The United States might well have produced airplanes of many types equal to those turned out by the Germans and the European Allies. This was true in many branches of war production.

We spent \$116,000,000 on gas, though the 133 guns of our own manufacture or the hundreds bought by Pershing from the Allies never fired a drop of American gas at the Germans. We built three picric acid plants, then seven more to produce the phenol required for the picric acid. A powder plant at Nitro, West Virginia, costing over \$70,000,000; a powder plant at Nashville, Tennessee, costing \$90,000,000; and nitrate plants at Sheffield, Alabama; Muscle Shoals, Alabama; Toledo, Ohio; Perryville, Maryland; and Cincinnati, Ohio, costing \$116,000,000, produced no powder or nitrates for use in the war.

The post-war salvage value of all these plants was very small. For example, the Nitro establishment was sold after the Armistice for \$8,551,000 on deferred payments, a net loss of more than \$60,000,000. The ninety-million dollar Nashville plant brought about one-ninth of its war value.

During the war, the government was called upon to spend \$3,250,000,000 for ships, though for reasons of expediency most of our troops were carried to Europe on British ships at a transportation cost of some \$60,000,000. The immediate post-Armistice value of our ships was in the neighborhood of two billion dollars, showing a net loss of \$1,250,000,000.

Such numerals and ciphers representing our American war costs, passing from the pockets of taxpayers, or chargeable against them, into the maw of war, are beyond the human mind. Few persons can visualize a million dollars. Lumped in pure gold, a million dollars would be so massive as to defy theft. A million dollars composed of one-hundred dollar bills, pinned end to end, would make a tape upwards of a mile in length. A billion dollars so fashioned together would reach from New York to Chicago and considerably beyond. Yet we turned out our wealth during nineteen months of war to the tune of eighteen billions of dollars. It sounds insane.

Our war-time railroad administration called upon the taxpayer for a deficit of \$1,350,000,000 in two years. American railroads were paying stockholders a billion dollars annually before the war. Moreover we spent \$1,200,000,000 on army camps and cantonments to house soldiers called up in the draft. These establishments, veritable cities in themselves, were hurriedly constructed without regard for expense. In order to get the work done, the government gave out contracts for war camps on the cost-plus basis, obligating the government to pay for all materials, labor, and other requisites, leaving efficiency, economy of time, money, and materials to individual contractors. Many of the latter stretched out their work, employed unnecessary numbers of men, wasted their materials, thus maneuvering to run the government's bill into millions of dollars beyond reasonable estimates, a shameful graft.

There was also much waste due to hysterical buying on the part of some purchasing agents. Orders were given for 41,000,000 pairs of army shoes for less than 4,000,000 troops. All but 8,000,000 pairs were delivered. Despite the fact that the European struggle was a motor war, some one placed orders for 500,000 sets of double harness and 110,000 sets of

single harness. Most all ambulances were motorized, but \$21,-000,000 worth of ambulance harnesses were bought.

Bitter experience had shown both the British and French armies, even before 1917, that cavalry was not a branch of military service which was very useful in modern combat. Early in the war 8,000 French cavalrymen and their horses disappeared within the German lines never to return. The British brought picturesque cavalry units from India, thousands of horses and men, only to ship them back again.

But some one in Washington placed orders for 945,000 saddles for our army's 86,000 cavalry horses. Included in the general order were the bridles and, among other things, 2,800,-000 halters, 1,500,000 horse brushes, 2,000,000 feed bags, 1,000,000 horse covers and 195,000 branding irons. The irons were never delivered. Their story is of particular interest as an example of the way in which war jostled the American business sense.

That order for branding irons meant about one for every two horses in the American army. It was given to a New York firm in September, 1918, about two months before the Armistice. The specifications required that the irons should be made of copper, which was then scarce and expensive. The contracting company purchased 79,952 pounds of copper, but the Armistice eliminated the need for branding irons, and the contract was canceled. The company had paid 39½ cents a pound for the copper. The government compensated for the metal at that price and later sold it back to the firm for eleven cents a pound. In addition, the firm received \$40,000 for loss of profit on the finished article, which, of course, was never manufactured. There were many other instances of unfinished war contracts which netted the party of the second part handsome unearned profits. A Massachusetts shoe manufacturer was able to show unfinished contracts aggregating about

\$6,000,000 when the war ended. He received more than \$1,300,000 as compensation.

A chance quirk of business acumen on the part of a Chicago firm netted a check from the Treasury reckoning \$1,751 each for 98 kitchen utensils ordered for the army. In August, 1918, this firm contracted to deliver fireless cookers, bread boxes, and cooks' chests, and bought a stock of steel and tin plating. When the Armistice came, the firm had delivered 66 cookers, 7 bread boxes and 25 cooks' chests. The government allowed the company its cost price on the plating, then sold it back as junk. The Treasury paid the company \$171,687.06 for its 98 kitchen utensils and good intentions.

There is a record of \$3,000,000 paid to a Pittsburgh steel company for toluol and ammonium sulphate never manufactured; of buildings erected for the government at a cost of nearly \$3,000,000 which were sold back to the firm for \$600,000.

One might continue indefinitely to set down facts and figures which to-day have no meaning except to demonstrate the sheer madness of war as an institution. Unless a nation has prepared systematically through decades and generations for a struggle known to be brewing, as did France, Germany, and Austro-Hungary, the material waste is stupendous. Whether civilization was advanced by the latest great conflict is still a matter of doubt. If this experience did nothing more, however, it taught us that the isolation we enjoyed is no more; that war of world-wide proportions will inevitably knock on our door; and that for a century to come we might as well buttress our national policy of peace with sane though non-provocative preparedness. Call it peace insurance—anything you like.

The United States recovered from the most recent war costs much more rapidly than did other nations, but what an

utter deluge of wealth went into the figurative gutter! It required a rich and virile land like our own to stand the pressure.

The fact that our war production program failed to supply Pershing in France with weapons and munitions is now a matter of very slight importance. More to the point than cannon, shells, rifles, cartridges, hand grenades, and machine-guns were the hundreds of thousands of American youth who were flooding France when the vital question was men. France and England had been organized on an industrial war basis for years. They had the weapons, munitions, and almost endless means of producing them.

When the Germans began to move eighty divisions of men from the defunct Russian front to the western battle-line, the European Allies lacked men. The United States supplied them, and what men they were! Pershing had built upon a solid foundation from the day he arrived in France. This beginning was the most vital factor of soldiering—lines of communication over which supplies might be carried to the troops, and bases in which to produce or store these supplies. Base ports were built and organized, railroads began to push their way inland, linking up newly constructed storage centers. Telegraphs and telephones followed the railways, and skilled workers from home began to despatch trains, American locomotives, and freight cars, from ports to storage centers, then onward to the fighting areas, a line of communication which stretched across France.

Pershing was building for three millions of men. Had the war continued until the end of 1919—which was not at all unlikely when the General summed up the situation in 1917—the great production campaign at home would have been working in perfect unison with him.

But fate ruled otherwise. The emergency of 1918, in which

the Germans strove to deal the knockout blow before the United States should attain her full war strength, called for manpower rather than equipment.

The War Department in Washington went into high speed. Many of the divisions which were hurriedly shipped to France were untrained, and without weapons.

The American Commander was equal to the occasion. He negotiated with the British and French for the needed supplies, and green as most of our men were at the time, they fought the Germans like veterans.

The American doughboy, after all, was not a machine-made soldier. What difference to him if he fired French shells from a French 75, or pulled the safety on an English hand grenade? His aim remained just as true over a British rifle, and with a French machine-gun he threw lead with equal facility.

North of the Argonne Forest was a railroad which was to the Germans in northern France what Pershing's American railroads were to be to the United States troops if the war continued another twelve-month. This line was called the Sedan-Mezières railroad. It fed the German armies with food and munitions. On September 26, 1918, Pershing started his drive through the Argonne after that vital line. The result is now history. The war ended with the battle of the Meuse-Argonne.

What mattered at all if some cavalry enthusiast in Washington ordered 195,000 branding irons two months before the Armistice? The war was won. It was cheap at eighteen and a half billion dollars. Lacking American manpower and leadership in France it might well have cost eighteen billion more.

CHAPTER XXI

KIDNAPING THE KAISER

WHEN President Wilson and the Allied statesmen sat in Paris framing the Versailles Treaty which was to make, as they thought, a new and better if not a perfect world, they inserted into the preamble of this document a provision charging Kaiser Wilhelm with considerable responsibility for the war. What was worse, there were intimations that the aforesaid statesmen were weighing means by which it might be possible to summon him to appear before the bar of justice. It seemed to me that a good idea in a news sense would be to go to see the ex-Kaiser and ask his views. Perhaps the idea was a crazy one. It was partially successful and served at any rate for a story.

The Kaiser had fled from Germany at the first indication that the revolt which began with the sailors would become general. He escaped across the border into Holland and hid away in a small castle at Amerongen, a little hamlet in the highlands of the Netherlands, so called because the land there rises to the astonishing height of sixty feet above sea level.

It is a question whether the Kaiser would have talked to any one at that time, and my mistake was that I entered Amerongen with an "army," and gave His Imperial Majesty a severe fright which rendered him speechless. He feared kidnaping.

Amerongen Castle is a moated medieval structure in a six-acre tract enclosed by a high brick and iron grilled wall.

I left Coblenz on the Amerongen expedition in late May, 1919, with a military automobile driven by Sergeant T. A. May, of Los Angeles. The first stop was Antwerp, Belgium, where the "army" was reinforced by Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Steinman, adjutant-general at the American military base there, and Captain W. L. Bull, of San Antonio, Texas, attached to the same base. Lieutenant-Colonel Steinman was in private life a publisher of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and was interested in the effort to obtain Mr. Hohenzollern's views regarding the Paris desire that he be brought to trial. Captain Bull had not been in Holland, and grasped the opportunity to do a little sight-seeing.

We moved out of Antwerp in two military automobiles, my own and Steinman's, each driven by a uniformed military chauffeur. Superimposed on the khaki paint of the two Cadillacs were the army numerals and the letters "U. S." The party was joined at Rotterdam by Captain S. D. Clayton, aide to Colonel Weybrecht, commander of the American base there. Weybrecht was former adjutant-general of Ohio. Clayton had at one time been personal physician to Pancho Villa in Mexico, with the rank of colonel in Villa's army.

The addition of Clayton completed the Amerongen "Expeditionary Force," and we moved on to that place.

Amerongen has a delightful little hotel within a stone's throw of Amerongen Castle. The two cars came to a halt in front of the hostelry, and the army maneuvered in quest of food and rooms. These were obtained. Immediately I wrote a note to Count Carlos Bentinck, owner of Amerongen Castle, identifying the members of the party, and explaining the purpose of my visit.

Within ten minutes the Count, a clean-cut, youthful member of the Dutch diplomatic service, arrived. His nervousness

was apparent, and it continued until he was assured that there was no immediate intention of kidnaping the Kaiser, or even demanding his presence by force.

Here was the situation in Count Bentinck's mind:

An American "force" was present in Amerongen with two military motor cars, and there was reason to suspect a plot. Further, there was reason to believe—assuming the force to be bent upon some *coup de théâtre*, of which Americans were known to be capable—that other Americans might be hidden somewhere in the vicinity of the Kaiser's stronghold.

Opposing this American force was a squad of Dutch police, eighteen in number, who had been assigned to guard Amerongen Castle. This force had already shouldered its carbines.

Such thoughts made Count Bentinck nervous. He hinted diplomatically that there was the international problem to be considered. His country had been neutral in the war, and it had given asylum to the Kaiser. The Count hoped that my party would not remain long in Amerongen. Our presence in American uniforms and with military equipment was most unusual, he thought. It was certain, he argued, to be most annoying to the Emperor's staff, which among others included two generals and a major of the German medical corps then acting as the Emperor's physician.

During these negotiations, which up to this time had revolved mainly around the Count's ardent desire that the "American Army" depart and leave the Kaiser and Amerongen alone, the party was joined by an individual in civilian garb. He wore a tweed suit, with a tweed hat to match, and he had a certain rotundity which struck me as familiar. It was Robert Berry, correspondent of the Associated Press, who had been sitting in Amerongen about six months waiting for the Kaiser to say something.

It was the same Berry who had worked with me in getting to Dublin during the Easter rebellion of 1916, and who had been my constant companion for months at the French front during 1917. Our meeting was most cordial. Berry was thoroughly fed up with his lonely vigil in the little Dutch village, where his most exciting experiences had been the writing of stories about the Kaiser sawing wood. He joined forces with me in the effort, through Bentinck, to get the Kaiser to talk.

During the parley, Steinman, Bull, Clayton, Berry, Bentinck, and I walked along the picturesque lane that led to the main gate into the castle grounds. Suddenly we noticed a skirmish line of Dutch guards advancing to bar the way. The guards were jumpy. They did not see Count Bentinck until they were almost upon us. They had their eyes on the several American uniforms, and obviously suspected trickery.

We halted to negotiate. I insisted that the Count carry a message to the Kaiser which would assure him that our mission was peaceful, and that the "forces" would withdraw instanter if he would consent to an interview reflecting his own reactions to the idea (as promulgated by Lloyd George and other Allied statesmen in Paris) that he be brought to trial on an indictment of having started the World War.

Bentinck's counter to this was that our mission should leave Amerongen at once, and that the messages, if they must be sent to the Kaiser, should be sent from Rotterdam or some other distant point, the more distant the better. Further visits to Amerongen, if any, he stated, should be made in civilian dress.

The Count was firm, and the only diplomatic thing to do was to withdraw. I agreed to withdraw only upon the understanding that I should return in civilian attire, that my message to the Kaiser should at that time be carried to him by Count Bentinck personally, and that he should use his influ-

ence to have it sympathetically received and acted upon. To this the Count agreed. He even agreed to pose for a few photographs, though not for publication.

The Associated Press was to join me in sharing any fruits of this message to the Emperor. Berry agreed to accompany me to Rotterdam to use his influence with a Dutch friend there to obtain the loan of the civilian clothes. The "army" consequently withdrew.

The Dutch friend with the civilian clothes in Rotterdam was found, and the raiment procured. The fit was a trifle too quick, and the shoes did not fit at all. I was obliged to drape the rather ample pants legs down over my military boots. The effect was not so good.

Berry and I returned to Amerongen the following day in a rented automobile painted a sedate black and sans military insignia. This equipage was driven by Chauffeur T. A. May, for whom a civilian cap had been procured. He was instructed to show as little of his military uniform as possible, sitting low in the driver's seat once the approach was made to Amerongen.

In Amerongen there had been some changes. There were more Dutch guards. They were patrolling the gate. Their chief strolled by the hotel occasionally with a regular 45-caliber cowboy six-shooter strapped to his hip. He was amiable enough. He liked Americans. He had been a Chicago policeman until the war came along and drafted him back to Holland for mobilization. The six-shooter was an American product. He permitted me to read the name of the maker on it just to prove it.

I learned on this second and somewhat less expeditionary visit to Amerongen that the Kaiser lived in mortal fear of being kidnaped. His hair and beard had turned white. He had no great faith in the precautions the Dutch Government had

thrown around him for his protection. The drawbridges over the moats surrounding the castle had been pulled up upon the arrival of my "army" the day previous, and they were still up. The Emperor had not emerged, and had no intention of doing so.

I was able to locate Count Bentinck, and called his attention to the pledge to carry a message to the Kaiser. A gentleman keeps his promises. I penned the note on the stationery of the Hotel Lievendahl, and at the suggestion of Bentinck addressed the Kaiser as "His Majesty the Kaiser." I urged a personal audience, or, failing this, his written comment on various subjects, including the Allied threat to bring him to trial; also on President Wilson's fourteen points.

The Count took the message, and with it was informed that I should remain in Amerongen until assured that the Kaiser had personally read it and decided to speak or to remain silent.

Count Bentinck returned some hours later with the declaration that the Emperor had read the message, and had then summoned his Court Counselor, General von Gontard, and ordered him to inform the correspondent personally of the imperial decision to say nothing.

Von Gontard had, in turn, summoned Bentinck and asked him to hand the imperial decision to the correspondent, with the General's regrets, as he did not care to talk to an American unless it was wholly necessary, and that, anyway, he did not speak English.

Thus ended a rather expensive expedition which did not lead to an interview with the Kaiser. It resulted, however, in a long cable to the New York *Tribune* giving for the first time a close-up picture of the ex-War Lord in exile, living in mortal terror of personal violence and kidnaping. It was published under a seven column headline.

I quote briefly from this cable:

The former Kaiser is living in terror, and using every possible means to escape the gaze of any but trusted persons. Since his arrival many months ago, he has not stepped from the six-acre lot surrounding Amerongen Castle, and, for the most part, has spent his time with the ex-Empress inside the castle itself, or on a part of the grounds surrounded by the double moat.

His only exercise is wood-sawing. When outside the castle he wears clothing designed to camouflage himself as an ordinary member of his suite, all members of which have forsaken military garb. Inside, His Majesty struts in all his imperial pompousness in the forty uniforms brought along when he fled over the German border twenty-five miles from here.

This information, of course, came second hand. Allied secret service agents were in Amerongen watching Wilhelm's every move. I was able to ascertain that from the moment I entered the village and up to the time I left it with the Kaiser's refusal to talk, His Majesty had neither taken exercise at the woodpile, nor emerged from the castle. The white-bearded ex-Emperor took no chances.

A British secret service man confided to me that Wilhelm was having frequent conferences with individuals trusted in high German Royalist circles. They came over the Dutch frontier at night, and returned before daybreak. But for a half year, as I reported, the former War Lord had not left the six-acre lot into which he scrambled at the beginning of the revolution. The feeling prevailed at that time among the invisible secret service guard at Amerongen that there was little reason to fear that he would return to Germany and lead a movement to reestablish the monarchy. Nothing short of flood or fire, they believed, would get him out of the six-acre lot, and any attempt to carry out the Allied threat to

bring him to trial before the bar of justice would lead to serious complications with the Dutch Government, which had taken the stand that the Kaiser had the right of asylum in Holland.

Young Count Carlos Bentinck and his aged father, owners of the castle, were held by the vows of the order of St. John of Jerusalem to harbor and protect their guest. The Kaiser stood at the head of this order, and his ancestors and those of the Bentincks had fought side by side in the Third Crusade.

My meeting with Robert Berry of the Associated Press, and mention of him in my cable to New York led to the following editorial in the *Editor & Publisher* in its issue for June 5, 1919:

Wilbur Forrest, in a cable to the New York *Tribune*, says that Robert M. Berry, a correspondent of the Associated Press, has been at Amerongen for the last six months waiting for the Kaiser to talk. This illustrates the patient processes of an organization pledged to secure the news of the world. Often the tireless vigils of the news men are doomed to failure—but let us hope that Berry may yet succeed in his quest, and that the world may learn something of the thoughts and mental reactions of the man who aspired to wreck civilization.

Berry did not succeed in his quest. The Kaiser never talked at Amerongen. He was photographed but once. A Dutch photographer hid himself and his camera in a load of hay, and caught a fleeting glimpse of the former monarch walking in the castle grounds. The next time I saw Berry we were covering a near-revolution in Spain.

The Allied clamor to bring Kaiser Wilhelm to trial died down. Emboldened by this, he moved to Doorn, and finally

submitted to interviews and photographs. Here has ended international interest in the man who set the world on fire. His precipitate flight to Holland and asylum under the wing of St. John of Jerusalem will be the jot in history that will stand out for all time. And it is not a very admirable jot at that.

CHAPTER XXII

POLAND REVOLTS

ONE of the most dangerous post-war disturbances was the Pilsudski coup d'état in Warsaw during mid-May, 1926. This revolt against the Witos government was conducted at the time of Germany's uncertain attitude toward Poland on the west and Russia's brooding menace on the east. Poles fought Poles in the streets of Warsaw over the tribulations of an unwieldy parliamentary structure torn by the disunion of various opposing political interests. There was one Diet in Warsaw and another in Posen, the conservative element having sought refuge in the latter city. It was a case of Warsaw's Russian Poles against Posen's German Poles, with the Austrian Poles of Galicia favoring by majority their brethren of German extraction.

Surrounded by potential enemies without, reborn Poland threatened to smash herself to pieces moment by moment within. Europe shuddered when the aged Marshal Pilsudski, at the head of a revolutionary army faction, crossed the Vistula from Praga, a suburb, and bloodily, throughout twenty-four hours, fought his way through the streets to the Belvedere Palace, the seat of the government. Hundreds were killed and wounded, many of them non-combatants. The constitution was nullified, the Diet dissolved, and President Wojciechowski forced to resign. With western Poland estranged, and southern Poland indifferent, Marshal Pilsudski deprecated the revolt in which "blood saturated the land equally dear to

both sides," and announced to Europe, enemies and friends alike, "It must not be thought that our country will long be without defense. We will once more unite to give our lives for our mother country."

The strangest thing about the Polish revolt was that Poland did reunite. It was like a skater who crashes through and under the ice but emerges safely by a miracle.

My part in the Pilsudski revolt was purely a journalistic one, during which I was compelled to maneuver around a blind censorship in order to write the facts. A blind censorship is a trick sometimes employed by European foreign offices in times of strife. It is simply the trick of informing the newspaper correspondent that no censorship exists, though obliging him to visit the foreign office and have the official government stamp affixed to each of his telegrams before it can be despatched over the government owned or controlled telegraph wires. The telegraph office declines to accept any telegram or cablegram until the government stamp is affixed. Once this is done the telegraph office accepts it and it is sent back to the foreign office. Here the message is translated and read by the invisible and theoretically non-existent censor.

I arrived in Warsaw via Berlin and Posen, having traveled from Paris, where news of the Pilsudski revolt had created the greatest alarm. Poland was France's ally, and France had not long before occupied the Ruhr. Her troops were still on the Rhine, and the Germans were not over-friendly either toward France or Poland. At Posen, former German territory, I found deep unrest and considerable suppressed excitement over the Pilsudski coup at Warsaw. None knew what might happen next. Some of the best regiments in Poland were centered around Posen in command of Generals Josef Haller and Dewbor-Nunnicki. The provinces of Posnania and Pomorza, strongholds of the conservative right-wing elements, were

carrying out military preparedness measures while watching Pilsudski out of one eye, so to speak. The general attitude was one of hostility toward the old Marshal seeking to be Poland's dictator.

The political-military situation was interesting in itself, but the immediate news centered around the activities of Marshal Pilsudski. He was not to be found in Warsaw. Stories were in circulation that he had suffered a nervous collapse at the sight of the slaughter his revolt had occasioned, because he had been led by disaffected army officers to believe that his thrust at the Witos ministry would be as bloodless and peaceful as was Mussolini's conquest of Rome in the name of Fascism. Instead, three hundred young cadets of the Officers' School, who had sworn to uphold the constitution, together with certain other military elements, had attempted to bar the way. The result was bloody fighting, in which the Pilsudski invaders sniped at every head showing in windows along the way, and on more than one occasion fired on unarmed civilians in the streets. To my surprise I found that the windows of the Embassy of France—Poland's ally—had been riddled with bullets, and the masonry of its façade defaced.

I visited the home of Lieutenant-Colonel Richard I. McKenny, United States military attaché, and learned from him that during the thick of the fighting he had sought immunity for his family and self by attempting to hang out an American flag on the balcony leading off from his living-room. The flag drew a hail of bullets, and Colonel McKenny narrowly escaped death. He permitted me to scan a report he was preparing for the War Department in Washington. Information disclosed by this report had not been telegraphed from Poland as yet, but in it was traced the danger of the general situation and sketched incidents of ruthlessness dis-

played by Pilsudski's troops as they fought their way into and through the city.

I next visited the American legation, and in the absence from Warsaw of Minister John B. Stetson, Jr., I was permitted to look over sections of a report being prepared at that time for the State Department in Washington. This report also was rich in detail, and threw a light on the situation in both its military and its political aspects which was somewhat alarming, but in my estimation was entirely justified. American nationals were being advised to get out of Warsaw and Poland in view of more extended civil war.

I next visited a Polish general at a private house and learned from him that he was a prisoner there because he had not been identified with the revolt movement. When the fighting had started, he had been en route to the War Office, and arriving, he found it held by Pilsudski forces. He was arrested, held twenty-four hours, and liberated upon promise to proceed to the home of a friend and stay there until further orders.

"Monsieur," he said, speaking French, "it is worth my life even to have known you. You have come to this building for the purpose of talking to me. Naturally I cannot talk, because even the walls have ears."

His terror was reminiscent of the old Russian days when life in Poland was not worth much if influential persons desired to take it. The distressed general's host had led me to him. The host was violently anti-Pilsudski, and was ready to take chances. The general, however, was obdurate. He would not talk.

Warsaw was at this time calm except for a sort of sinister atmosphere of expectancy. The people had come back to the streets, through which numerous funerals were finding their

way to the cemeteries with victims who had lingered and died in hospitals.

My coverage of the Polish situation might have been an expensive and somewhat newsless venture for my paper had I not arranged upon leaving Paris to address my despatches to London, rather than directly to New York. This gave Harold Scarborough, our London correspondent, an opportunity to advise me as to whether or not the messages were coming through promptly and uncensored. The pledge that no censorship existed had not been taken seriously.

Scarborough informed me by telegraph from London that my messages for relay to New York were arriving some twelve hours late, and that some of them were unintelligible. This meant that the censorship was active, and I delivered a vigorous protest to officials of the Foreign Office. The censorship was then privately admitted, and I was shown one of my despatches which had been translated line for line into Polish and then compared line for line with the original. Objectional sentences and paragraphs in the Polish text had been deleted. The disconnected English text had then been transmitted to London.

For three days other correspondents in Warsaw and I had sought to find the hiding place of Marshal Pilsudski, and to interview the aged fire-eater. Reports that he was in a state of nervous collapse were strengthened when every effort to locate him failed. The nearest approach to any official statement was delivered by a Colonel Dlugossewski, reputed in Warsaw to be one of the organizers of the revolt against the government. About thirty correspondents gathered at the office of the General Staff in the center of the city to interview Colonel Dlugossewski, a dapper and handsome army politician, resplendent with medals hanging on his well-tailored and be-braided uniform. He informed us that Marshal Pil-

sudski would notify us when he got ready to talk, and that in the meantime he, Colonel Dlugossewski, would do the talking. This he did for about thirty minutes, saying virtually nothing except at times to deliver tirades against the army's generals, who he maintained were crooks and traitors who had been robbing the Polish government.

Marshal Pilsudski's putsch, he let us know, had been organized at the urgent solicitation of a group of army officers whose influence had been compromised when Pilsudski had retired on his laurels to become a gentleman farmer and national hero at Soulejowak. The old gentleman before that had organized a semi-military organization called "The Strzelcy," numbering about 60,000 men. Under the Strzynsky ministry the Pilsudski left wing of the Diet was able to bring in as Minister of War one of the heroes of the Polish victory at Vilna, General Zelichowsky. Using his ministerial power, Zelichowsky had sought to enlarge the Strzelcy organization with government funds, which was perfectly safe so long as the Strzynsky government remained in office. But it soon gave way to a right-center ministry under Premier Witos. The officer clique in the army, fearing the revelations of the Witos government now decided to force the issue. Pressure was brought to bear on Poland's old marshal to lead a coup de théâtre against Witos. It promised to be a bloodless thing, and he consented. The march on Warsaw began and found no opposition until the young cadets of the Officers' School decided to lay down their lives in defense of the national constitution. Even the President's Guard had joined the Pilsudski movement, convinced by their officers that they were participating in a peaceful expedition.

As we interviewed Colonel Dlugossewski at the offices of the General Staff, it was evident that officers of his class were prepared to carry on the revolution if elements still loyal to

the Witos government sought to intervene. Pilsudski's intentions were unknown. It was evident also that the newspaper story of the ins and outs of the revolt could not, under the repressions and censorship, be written from Warsaw. Photographers were being arrested in the streets as they sought to take pictures of buildings damaged in the fighting and of funerals still going on.

My own course was clear. It was my duty to write the story of the Polish revolt. Hence, I took a train for Berlin, and comfortably located in a room of the Adlon Hotel, unharassed by censorship and evasions and well loaded with facts, I cabled many thousands of words to the New York *Tribune*. These despatches explained conditions leading up to the revolt, details of the revolt itself, its immediate results, and the tremendous menace to an already precarious European peace, the mysterious disappearance of Pilsudski leaving a chaotic nation momentarily, at least, without constitution or government.

The Polish minister in Washington rose to the occasion when my despatches were published in New York. He was either entirely unadvised by his government—there was no government to advise him—or incorrectly informed, for he denied the accuracy of the despatches, and did not hesitate, and with some vehemence, to place me in the category of Ananias. I had stated that the Pilsudski forces had fought their way through Warsaw with extraordinary ferocity, shooting up the French embassy, firing on the American flag in the hands of Colonel McKenny, and killing civilians in the streets and at windows. All these things the Polish minister denied.

What the Polish minister did not know when making his denials and putting the stamp of a Munchausen or Ananias

on me was that my despatches had followed very closely in part the phraseology of the reports to the State Department and the War Department. These reports had been prepared by observers long resident in Poland, and in a position to know whereof they spoke.

The State Department, on the strength of its reports from the Warsaw legation, ordered diplomatic and consular agents abroad to withhold visas on all American passports for Poland.

The minister's denial that the French embassy had been shot up caused me to communicate with M. La Roche, the French ambassador, who sent me a series of photographs showing the damage to the structure. A tragic sequence in the family of Ambassador La Roche was that one of his charming daughters, who had been ill, contracted pneumonia from the damp cellars of the embassy during the fighting, and died. The ambassador and the members of his family and household were forced to abandon the upper floors of the embassy building for about twenty-four hours. Almost every window was shot out by rifle and machine-gun bullets.

I am convinced that two main factors entered into the decisions of the Pilsudski forces holding Warsaw, and the conservative forces under General Haller and others basing on Posen, to bring Poland's internecine struggle to an end. The first was pressure brought by France, Poland's military ally. The second was the circumvention of the censorship to bring the tragic state of affairs in the new-born republic to the attention of the United States and other interested nations. Marshal Pilsudski's coup had brought about the nineteenth change in Polish government up to that time, and the spectacle of Poland menaced without and divided within was not the best for Polish credit abroad. Moreover, Poland had been bidding strongly for a permanent seat in the Council of the

League of Nations in view of Germany's then probable entry into the League, bringing with her a permanent protest against the Dantzig corridor.

Eventually, Marshal Pilsudski emerged from post-revolutionary retirement to work towards reuniting the army and calming the people. It was greatly to his credit that he succeeded in doing both and in restoring confidence abroad in Polish stability.

Thus, late in 1919 and early 1920, Mexico was in a state of lawless turmoil, bandit-ridden, graft-ridden and nationally demoralized. Her officials from President Carranza down had an abiding contempt for foreigners. The national policy was "Mexico for the Mexicans." And due to a procrastinating policy in Washington there existed an open disregard for American lives, rights and property in Mexico, a situation which led hundreds of Americans to pull up stakes and leave the country and hundreds more to become the victims of unpunished murder.

Recently returned from Europe and the war, I was assigned by the New York *Tribune* to look over the situation in Mexico and in particular to test the assertion by the Mexican government that Consular Agent Jenkins had been in collusion with the bandit leader Federico Cordova when the latter kidnaped Jenkins at Puebla and held him for a ransom of \$75,000 in gold.

The assignment led to interviews with American citizens resident in Mexico, with American embassy officials, with Jenkins and finally with Cordova, the last taking place under highly dramatic circumstances. As this contact was the equivalent—in the eyes of the Carrancistas—of "trucking" with the enemy, I was not permitted to allow much grass to grow under my feet. I emerged from Mexico with a whole skin and wrote some fifty thousand words which still did not conclusively answer the question, "What is the matter with Mexico?" But the publicity did bring to San Antonio, Texas, my post-Mexico base, a committee of the United States Senate bent on solving the problem. Scores of witnesses before this committee told astounding stories of murder and rapine, death and destruction, and unfolded a picture of Mexican chaos terrible to hear.

It was not safe for the newspaper correspondent in Mexico

at that period to wear his label nor was it prudent to lay emphasis on an American nationality. I entered Mexico via Laredo and traveled by rail to Tampico, the port from which much of the oil produced in the Panuco and Tuxpam fields was shipped from Mexico. The Mexican federal troops held the town of Tampico and the contiguous districts, but the rich oilfields to the south were controlled by a rebel leader named Palaez who exacted protection money from the oil companies much after the fashion New York racketeers "protect" those who keep on paying.

My purpose in Tampico was unknown except to a very few Americans with whom I had reason to talk. As every one was under suspicion on the part of the Carranza military authorities, my rather mysterious presence in Tampico became dangerous. Two American oil workers had been slain in the region within a period of one week. A description of the town at that time might be bound up with the word scabrous. Buzzards and scavenger sea-gulls wheeled low over the filthy stinking market-place. The streets were in disrepair. Ragged peons lolled around. Carrancista soldiers and officers swanked about heavily armed. Gambling houses were wide open and served as a source of relieving the oilfield workers of their cash. The whole place had the air of dirt, filth, intrigue, graft and murder. It was a part of Mexico at its worst. Law and order had departed. About one out of four trains to and from the north were being robbed or blown up. It was my purpose quietly to gather what information was available not only for my newspaper but for certain United States government agencies I was asked to serve and then shove on down the coast to Vera Cruz and inland to Mexico City. But my plans were somewhat interrupted. One of my secret friends and coworkers sidled up to me in the waiting-room of a small hotel one morning to impart the information that it would be

wise to waste no time in leaving Tampico. "You have been spotted," he said, "by some of our Carrancista 'friends' as an agent of the American Military Intelligence. You can probably deny it if arrested, but they are very capable of saving themselves the trouble by letting you out with a stray bullet. Of course, it would not be their fault; just an accident. There is a Ward Line boat in the harbor and she pulls out at noon. Why don't you stroll down there and get aboard?"

It was sane advice. Americans slain in Mexico at that period were not killed in an open fight. For the most part they were shot in the back. The American State Department would send a note to Mexico City and that would be the last of it.

A porter in the hotel left the back entrance with my baggage on his back an hour after I had been tipped off. My American tipster friend had the money to pay my hotel bill after I was gone and I walked out of the hotel's front door and made a leisurely trip to the ship. With my baggage and me aboard she divested herself of her ratlines and pulled away on schedule. It did not occur to me to ask where the ship was going until the last line had been cast off. The purser informed me that the next port was Progreso, Yucatan. That port was more Central America than Mexico and a considerable disruption of my original itinerary. But Mexico being what Mexico was, it was all in the game.

My impromptu voyage across the gulf was pleasant. The ship was one of the older Ward Line boats and despite precautions taken when tied up to a tropical wharf she was well inhabited by rats. The smoking-room floor was covered with linoleum and when an emboldened rodent took the notion to cross it his galloping gait sounded like that of a good sized dog. The three other passengers and I were much amused.

Approaching the coast of Yucatan on a coasting vessel, the American who is unfamiliar with the tropics begins to live

again in the South Seas with Jack London. A hot sun boils down on opalescent waters. Sharks play around the stern and prow of the vessel. Miles away glistening white sands of the coastline are lapped by constantly moving outlines of the surf. Palms, singly and in groves, break the horizon. Clusters of low white-roofed buildings eventually come into sight as the steamer drops anchor well off shore to escape the rock ledge extending out to sea. Lighters under sail approach from shore. Some are loaded to the gunwales with white bales of henequen, the stuff rope is made of—hemp. Henequen is the chief product of Yucatan. Hundreds of thousands of acres of rocky land are planted with the large sisal plants, whose fibers are stripped, dried, baled and shipped to the United States via New Orleans and New York.

Progreso is the seaport of Yucatan. After seeing filth-encrusted natives elsewhere in Mexico it is a revelation. Brown-hued men wearing sandals and clad in immaculate white duck jackets and trousers swarm the long docks, trucking hemp bales to the small boats lying there. It is said that the average Yucatecan takes two baths a day. If cleanliness is next to godliness he has an excellent chance for heaven in addition to his religious devoutness. He is hard-working and law-abiding. His women and children are as clean and hard-working and law-abiding.

Yucatan was the one peaceful and well-ordered spot in all Mexico during the Huerta-Carranza era. Its inhabitants are descendants of the ancient Mayas whose civilization was high before white men visited western shores. During my enforced stay in Yucatan, I visited the inland capital, Merida, a marvel city about which books could be written. The most amazing spectacle is formed by hundreds of revolving windmills, perched aloft on towers after the American farm fashion, transforming Merida's skyline into something difficult

of description. A steady breeze from the sea keeps these glistening windmills spinning while groves of waving palms of many varieties vie with groves of windmills in a scene as unique as incongruous. Here again is a well-ordered city with miles and miles of asphalt street paving, the material coming from a native asphalt lake close by.

Foreigners in Yucatan are not numerous. Ships call mainly for cargoes of hemp and chicle, the latter a product which is shipped to the United States, processed there and shipped back in neatly wrapped little sticks for Yucatecans to chew.

Eventually a ship arrived to take me back to revolution-ridden Mexico proper. Headed for Vera Cruz I found myself the only American passenger. There was a Spaniard, a Greek, a Cuban and three Mexicans who sat in the smoking-room poker game, a game in which I participated with credit. I think we only left the game once during the two-day voyage except at meal times and then to glance at Triangle Island, a barren spot of sand supporting a lighthouse one hundred miles off the coast. It was here that Mexico's lighthouse authorities forgot the light keeper and his family until some members starved to death. The survivors made shore in a tiny boat.

The poker game was somewhat reminiscent of the old West. Each player was armed and exceedingly polite. The stakes were gold two-and-one-half, five and ten peso pieces. I landed in Vera Cruz with five hundred dollars of this precious metal and its weight was almost overbearing even when distributed a little in each pocket. During a brief stay in Vera Cruz I spent no time up dark alleys or wandering around in unknown places asking for trouble.

Railway trains were so often derailed or blown up in Mexico at this time that they went where they were going by daylight only. I traveled by the "Queen's Own," a British-

built railroad, over the famous Maltrata Pass and up from the tropical terra caliente to the temperate Mexican plateau and thence to Mexico City. Here began the investigation of the famous Jenkins case, more famous in Mexico than in the United States, thanks to a Mexican censorship.

William O. Jenkins was a Californian who twenty years previously had gone to Mexico and established a small cotton-spinning mill in the city of Puebla. The business flourished and he acquired plantations in the lush valley region nearby. He was rated as a rich American and a representative citizen of the United States capable of handling all consular business in this second largest city of Mexico. He was answerable only to the American embassy in the capital. He was thus the sole representative of the American government in Puebla.

On Sunday night of October 19, 1919, at nine o'clock, Jenkins, according to his custom over the years, was giving his cotton mill a last inspection before locking the office and retiring. He had been playing cards with his wife and sister in their nearby residence until he left for the factory. Entering the building, he was seized by five armed men who bound and blindfolded him. The leader of the kidnaping gang wore a red bandana handkerchief over his face. Jenkins pleaded with him to be permitted to notify his wife. The leader finally agreed that Mrs. Jenkins could be brought to the factory. This was done and he ordered her to telephone the British vice-consul, William Hardaker, an intimate friend of the Jenkinses, bidding him to come there also. Hardaker proved to be in Mexico City.

The bandit leader, it later developed, was Federico Cordova, a sub-chieftain of *insurrectos* under General Palaez, who then took toll from the American oil companies for protecting their payrolls from the Mexican federal troops in the oilfields to the north. All this I learned later and likewise that

Palaez had sent Cordova from the Tampico district in April to unify rebel forces in the states of Puebla, Tlaxcala, Morelos and Oaxaca under the Palaez leadership.

Cordova took the American consular agent to the hills after permitting Mrs. Jenkins to procure an overcoat for her husband. He told Jenkins that he meant no harm to him but that he intended to hold him for 150,000 pesos ransom which the Carranza government would be obliged to pay since the American government would demand it. He sought, he explained to Jenkins, to show the American government that it had made a mistake in recognizing the government of Carranza because this government could not possibly guarantee the safety of American lives and property in Mexico.

Before leaving Mexico City for Puebla I visited the American embassy and talked with George T. Summerlin, chargé d'affaires in the absence of the ambassador, and Matthew E. Hanna, first secretary, and others including the military attachés of the embassy staff. The latter informed me that there had been an effort to kidnap Mr. Summerlin about the time Jenkins was abducted in Puebla. This had been frustrated by the simple expedient of keeping Mr. Summerlin under cover for several days while bandits, unmolested by the Carranza authorities, were patrolling the vicinity of the embassy in the heart of Mexico City. I later learned that the sub-chief of this abducting expedition was Constantin Reyes, another lieutenant of General Palaez. I also discovered that Cordova in Puebla had not only been ordered to seize Jenkins but likewise the British vice-consul and the Spanish vice-consul. At the same time a third sub-chief of the Palaez forces had been ordered to capture the American consular agent at Guadalajara, a plan which miscarried.

Had the Palaez-Cordova plot wholly succeeded in seizing the acting American ambassador in Mexico City, the Carranza

capital, the American consular agent, the British and Spanish vice-consuls in Puebla, the second largest city in Mexico, and the American consular agent in Guadalajara, the third largest city in Mexico, there would probably have been a cry to high heaven in the Senate of the United States forcing the Wilson administration to sever diplomatic relations with the Mexican government and possibly to intervene in the chaotic affairs in the southern republic. It was an audacious plot and might well have succeeded.

Jenkins, the sole victim, was held in the torrential rains and chill nights of the mountain region near Puebla until he almost died of an acute sciatic condition. Finally when his friends rallied to his aid with pure yellow gold he was released and permitted to recover in a Puebla hospital.

It was following his discharge from the hospital that I interviewed Jenkins at his home in Puebla. Attended by his wife, sister and two small daughters he told me the entire story of his abduction, his harrowing experience constantly under guard in the mountains and finally his release after his friends had scraped up a major part of the ransom money and he (Jenkins) had pledged his life for the last payment.

If a newspaperman of long experience and dealings with all kinds of people is any judge of human nature, Jenkins' story was honest and forthright. His superiors in the embassy at Mexico City were convinced of his innocence and had so notified the State Department in Washington. Yet Jenkins was under indictment and facing trial in the Puebla state courts for crimes against the Mexican government and his own government was not standing behind him.

The Jenkins case was palpably a scandalous bit of cowardice on the part of some one in Washington. The plight of Americans generally in Mexico at that time was even a greater scandal which would have gone down in history as such, had

not events in Mexico erased the Carranza government before a Senate committee could make the facts known.

After my interview with Jenkins there was one more step before I felt that I could get all the facts in the Jenkins case. That was to interview the rebel leader Federico Cordova. It was known in Puebla that he had established a camp in the mountains less than fifty miles away. I had no great difficulty in getting the proper man to act as guide. He was a young Mexican who had graduated from an American university and had charge of the high-tension electric wires running from federal into rebel territory. Thus he was persona grata with both federals and rebels. In a Ford car most of the way and on a mule up the mountainside, I reached Cordova's camp, a group of shacks, without incident.

I was told by Cordova's brother, a sleek well-armed rebel in charge of the camp, that Cordova was spending the weekend in Mexico City. It was here that I arranged to meet Cordova in the capital despite the fact that the Carranza government was promising the State Department every few days to catch and execute Cordova. It seemed as crazy as making a date with a German division commander in Paris before November 11, 1918. But this was Mexico.

The interview date was set for the evening of December 29, 1919. The preparations were typically Mexican. A guide and interpreter known and trusted by the rebel chieftain was selected to take me to him. My instructions were to place myself at the Edificio Mutua, or Mutual Building, on the corner of the Calle Cinco de Mayo in the very heart of the city precisely at eight o'clock. I was told that an automobile would drive slowly by with one door swinging open. I was to recognize the car by the open door and enter it without question. To all this I agreed.

I stood on the corner as unostentatiously as possible for

perhaps five minutes before a near-by clock struck the hour. Various cars had passed but the occupants of none of them looked like what I was expecting. A policeman was in plain sight not far away. Pedestrians walked here and there. Suddenly an aged Ford touring-car appeared. The right-hand rear door was open. Three men were in the car. All had their serapes drawn up well over their faces. Two men in the front seat I could not identify. Both were Mexicans. As I jumped in the rear seat I found my companion to be the person for whom I was looking. He was the guide and interpreter and even if I could remember his name to this day I would doubt the propriety of identifying him. Revenge has a long arm in Mexico. He was taking his life in his hands. If caught trafficking with the enemy of the republic in the person of Cordova, he would have been executed. As for me, a foreigner, the risk was not so great.

From the moment I entered the car, the driver—one of the muffled figures up front—stepped on the gas. We rode at a furious pace, taking corners on two wheels. We traveled thus for perhaps ten minutes before the car stopped at a corner and my interpreter and I got out. It was a poor section of the city. One- and two-story structures of no architectural distinction made up the neighborhood. The car departed and we walked a couple of blocks. A sputtering electric arc-light illuminated a street corner. A dozen rough-looking men were hanging about. We walked a block beyond and looked back to see if we were being watched. We retraced our steps slowly and found that the men had disappeared. My interpreter then sidled into the shadow of a doorway with me close behind. The house was a one-story adobe structure like the others about. He knocked several times, always with the same series of raps. The door opened slowly, cautiously and a pretty little Mexican girl bearing a lighted candle peered out. A

rapid but low conversation in Spanish and the door swung inward. We followed the girl down a bare unlighted hallway. We passed through a room which the single candle lighted eerily. Here were the men who had been outside. They looked us over suspiciously but said nothing. The girl opened a door into another room. In its center was a bare wooden table on which were two candles, the remains of a loaf of bread and jug of pulque. The girl offered chairs, and we sat down. The men peered in from the other room. I noted that the room in which we were sitting had no windows and but two exits, the door through which we had come and another leading through the opposite end.

As we sat waiting, it occurred to me that the situation was somewhat ridiculous. I had wittingly succeeded in placing myself at the mercy of a group of Mexican rebels, or were they merely bandits? A dozen armed men were within a few yards of me in one direction and what the other exit held was mystery. I had a sniffling cold and started to reach for my handkerchief in a rear trouser pocket and thought better of it. For perhaps five minutes thus we sat waiting. The whole affair had been exciting and tense. I had not spoken a dozen words with my interpreter since he picked me up at the Calle Cinco de Mayo. I now asked in English: "What is the idea?" "This is the rendezvous," he replied. The Mexican girl had disappeared. Then from the darkened far room emerged Cordova.

Though demonstrating constant evidences of watchfulness, the rebel jefe was most affable. He was not armed, and he advanced to shake hands immediately, demanding of the interpreter, however, some renewed evidence of my absolute reliability and some proof that I would not leave the house and notify the Carranza authorities of his whereabouts. I

presented several documents of identification, among them papers issued by the American army and used when I was a correspondent in France. Cordova seemed satisfied but politely informed the interpreter that any treachery would be paid for with the latter's life.

Cordova was a swarthy man of medium stature. His coal-black eyes flashed with hatred as he talked about the revolution. His equally black hair was straight and coarse, indicating Indian ancestry. His bushy black moustache partially covered a "hard mouth" made that way, perhaps, by an adventurous and dangerous life. He sat down in a chair and we talked.

I told him that I had come to get the truth of the Jenkins case; that Jenkins was facing trial by Mexican authorities for alleged collusion in his abduction and that it was believed the Mexican authorities intended to convict Jenkins on faked evidence; that I spoke not only for my newspaper in New York in seeking the information but for the American embassy as well, it being understood that embassy officials could not communicate with an enemy of the government to which they were accredited.

Cordova spoke in Spanish which I understood, but which I asked to have translated for purposes of greater accuracy. He replied:

"I want to impress on you at the beginning and I hope that you will make it clear to the American people through the New York *Tribune*, that Señor Jenkins had nothing to do with the kidnaping of his person, which I, myself, personally carried out. Señor Jenkins is innocent of wrong against the Mexican government. This government is persecuting him to save its face, and will do everything low and contemptible to gain its ends."

The leader continued to say that he could have abducted any number of rich Mexicans and not have caused any scandal whatever, but he would make it abundantly clear that he had nothing against the American government nor Señor Jenkins, mainly aiming to demonstrate that the actual Carranza government was entirely unable to give guarantees to foreign residents of Mexico against the revolutionaries.

Cordova volunteered that agents of the Puebla state government had sent word to him that he would be granted amnesty and a large sum of money if he would appear and testify against Jenkins. The rebel leader worked himself into a froth with this disclosure. He stopped to call down every curse upon the Carranza government known to the Spanish vocabulary. And the Spanish curse-word vocabulary is extensive. He screwed up his face, he clenched his fists and looked the part of a bandit. It was an outburst of rage which proved rather amusing since Cordova was not dressed for the rôle. He wore an ordinary black sweater over a calico shirt without a necktie. To have been in perfect character he should have been garbed in the besashed, bespangled and sombreroed props which Mexican jefes are supposed to affect.

But it was Cordova's turn to be taken somewhat aback when I accused him of plotting to kidnap Mr. Summerlin, the American chargé d'affaires, as well as the American consular agent in Guadalajara, and the others in addition to Jenkins. His immediate reaction was a proof of guilty conscience. This information had come to me, and I had been asked to try it out on Cordova when and if I succeeded in making a contact with him. As I made the assertion that I understood he had planned a wholesale kidnaping conspiracy, he half rose in his chair and shouted:

"How did you know that?"

I explained that I had received the information from

sources which could not be disclosed, and he calmed down and confessed.

In the course of the interview which lasted an hour Cordova wrote and signed at my request a receipt for the last payment of the Jenkins ransom. This money, a sack of gold coin which he brought out to show me, had been paid to him earlier in the day but by whom I was not informed. The receipt, however, was desired by the American embassy for the purpose of reimbursement claims to be made of the Mexican government at a later time. While Cordova was writing I asked him also to pen a statement by which I might prove, if necessary, that I had talked with him in the heart of the capital of Mexico, where he had come in defiance of the Carranza army to spend the Christmas holidays and to make arrangements for his return to the staff of his leader, Palaez, in the Tampico district. He readily assented and wrote in Spanish. Following is the translation:

Mexico City, December 29, 1919.

This is to certify that on this date, in this city, I have talked with Mr. Forrest, representing the American newspaper, the New York *Tribune*, for one hour, and that I have explained to him the existing revolutionary movement in Mexico, and that I have also told him the true occurrences in connection with the abduction, which I personally effected, of the American Consul W. O. Jenkins.

To which I certify for whatever Mr. Forrest may believe convenient.

FED CORDOVA.

Cordova had earlier left the room to procure paper and ink. When he reentered he left the door open and as he wrote, sitting with his back towards the door, the interpreter arose to close it. This necessitated his stepping behind Cordova

momentarily, but Cordova took no chances. His eyes followed each move and he did not resume writing until the interpreter was seated. A few moments later he personally ushered us to the door, holding the candle while we descended the few steps to the street. We returned to the center of the city convinced that what Cordova had said about Carranza's inability to furnish guarantees for the safety of foreigners in Mexico was apparently true.

With the Jenkins case cleaned up sufficiently to circumvent the Mexican censorship by leaving the country and writing my articles on American soil, I planned to leave Mexico City for Laredo at my own convenience. I had promised some American friends to stay for the New Year celebration in the capital. Much to my surprise I was tipped off early in the evening of December 31st that the Carranza authorities had issued a warrant for my arrest. The Cordova interview had leaked. For the second time I made a hurried exit from Mexico. Once across the Rio Grande I had the feeling that the United States was a very fine place to be.

Some time after the Cordova interview was published in New York, the newspapers in Mexico City scoffed at the idea that a rebel leader of Cordova's prominence might have been interviewed in Mexico City. I was taxed as a romancer and as one with a fertile imagination. It was here that the statement written by Cordova, authenticating the interview, came in handy. The *Tribune* simply published a photostatic copy of the statement with Cordova's signature as he had written it. That was the end of that.

For many weeks a Senate committee headed by Senator Albert B. Fall, of New Mexico, took testimony at San Antonio, El Paso, at border points in Arizona and New Mexico, and finally at Los Angeles. The most astonishing facts about chaos in Mexico and the plight of Americans there were brought

out. Hundreds of thousands of words of this testimony were ready for the Senate when revolution flared forth again south of the Rio Grande, this time under the competent leadership of General Alvaro Obregon who started with a nucleus of two thousand Yacqui Indians from the west coast state of Sonora. When he arrived in Mexico City he had an army of seventeen thousand.

President Carranza with his army finally in revolt fled to the mountains and was there assassinated by his own men. Obregon became the master of Mexico. Banditry slowly subsided and law and order, such as is possible in Mexico at any time, was reestablished. The eventual assassination of Obregon by political enemies was but a juncture in the slow process.

Mexico's most peaceful and most prosperous era was encompassed within the thirty-year reign of Porfirio Diaz. The term "reign" is correct for Diaz was Mexico's absolute dictator, but he eventually went the way of all dictators. Diaz reigned with his Rurales—a highly trained corps of semi-military police—who knew how to deal with enemies of the régime.

For a decade and a half, Mexico's foreign relations were excellent. Foreigners were permitted by Diaz to come in and spend their money in developing the mines, the oilfields, the railroads of Mexico. They were protected by the iron hand of Porfirio Diaz, a sufficient guarantee. Then towards the end, Diaz made the mistake of turning soft and benevolent. He established the University of Mexico to which the rich young gentlemen from the vast domains of their fathers, the splendid haciendas of the hinterlands, came at his invitation to obtain their culture. Among professors drafted from the universities of Europe came those of the Sorbonne and the University of Paris. They were permitted to teach Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire and other elders who had put the fire of the French

Revolution into their writings. In time the young men of the haciendas were graduated. "Who is this bewhiskered old despot who tells us what we must do and how we must live in Mexico?" they asked. One of them was the cultured Francisco I. Madero. That Madero himself was slaughtered meant nothing. What Diaz had built up in Mexico with the iron hand was torn down by the bloody claw of revolution. Madero, Huerta and Carranza were names written in blood at a chaotic helm of state.

Most Americans are familiar with the border ravages of the bandit Villa and other figures in the Mexican revolution. What I have told here is a lesser known picture perhaps because it came from deeper within the republic. But still it has its place in the revolutionary history of Mexico.

CHAPTER XXIV

COLUMBUS SAILS THE CARIBBEAN

I

LOST ANCHORS

DID Christopher Columbus lose an anchor from the *Santa Maria* during late November or early December in the year 1492 in the little harbor of Port de Paix, Haiti, or did he not? For purposes of argument I intend to deal with this question in the affirmative because many years have passed since I first made the claim and none has come forward to deny it.

One late afternoon a trim hundred-tonner put into Port de Paix harbor and came to anchor not more than fifty yards from a small Dutch tramp tied to a nondescript dock from which a group of blacks was loading a cargo of lignum vitae and mahogany logs. Lignum vitae is that hard tropical wood popular among wood carvers and its most common use perhaps is its manufacture into bowling-alley balls. West Indian mahogany is the source of solid furniture most popular in Europe.

Aboard the hundred-tonner—a sweet little ship of mainsail, staysail and jib which served as the entire Haitian navy and proudly bore the title *L'Indépendance*—were Louis Valliere, the “Admiral”; Charles M. Eurton, “Vice-Admiral”; the crew of ten black native Haitians; and myself. The ship had been loaned to me by President Dartiguenave and my

purpose in calling at Port de Paix was to explore the smaller adjacent island of Tortuga and write about the pirate spawn that flourished there three centuries before. Tortuga lay directly across a seven-mile channel from Port de Paix. It was the very "birth nest" of piracy in the western hemisphere. About this subject more later. We concern ourselves here with the anchor of Columbus.

In Haiti one finds the big blue wild pigeon which abounded by hundreds of millions in North America at one time and which disappeared almost overnight in one of the unfathomable mysteries of nature. There are also wild guineas, but aside from the two species named the game bird quota of Haiti is exhausted. Accompanied by a native to carry the kill I spent some time ashore and returned with a couple of pigeons. The Dutch freighter had finished loading and was anchored near the "Haitian navy." Preparations were going forward on the Dutch boat to up anchor and away. A small steam winch on the prow was tugging at the anchor chain. The personnel of President Dartiguenave's navy were sprawled about the deck as only Haitian natives know how to sprawl. "Admiral" Valliere was alert as always.

"The old tub seems to have her ground tackle stuck," observed Admiral Louie.

I avowed as much.

The steam winch groaned. The anchor chain protested. The little tramp steamer tipped a bit and her captain, a florid faced Dutchman, swore a good well-rounded oath in English.

Another try and he cussed in French. A third and he gave vent to his feelings in German. No anchor. It was fixed there in the harbor bottom, twenty feet down, to something very solid.

The harbor bed at Port de Paix is composed of muck and coral. Of the latter, however, a steam winch might be depended upon to snag out a considerable growth. Our friend,

the Dutch captain, discussed the situation with us in exasperated shouts. Between his own outbursts and counsel from our side he tried again and again. And finally with a roar up came his ground hook firmly snagged to an ancient anchor such as had not been seen outside of museums in ages.

There hanging to the pudgy modern anchor of the freighter was a wide-flanged "hook" which measured about ten feet from top to bottom. The whole of malleable iron was remarkably well preserved. Its shaft, some three inches in diameter, and all of it, had certainly been hammered over some ancient European forge.

A few days before I had looked upon the only authentic relic of the fleet of discovery—an anchor mounted in the headquarters of the Haitian gendarmerie at Port au Prince. I had first seen this anchor as a small child at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. And now in this obscure little tropical harbor had come upon another anchor which seemed at first glance to be a replica of the original. The Dutch captain was all for throwing it back into the harbor but yielded to a request that it be taken ashore. This he did and we later transferred it to the deck of *L'Indépendance* for more careful checking when we might again return to Port au Prince.

The story of Columbus and the destruction of the *Santa Maria* is well known to students of Columbian history. The disaster occurred on Christmas eve, 1492, when Columbus, asleep in his quarters, was shaken out to make the less prideful discovery that the helm had been entrusted to the somnambulant cabin-boy and the proud little ship was grinding on the reefs opposite what is now a native village in Cape Haitien harbor.

Columbus with the *Santa Maria*, *Nina* and *Pinta* left Palos in Spain on August 3, 1492. Every school-child is grounded

in the story of the doubts and fears which beset the doughty mariner and his crew until on Thursday, October 11th, more than two months later, it was discerned that the sea had become rougher and was dotted here and there with sea-weed and green branches, one of which was loaded with dog roses. Petrels, frigate birds and other feathered things that skirt the coasts were next observed. And at 2:00 A.M. the following day, those aboard the *Pinta* discovered land.

The modern traveler to the West Indies from New York discovers Watling's Island as the first land he has seen since the metropolis faded from view, four days before. It is the same San Salvador.

Columbus confirmed the night discovery from the quarter-deck of the *Santa Maria* by watching a light, presumably a torch carried by an Indian woman. To-day on Dixon's Hill, at the northeast point of Watling's Island, a modern lighthouse looms up by day and blinks its warnings of the shoals by night.

After due ceremony and exploration of the beach, Columbus directed the fleet southwest to another island, which he named Santa Maria de la Concepcion. After trading and observing the Indians at Rum Cay, as it is known on modern charts, the fleet sailed on to Fernandina, or Long Island. By the 19th, Crooked Island had been duly discovered and the fleet sailed on to Juana, or Cuba. In Cuba, Columbus was amazed by the wonderful tropic verdure, and here he discovered many things which he afterward described in great detail to "their Majesties," among them being Irish potatoes, geese, tobacco and "dogs that do not bark." But, as Columbus assured the "majesties," he was in search of gold, which he did not find in quantity at Juana.

On November 11th, the fleet was skirting the Cuban coast when the *Pinta* deserted. Señor Pinson, her commander, was dissatisfied and perhaps a little jealous of Columbus who had

been diligent in wheedling such gold as there was from the natives. Pinson had heard alluring tales of gold to the south and he simply took advantage of Columbus when the latter was visiting natives some distance inland and deserted. Columbus was soon apprised of the incident and lost no time in getting the *Santa Maria* and the *Nina* under way in pursuit of the *Pinta*. History does not make quite clear where Columbus caught up with his erring lieutenant but it is well defined that on December 6th the *Santa Maria* and the *Nina* entered Mole St. Nicholas, a wonderful natural harbor which is to-day as deserted as when Columbus first saw it. Eastward Columbus saw an island off the Haitian coast which upon closer survey seemed to resemble the shape of the great sea tortoises, so plentiful in the vicinity. He forthwith named Haiti "Hispaniola" (Little Spain) and the smaller island "Tortuga," Spanish for turtle.

It is from Mole St. Nicholas that one may follow Columbus eastward along the northern coast of Haiti into the harbor at Port de Paix, where unrecorded history might show that possibly the *Santa Maria* fouled her anchor and lost it in the muck and rocks of the harbor bed, there to remain for centuries.

Port de Paix lies midway between Mole St. Nicholas and Cape Haitien, the latter the scene of the wrecked *Santa Maria*. With the *Pinta* off somewhere—nothing records exactly where—foraging for herself, the *Santa Maria* and *Nina* did not remain long at Mole St. Nicholas. They crawled slowly along the coastline a distance of less than one hundred miles from the Mole to Cape Haitien in a period of possibly fifteen days, giving them ample time to explore all harbors, take soundings and talk to the Indians about rich mines of gold, for which Columbus was ever searching. There was time to lose many anchors in these harbors. To modern mariners

who know Port de Paix harbor, there is little doubt that Columbus, dealing with its unknown currents, treacherous winds and uncharted bottom, might have lost a hook.

By process of elimination there is evidence to support the theory that the newly discovered "hook" dragged from the mud at Port de Paix was that of the *Santa Maria* rather than one of those of the *Nina*. All ships carry more than one anchor, usually two, and sometimes three. Let it be conjectured that the *Santa Maria* carried two. The wreckage of her gave but one to history. Where did Columbus lose the other?

In view of the recent find it is at least worthy of supposition that both anchors of the *Santa Maria* are now accounted for—reunited, so to speak, after 427 years—and now remain the only permanent relics of history to identify the most famous of fleets.

Lovers of sea tales have all most probably read that famous true yarn *The Cruise of the Centurion*, Admiral Anson's famous ship, which met her fate on the reefs of Juan Fernandez, the island off Chile made famous by Robinson Crusoe. The *Centurion* was wrecked in 1740, almost two hundred and fifty years after the wreck of the *Santa Maria*.

Some decades ago the U. S. S. *Lackawanna* fouled her ground tackle off the Isle of Juan Fernandez and, much to the surprise of all aboard, pulled up the aged anchor of the *Centurion*. This hook is now properly mounted and labeled at Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco.

What turn Columbian history might have taken had it not been for the impertunate wrecking of the *Santa Maria* can, of course, never be known. The dullard cabin-boy responsible, was equally the cause of founding the first Columbian settlement in the virgin western hemisphere. It was not long after he had gone to sleep that the frail little flagship—with the

sign of the Redemption painted on her mainsail and the standard of Castile flying at her missen—was firmly wedged in the white coral shallows. Columbus and his company peered over the side to know that she was doomed.

From the timbers of the *Santa Maria* was built a small fort and grouped around it were constructed quarters for the crew. It was the first, though ill-fated, white settlement in the New World. Dense tropical foliage frolics over the site to-day. History shows that Columbus left fifty men at La Navidad and sailed back to Spain on the *Pinta* convoyed by the *Nina*. He returned a year later on his second voyage, this time aboard a larger and stancher flagship, the *Marigalanti*, leading three large and twelve small ships. He landed first at Monte Christo (Santo Domingo) on November 25, 1493. Much to his surprise Columbus found at Monte Christo bodies which indicated their European origin, and fear was expressed for the safety of the colony westward at La Navidad. The fleet headed into this harbor two days later. A landing party confirmed the worst. The charred ruins of the fort and settlement were found. Not a Spaniard remained alive. The story was pieced together. The colonists in their greed for gold and women had stolen gold from the Indians and, not satisfied with three wives each granted them by the Indian chief, had forcefully taken more in rough encounters with the native husbands. Jealousies became rampant among the colonists themselves, and the colony had split. Groups forged off into the interior with their many wives in search of gold. Then when the fort had become so weakened that only ten colonists remained, the Indians swooped down, robbed them of all they possessed, killed them and fired the stronghold.

Searching parties directed by Columbus into the interior found bolts of cloth in Indian villages, and here and there were Moorish mantles which the settlers had worn.

At La Navidad among the charred timbers was found the anchor of the *Santa Maria*—the wrought-iron relic which until a few years ago seemed to be the last remaining relic of the Fleet of Discovery. Upon this anchor, salvaged from the wreckage and intact for posterity at Port au Prince, hangs the tale of the second anchor—almost a replica of the first—dragged by accident from the harbor of Port de Paix. It, too, may keep its place in Columbian history.

Columbian historians may decide eventually whether this newly discovered anchor was the first hook of the *Santa Maria* or possibly one of those carried by the *Nina* or the *Pinta*, but to those who have compared the first and the newly discovered second anchor there is much evidence that they were built in the same workshop by the same skilled hand, perhaps at Palos, Spain, where Columbus fitted out his little fleet. As to size, height, weight and general appearance it would be indicated that the same ancient Spanish iron-worker pounded and shaped the two, that one was built from the model of the first, and that both were taken aboard the Columbian fleet at Palos and came to the New World with Columbus.

But despite the original anchor and its probable twin of the first voyage, there are other relics of the second and third voyages of Columbus in Hispaniola to-day. The modern traveler who analyzes his observations along with even an indifferent knowledge of Columbian history may see them everywhere.

In his appeal to "Their Most Gracious Majesties" for the requisites of colonization in the New World, Columbus demanded goats and burros, which were granted and transported to Hispaniola on the second and third voyages. Aside from its Negroes, Haiti is to-day liberally inhabited by goats

and burros, more than likely descendants of the Spanish breed. On his second cruise Columbus also brought over twenty horses, which he later complained to the crown were palmed off on him by the crafty horse-traders from Granada, who exhibited fine animals for sale at Seville and then, taking advantage of Columbus's laxity of eye and preoccupation, proceeded to substitute a score of scrubs on board the fleet. The fleet was well at sea before the "mistake" was noticed. In Haiti to-day all horses remain undersized and scrubby, but they are hardy little brutes that bear surprising burdens.

The bloodhounds which Columbus imported from Spain to chase Indians slaves have deteriorated also to-day into what is commonly called just "Haitian dog." The term explains the animal, an undersized mongrel whose prime ability is to bark twenty-four hours a day, and with far more vigor by night than by day.

Columbus also imported many herbs and shrubs from Spain which remain peculiar to Haiti in general, though some of the best have migrated to other West Indian islands. Perhaps the greatest marvel of transplantation from Europe was sugar-cane, which flourished in its tropical setting in Hispaniola both under Spanish and French planters. The African slaves brought to Hispaniola by the Spanish and French after the Indians died away drove out the whites over a century and a quarter ago. The whites fled to Jamaica and Cuba, taking sugar-cane with them. While the marvelous plantations of Haiti are now waste lands under less energetic cultivation by blacks, Cuba has become the "sugarbowl" of the world, and Jamaica also boasts its thriving cane fields.

The main quest of Columbus in the West Indies seemed to be for gold, which existed there in some quantity. Of gold he notified Ferdinand and Isabella "although the rivers contain

gold in the quantity related, this gold is not engendered in the rivers but rather on the land, the waters bringing it enveloped in the sands."

Whether Columbus and his colonies and subsequent colonists depleted Hispaniola of its gold or it remains there to-day hidden "on the land" is mystery. Hispaniola has no visible gold. A party of modern explorers from the United States Geological Survey who had been prospecting in Haiti are authority for the statement that there is neither gold nor any trace of it.

It is the popular theory that the French plantation owners during the seventeenth century were responsible for the African blacks who, to the number of two million, to-day form the mass of the little republic's populace. This credit, however, reverts indirectly to the Spanish sovereigns who, believing the tales of enemies of Columbus, deposed the aged admiral as supreme commander of Hispaniola in 1502, sending one Ovando as supreme chief. Ovando left Spain with a fleet of thirty-five ships, carrying twenty-five hundred people. He utterly failed in his task of governing the island. His headquarters were at Santo Domingo. The native Indians were enslaved under Ovando to a degree that they died rapidly, and soon there was a scarcity of labor. Right here was born the first idea of importing black labor to the New World, and it began forthwith.

The first blacks to arrive in Haiti were not directly from Africa, however, as popularly supposed. There was a great number of African slaves in Spain, and a generation born in slavery there at the time Ovando petitioned the crown for labor. The new generation was sent en masse from Spain early in 1500. Later more were brought from the coast of Guinea and other parts of Africa.

To-day not a Red Indian is to be found in the whole of the West Indies. In the 10,000 square miles of the little republic of Haiti alone, which does not include what is now known as the Dominican Republic, a part of the island of Hispaniola, Negroes, goats, burros, scrub horses and Haitian dogs predominate—all relics, like the two anchors, either directly or indirectly, of the discovery by Christopher Columbus.

The greatest relic that Columbus could leave in the New World was his own body, and even that to-day is lost. Though the mortal remains have passed into dust, there is a modern dispute as to where the remnants of a leaden casket that once held them is placed.

The discoverer died at Valladolid, Spain, on May 20, 1506. The height of his fortunes had passed, and he expired in comparative poverty, surrounded by a few of his most devoted friends. His obsequies were celebrated in the Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, at Valladolid, and the remains deposited in the convent of San Francisco. They were removed to Seville in 1513, and twenty-three years later they were transported across the waters to Hispaniola and interred in the Cathedral of the City of Santo Domingo.

The French gained possession of Hispaniola in 1795, and the Spaniards decided to remove the body of Columbus to Cuba, still a thriving Spanish possession. Consequently the little dust which the Spanish said was Columbus, and which later the French said was not Columbus, was moved with great pomp and ceremony to the cathedral at Havana. The Dominicans will tell you to-day that Columbus still lies buried in the cathedral at Santo Domingo. The Spanish will tell you his resting place is in Havana.

The dispute regarding the last resting place of Columbus is, however, an aged disagreement, but the one lasting relic

of the discoverer, the anchor of the *Santa Maria*, finds general agreement among historians. Is the more recently discovered anchor its twin?

II

BURIED TREASURE

Pirate lore and tales of buried treasure, the romancing portrayed in distinctive American literature, which for many generations has thrown small boys, and their fathers before them, into spasmodic dreams of emulation, need not be all fiction.

Few may realize it, but our own near-by West Indies offers more genuine buccaneering history than perhaps any other single portion of the world. These islands, so closely bound to the voyages and history of Christopher Columbus, are only a trifle less famous for their part in another though less known history, the basis of which has inspired virtually all our piracy stories of fiction with the yellowed paper chart grasped in the hand of the pirate skeleton remaining to guard the secret of the buried chest.

The very "birth nest" of western hemisphere piracy is to be found in the Caribbean to-day. On the small island of Tortuga actual buried pirate treasure not so long ago cropped out in reality to revive the past. Tortuga is not inhabited except for a small group of blacks who somehow eke out existence and seldom leave the island. Native fishermen from the main coast sometimes visit its shores. One of these from the tiny port of St. Louis sailed his dory across the choppy channel one day and anchored at the mouth of a small stream which tumbles down from the jungle island hills. He was seining for small fish bait when glittering objects in the shallow water attracted his attention. He gathered all he could

find and they proved to be silver "pieces-of-eight." Here was actual booty from the Spanish Main, spoils cached in the coves and hills of Tortuga by the buccaneers of the seventeenth century.

My quest on Tortuga was not so much in search of pirate treasure as to compare the jungle-matted little island of the present with the buccaneer rendezvous and stronghold of some three centuries before. Pirate history relates circumstantially and convincingly that here piracy started and grew until it terrorized the coastlines and water from the Atlantic and Gulf to Cape Horn and even into the Pacific. The boldest and worst of French, Dutch and English buccaneers outfitted their ships on Tortuga and returned thence after their raids to divide the plunder and outfit again for further expeditions.

My first discovery at this ancient home of the skull and cross-bones was, however, the "jumping cactus"—a worthy successor to the most evil of pirates. The jumping cactus is a species of flora which is best left alone. Its pancake-like sections are so delicately jointed that the disturbing footsteps of an unwary intruder cause them literally to fly apart. Each section is fringed with needle-like spines and each spine is equipped with almost microscopic barbs so set as to impede withdrawal once the victim is stuck. I had not been ashore five minutes before an encounter with a veritable colony of jumping cactus. I spent the next hour, assisted by a black corporal of the Haitian Gendarmerie, my companion for the day, in extracting these tiny rapiers.

I left the small seaport of Port de Paix early one morning in a native lugger. The black sergeant had been assigned to act as guide. He was armed with a .32 caliber revolver of ancient design and my weapon was a twelve-gage Winchester shotgun. The arms were superfluous except for the chance to shoot a few blue pigeons which after my encounter with the

jumping cactus were permitted to go their way without bombardment. I came to explore and explore I did. If the urge ever comes to write a romance around pirates the scene will be Tortuga.

The history of the place far overshadows the modern scene. To a lone white rambler, objects constantly show which recall to mind such implements as picks and shovels, such documents as age yellowed charts, all connecting with a golden hoard somewhere beneath the earth contained in a rusted iron-bound chest. There is, unmistakably, the big tree, now towering high above a jungle-grown mass of a hundred different species of tropic flora. To look sharply and inquisitively along the four points of the compass from this tree is invariably to find the big rock with what seem time-worn crosses and pirate hieroglyphs on its surface. One may let the imagination run without censure. All that appears necessary is the dying buccaneer's chart and, of course, the digging implements, preferably employed at night in the dim light of flickering lanterns. Poe and other writers of buried treasure have prescribed it thus, and thus it must be in the imagination.

The term "buccaneer" originated on the island of Tortuga. It is derived from the French word describing men who cured meat by the "boucan" process, a system of smoking the flesh on green sticks.

As early as 1630, the island of Hispaniola, which is to-day the island of Haiti, began to find French, British and Dutch settlers arriving there, much against the will of the Spaniards, who controlled the territory to the announced exclusion of all other nationals. The interlopers first tried their luck at planting, but eventually abandoned this vocation to become "boucaniers," because of the great prevalence of wild oxen, cattle and wild boar. The vicissitudes of interloping, however, were such that many of the settlers fled to the island

of Tortuga, which was separated from the main island by a strip of channel water seven miles wide. Tortuga offered less territory for the "boucaniers," but more security. Perhaps seven miles wide and twelve miles in length, the island was a virgin hunting ground.

Eventually came Pierre le Grand to the island of Tortuga. Pierre le Grand was the original pirate of the western hemisphere. All the crimes of the Spanish Main, much of the pirate lore and actual pirating which one may read about in books reverts directly on the shoulders of this Frenchman from Dieppe, who came with good intentions, but soon lost them. Boucaniering was tame to Pierre le Grand. He soon tired of it. He followed the meat-curing trade only until his earnings gave him possession of a small sailing ship, and then he inveigled twenty-eight others to follow him off the path of righteousness.

Pierre le Grand was a gentler pirate than many of those who followed him in the trade. He found a Spanish vice-admiral on one of his prizes, and after impressing all those of the crew he needed as slaves, he placed the admiral and some others in a small boat to find the shore as best they could. He should have hung them to the yardarm or forced them to walk the plank. But records tell us that the admiral and his companions eventually landed to tell the tale near Tiburon, on the western coast of Haiti.

Pierre after a time put back to Tortuga with one of his prizes and the booty she contained. The haul represented several thousand pieces-of-eight, much plate and other treasure. Members of the original crew were permitted to receive their divisions and go ashore. Pierre, however, continued on to France with the Spanish frigate, which was his first prize, and quit the pirate game forever. But his work had its well-known effect. The remaining hunters and boucaniers of Tor-

tuga saw greater gain in piracy, and immediately began to outfit ships to prey on Spanish traders.

With two years the buccaneers of Tortuga had captured many valuable prizes, including two huge Spanish vessels loaded with plate from Campeche, in the Gulf of Mexico, bound for Caracas. They had also seized many ships of lesser burden, all of which, combined with the larger tonnage, gave them a formidable fleet, armed with cannon and swarming with men who fought savagely with dagger, pistol, and cutlass for the gain that piracy promised.

Among the notable pirate leaders who succeeded Pierre le Grand—the father of piracy—was one Rock Brasiliano, a Dutchman, who took this nom-de-plume by reason of long residence in Brazil. Rock's procedure disclosed why he withheld his right name. He was a real pirate, a true maker of present-day tradition. Though an excellent leader in combat, "howbeit, in his domestic or private affairs he had no good behavior nor government over himself," says his chronicler, who added: "Many times being in drink, he would run up and down the streets, beating or wounding whom he met, no person daring to oppose him or make any resistance. To Spaniards he always showed himself to be very barbarous and cruel. . . . Of these he commanded several to be roasted alive on wooden spits."

Pirates were generally a pretty bad lot, agrees pirate history. For example, they would spend two or three thousand pieces-of-eight in one night, not leaving themselves peradventure a good shirt to wear on their backs in the morning. Rock Brasiliano was only one of those given to swashbuckling, and his particular pleasure was to buy a whole keg of wine, which he placed in the middle of the main thoroughfare, threatening to "pistol" all who refused to drink with him. On other occasions he varied his diversion by procuring

barrels of ale or beer, which he scooped out with his cupped hands on all who passed.

Possibly the cruelest of them all was François L'Ollainais, a Frenchman, who outfitted the first ship for his piratical career on Tortuga. The enemies of this terrible Gaul received no quarter, and he became known as a true terror of the seas, amassing great wealth. Once the Spanish governor of Cuba sent an expedition against L'Ollainais, who had captured a city on the southern coast of the island. Several hundred buccaneers, led by the terrible Frenchman, met the Spanish force and annihilated it.

L'Ollainais, with his fleet, sacked and burned several towns on the coasts of Central America and Cuba and put most of the inhabitants to the sword. More prizes were taken at sea, and at the end of two months there was so much loot on hand that the fleet sailed to the Isle de la Vache (Cow Island), south of Haiti, to divide 4,060,000 pieces-of-eight, tons of jewels, silks, linen and other commodities of trade. The fleet then sailed for Tortuga, where the available supply of rum and brandy was soon entirely inadequate for the celebration of the most successful buccaneer cruise in the history of buccaneering.

In its palmiest pirate days the island of Tortuga was notorious for its orgies in liquor, the price of the latter dictated only by the law of supply and demand, the former overwhelmed mostwise by the latter. A gallon of choice brandy soon jumped to the unheard-of price of four pieces-of-eight and rum was soon at a premium at the profiteering demand of from two to three pieces-of-eight for four full quarts. The celebration only waned when all the liquor was consumed at these unprecedented prices. The inebriated pirates gambled their shares away with reckless abandon until the whole rested in the hands of a few. These secretively watched their chances

to bury the loot in the valleys, coves and troves of Tortuga for future reference. Who knows how many of these treasure-burying pirates lost their lives on subsequent cruises, breathing the secret of the trove to their most intimate pirate pal at the last gasp or scrawling the rough chart on a bloody piece of paper as death stiffened the fingers? Who knows how many of these treasure chests lie buried under the jungle soil of Tortuga to-day?

Other buccaneer leaders who made their names dreaded on the waters of the Spanish Main and on the coast-lines of the southern part of the New World after the "pilgrim pirates" set the pace were known as Sawkins, Sharp and Coxon. Piratical expeditions under these less able leaders were prone to mutinies. If the crew of a pirate disliked the captain it would mutiny, force him to walk the plank and hold an election. These free-lance mutineers combed the seas from the southern tip of South America far north into the Atlantic, enduring fearful hardships, fighting with extraordinary bravery against ships usually far larger and better manned than their own. It comes from the diary of one of these later-day pirates that a forced visit to the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile, found this island crowded with goats and birds and the shore dotted with multitudes of seals and sea-lions. It was the Isle of Juan Fernandez, which later became known through the exile there of Alexander Selkirk and Defoe's subsequent story of Robinson Crusoe. Under date of January 3, 1679, the pirate's diary reads:

"We had terrible gusts of wind from the shore every hour. This day our pilot told us that years ago a certain ship was cast away upon this island, and only one man saved, who lived alone on this island for five years before any ship came this way to carry him off."

As Selkirk, popularly believed to have been the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, is reported to have been marooned here early in the eighteenth century, it would appear from the diary of 1679 that Selkirk was not the first unfortunate to suffer being cast away alone on Juan Fernandez.

No part of the West Indies escaped piratical visitations. The Caribbee Islands, inhabited solely by redskins, who knew little of gold or bad habits, were frequently called upon. Esquemeling, the chief of pirate historians, tells of the Caribbee customs, notably that of the widowed Caribbee woman, who was obligated by custom to carry choice foods to the grave of her husband for twelve months and after that dig up the bones, scrape and polish them and carry them on her back for another year before she could marry again. It was the popular belief, says Esquemeling, that the devil ate the food, "but I myself, not of this opinion, have often-times taken away these offerings and eaten them instead of other victuals. To this I was moved because I knew that the fruits used on these occasions were the choicest and ripest of all."

My cruise in the Caribbean on the trim little ship which was conveniently loaned to me by the President of Haiti was an aftermath of the investigation of the United States Marines by a naval board ordered to Haiti for the purpose by Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels.

During the campaign of Warren G. Harding the charge was made by Major General George Barnett that the Marines had been guilty of indiscriminate killing of Haitian natives. Admiral Henry T. Mayo was assigned to conduct the inquiry at Port au Prince. Other members of the inquiry board were Rear-Admiral J. H. Oliver, then stationed in the Virgin Islands, and Major-General W. C. Neville, former

commander of Marines in France. I was assigned to report the inquiry for the New York *Tribune*.

The American occupation of Haiti in accordance with the Haitian-American treaty of 1915 was a tame affair of road-building and sanitary measures until a section of the native population turned insurrecto and took to the bush. The most turbulent period of bush fighting came, however, during late 1919 and the autumn of 1920. The inquiry disclosed that the Marines hunted insurrectos or "cacos," as they were termed, in a somewhat vigorous fashion. The inquiry did not develop that natives had been killed indiscriminately, but it did show that when a group of wild voodoo-worshiping cacos had killed a Marine and eaten his heart, brain and liver for the benefits of courage and wisdom—as they supposed—then the Marines took a certain revenge and often it was picturesque to say the least.

During the course of the inquiry I was able to interview President Philip Sudre Dartiguenave who had certain grievances against American treaty officials. President Dartiguenave could tell me his troubles with some facility due to our mutual knowledge of French. It was this reportorial advantage which led the President at the conclusion of the inquiry to offer me his navy—the one-boat navy of one hundred tons burden, its ample spread of canvas, its one-pounder gun and its noble name of *L'Indépendance*. She flew the red and blue emblem of Haitian liberty. Her Skipper, Louis Valliere, late of Plymouth, Massachusetts, had joined the navy in disgust when an aged fishing boat he had purchased went down on the Gloucester banks and left him sitting a foot out of water on the top of the mainmast. During the war his job was to ferry sub-chasers across the Atlantic in all kinds of weather. Then fate kicked him into the Marine Corps and again it lent a hand when he was

transferred into the gendarmerie of Haiti, a native corps officered by non-commissioned Marines. Louie's knowledge of the sea made him an "admiral" operating an entire navy from one deck and in supreme command thereof including the handful of ragged blacks which he affectionately referred to as "Sons of Apes." Higher officials of the gendarmerie left all nautical knowledge strictly to Louie. And any one who had sailed around treacherous Mole St. Nicholas and other equally ungentle waters of the Caribbean—not to mention the Windward Passage, that turbulent strip between Cuba and Haiti—with Admiral Louie was equipped to know that perhaps more genuine sailing knowledge rested in the Haitian navy than in our own great fleets, size and comparison considered.

Louie believed in naval etiquette. He never came abeam an American ship of war without dipping the tattered piece of red and blue bunting which served as the emblem. And he usually got the proper salute in return. His occasional visits to Santiago, Cuba, were nerve-wracking to Cuban pilots who came gesticulating out in motor boats to pilot the Haitian navy into the crooked little river flowing almost under Morro Castle into Santiago Bay. It was here that Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson submerged the *Merrimac* in an effort to block the Spanish fleet. Louie disdained Cuban pilots and he slid by them under full sail into the almost invisible 200-foot entrance so near the castle wall that disaster was always in the offing.

New York and Boston yachtsmen would perhaps have failed to recognize the *L'Indépendance* in her Haitian war togs. She was designed by D. J. Lawler and built at the Providence drydocks in 1892. Originally a steam yacht, christened *Admiral*, she was owned by Pliny Fisk, the banker, who sold her in 1907 to George R. Sheldon, New York broker. In

1912 she became the favorite playship of Irving T. Bush, creator and president of the Bush Terminal Company, of New York, and two years later she headed up the coast to become the property of Gordon Dexter, of Boston, who changed her name to *Adrea*. Equipped with a big spread of canvas and a gasoline engine kicker in 1917, she passed to the United States government with many other little ships of her class for war purposes. Then she became a scout of the Caribbean and passed under the flag of Haiti with three other craft, managed for the Haitian government by men in the Haitian military service, the Gendarmerie d'Haïti.

Somehow Louie Valliere, the skipper of this valiant little ship, had seamanship that caused his craft to outlive all her sisters in the Haitian navy. All the others were wrecked or burned in comparatively short order. Such eventually was the fate also of *L'Indépendance*. Loading gasoline at Guantánamo one scorching day she caught fire and burned to the water's edge. But to the last she was a sweet little ship and it was a long to be remembered pleasure to be aboard her as she cleaved the Caribbean in search of Columbian history and pirate lore.

CHAPTER XXV

HENRY FORD—MILK MANUFACTURER

HENRY FORD is my candidate as a unique character in the upper brackets of modern times.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Ford was in 1921 under circumstances which in themselves were unique. We were then immersed in the worst depression in years. Rumors spread daily in Wall Street that the Ford Company was on the verge of bankruptcy, that Mr. Ford had sought a loan of \$75,000,000 in New York's financial quarter and had been refused. Coincidentally, at this time Henry Ford was as much a man of mystery to the public as J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Sir Basil Zaharoff and others of immense wealth who disdained publicity in cloistered lives which permitted the winds of current conjecture to whirl over their heads unheeded. I was assigned by the managing editor of the *New York Tribune* to get to Mr. Ford and make him talk. For more than a year he had been silent.

Upon my arrival at Dearborn, Michigan, the motor-maker's birthplace and the scene of his tractor factory and main office, I soon learned the secret of this unimpressionable wall which had been built up around the man whose name was carried throughout the world on the radiator of the ubiquitous Model T. It was simply that an argus-eyed super secretary blocked all comers. If a newspaper interview about Henry Ford or the Ford Company was to be offered it was the secretarial power who gave it. It was, therefore, simple

strategy to avoid the blank barrier which led beyond the secretary's office and in this case by a devious route to Mr. Ford. There were other campaigns to be worked, but the first was the most simple and successful.

At this time Henry Ford was supporting a magazine called the Dearborn *Independent* which dealt with a wealth of subjects, though principally with the Ford conviction that international Jewry with its racial scheme of domination was responsible for the world's greatest malady—war. The motor-maker had gathered this impression on his peace-ship adventure, and it was his endeavor to awaken both Jew and Gentile to the menace and to the true quest of universal peace. It seemed far more likely, therefore, that the path to Mr. Ford led more easily through the Dearborn *Independent* office than through the office of the secretary.

I arrived at Dearborn from Detroit and upon inquiry learned that for any approach to the tractor factory which housed the magazine office as well as the Ford Company's general offices, one must first pass the gate over the Michigan Central railway tracks. Here I encountered a burly individual—a crossing watchman with a Jack Dempsey physique—who it appeared conducted all initial interviews at or near the Ford plant in Dearborn. An effort to pass the gate brought a gruff inquiry:

"Whar you goin', young man?"

A glance upward proved that nobody was goin' anywhere unless the man behind the voice was agreeable. I explained that the idea was to proceed to the offices of the Dearborn *Independent* and there decide who might want to listen.

"Wall," responded the watchman, "you take a run over there to the store and tell 'em about it; they'll phone and if it's all right they'll give me the high sign and I'll let you through."

The store was the Ford Company's general emporium for employes. A gent in a white apron was cutting a round steak off a hindquarter of beef. A youthful clerk was selling a customer a box of matches and some breakfast food. Another customer took a pair of rubbers and a can of tomatoes before I was able to get the undivided attention of the younger clerk. I named an official of the magazine and he promised to phone. He sold a box of matches and a bar of soap before he did so. The official was not in and he vended a can of kerosene and a peck of potatoes before he phoned again to ascertain that a second official was not in and "won't be." I changed the order to "any official" and he phoned again. This time I was informed that "an official" would be over but "he's a-goin' home." Eventually the official came over, and he was "a-goin' home." I walked along with him and made a vague appointment for the following day.

My return to Dearborn was on the following morning bright and early. There was the same rebuff from the guard and the same delay at the general store. Officials just across the track were "not in." Finally the youth of breakfast food and rubbers got interested. He volunteered to take a note across to the official I wanted to see. The note was penned, and he commented as he pulled his cap from a peg above the cannon stove in the corner:

"We gotta be careful around here. Orders are to let nobody across unless they give the word on the phone. Yuh can't be too careful. Think mebbe I can fix it up if I go over there."

He departed. In ten minutes he was back with permission for me to cross the tracks. It was pretty good for an eighteen-hour job. The crossing guard got the "high sign," and the barrier was crossed.

Once in the Ford offices matters were different. I was gently informed that Mr. Ford did not give interviews. The

route to an interview with the automobile manufacturer—when he is in Dearborn—is through his secretary, I was informed. To reach this secretary, I was told, was somewhat of a task in itself. And to get him interested in an interview with Mr. Ford was like trying to walk on the water of the artificial lake in front of the tractor factory. I was supposed to be discouraged.

I had no intention of seeing Mr. Ford's secretary. There was another official of the manufacturer's establishment with some sympathetic understanding. He explained all over again the routine which must lead a would-be interviewer through the portals to the austere secretary. All over again I was not interested. He confessed that all attempts to get to Mr. Ford for purposes of interviewing for newspapers had broken on the secretarial rocks. Then out of sheer decency and good will he asked me to lunch.

Luncheon was served in what had been a small farmhouse now near the massive tractor plant. Here sitting at a large round table chatting amiably on current topics with various of his officials including Mr. Mayo, his chief engineer, was Henry Ford. My host introduced me all around but not as a reporter. The main subjects of discussion turned to Russia and Germany. As I had been in Europe during and after the war I took a liberal part in the conversation and replied at some length to questions put by Mr. Ford. He was interested in industrial and economic conditions in these countries in view of expansion of his own industry abroad. It was purely out of respect for my host and his own standing with his employer that I did not introduce myself more thoroughly to the motor manufacturer and tell him that I was in his presence for the purpose of inquiring about the story in Wall Street that he had sought and had been refused a loan of \$75,000,000. Putting aside the embarrassment

which might have been caused my host for unwittingly perpetrating a newspaper plot to interview, the temptation was perhaps one of the greatest in all of my hectic newspaper career.

The luncheon was over. Henry Ford approached and offered his hand with a brief comment that he had been "glad to meet you" and passed out of the door back into the solitude of months in the tractor factory beyond. And back went this reporter to Detroit that afternoon with a sense of decency and ethics at the expense of a certain brand of enterprise.

Certain of my colleagues might call this dumb. I did not think so at the time. Had not virtue been visited with just reward I would have thought so eventually. My next plan was to make a second approach to Mr. Ford through Dean Lucking, his attorney, with offices in Detroit. This plan was feasible and after taking leave of my luncheon host who appreciated the delicacy of the incident, I told him precisely where I would be during the remainder of the day and the morrow, "just in case."

For purposes of sequence the scene here turns to the office of the executive, my host. Mr. Ford at the time had no specific office. He had a habit of wandering from one office to another and chatting with executives as he sat on the corner of a desk. His own office, so to speak, was in his gray sack suit unless he chose to wear a blue one.

"Who was that young fellow at lunch to-day?" asked the manufacturer as he dropped into the magazine office.

"That was Forrest of the *New York Tribune*, who came all the way from New York to talk to you," replied the official.

"Well, why didn't he talk to me when he was introduced?" queried Ford.

"He felt some hesitancy in taking advantage of my invitation," defended the official.

"Well, you know, I like that young man's looks," said Ford. "He looks like he would make a good mechanic; in fact, he looks something like a natural mechanic."

"He is a newspaperman," again defended the official.

"Where is he now?" demanded the manufacturer.

"Gone back to Detroit."

"Can you get in touch with him?"

"Yes, he thought you might be interested. He left word where he would be."

"Tell him I want to talk to him," said Ford.

And that was how Henry Ford, the most uninterviewable man in the United States at that moment, requested an interview with the *New York Tribune*. He was not disappointed. During the next two days he talked to me disparagingly of Wall Street, the still recurrent Ford idea of decentralizing industry, the theory that man could make better milk than a cow could give, twelve-hundred-pound hay-motor horses and tractors and a variety of other subjects.

My instructions were to be at the office of the Dearborn *Independent* at nine o'clock on the morning subsequent to my experience at the luncheon table. It was on a Sunday in February. I arrived promptly, crossed the railway barrier without difficulty and took a seat in the waiting-room of the magazine office. A chill wind blew without and there was a slushy residue of snow on the ground broken by the small lake in front whose black water was flecked with small whitecaps. Beyond, one could see for a mile down the Michigan Central tracks. There was little else to look at and as I sat waiting there appeared through the window a lone figure trudging slowly and laboriously along the track. I watched

the figure idly for some time until it was near enough to appear heading for the tractor plant. I had expected Mr. Ford to roll up in an expensive limousine or at least one of his own de luxe flivvers. Not so. The plodding figure was the mechanical Croesus himself, walking a half mile or so from his home in Dearborn to the office. There was nothing about him much different from one of his employes coming to work. He wore a soft felt slouch hat pulled well down in front, a fuzzy brown overcoat of ordinary cut with the collar turned up and his head turtled deep down in it, and his hands were buried in his pockets. He was erect for a man of his years, his step springy.

The man who makes more automobiles than any single individual on earth, yet chose to plow through slush on foot, entered, divested himself of coat and hat, and the interview began.

I first asked about the Wall Street loan rumor. The reply was calm and direct:

"I have never sought a loan for any amount in Wall Street, nor has any one done so for me on my authority. This report is a hoax, pure and simple. There is no reason for the Ford Company to ask for loans, and when we do it will be at a time when we do not need the money."

This disposed effectively of the Wall Street problem but Mr. Ford continued:

"Last year [1920] the Ford Company built 1,250,000 cars. We sold 50,000 last month [January, 1921]. During the present year we expect to do comparatively as much—perhaps three quarters of a million or more. We closed down some time ago to dispose of stocks on hand, which, including cars and materials, represented between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000. Our employes are now coming back to work."

As the motor manufacturer talked, first sitting on a low

radiator which proved warmish and then moving to a chair, I had my first chance to study him at close range.

Henry Ford did not impress one as a dreamer. His gaze did not wander off into space as he spoke dispassionately of plans for huge enterprise. He talked directly at me with a soft fire in his deep-set eyes. His whole bearing seemed to denote conviction with earnest force behind it. His voice is gentle, almost monotonous, except occasionally a slight rising inflection to emphasize a point. The greatest force comes from the eyes, coupled with a leaning posture toward the interviewer. Sometimes his hand is cupped under his chin as he sits more comfortably, with an elbow on knee, but the conversation flows on with the same directness.

What impressed me about Henry Ford was that it could be forgotten that here was a multimillionaire automobile-maker whose name was known in every hemisphere. You talk with Henry Ford with the self-same ease you find discussing the weather with the next-door neighbor. He attracts with his earnestness and would undoubtedly have made an expert salesman.

Though my first interview with Henry Ford was in 1921, as this chapter is being written more than a decade later newspapers still outline his plan for the decentralization of industry. Having dealt with Wall Street, he outlined one of his convictions that modern cities are unnatural centers of congestion, where products and labor are manipulated without regard for much but gain by those who manipulate. He called these manipulators "parasites" and said:

"Cities cause unnatural unrest in men's minds. They have created an unnatural condition which is robbing agriculture of its man-power, robbing both the worker and the manufacturer of normal human conditions, and creating the spectacle of the farmer's products having to be transported

to these great centers to be treated, milled or manipulated before they are transported back again to the smaller communities to be sold to the farmer. These conditions are artificial."

"What is the answer?" I asked.

Mr. Ford's answer was enough to make chambers of commerce shudder. It was simply that he dedicated his company to the task of getting industry, labor and transportation back into the country—into direct operation. He said:

"The Ford Company plans to get a large part of its manufacturing away from the great cities. We plan to utilize the water-power of small streams throughout the country for making various parts of our machinery, both for tractor and car. During the next few years we will enter many of the smaller towns and even villages where the townspeople and even the farmer, if he cares to, may have all the work wanted. This work for the farmer will come when he is not busy on his farm and so will add to his earnings.

"The farmer will see the day when both the horse and cow are done away with. The horse will go because of the concentrated energy of automobile and tractor."

"But what about the cow and her milk and other dairy products," I interrupted.

"It is a simple matter," he replied, "to take the same cereals that the cows eat and make them into a milk which is superior to the natural article and much cleaner. The cow is the crudest machine in the world. Our laboratories have already demonstrated that cow's milk can be done away with and the concentration of the elements of milk can be manufactured into scientific food by machines far cleaner than cows and not subject to tuberculosis."

"What about the meat which the cow also provides?" I asked.

"Meat is not essential," he contended. "A scientific food, such as I have described, will not only take the place of milk, but meat. As for the horse, he is a twelve-hundred-pound haymotor of one horse power. A little machine half his size will equal twenty of him."

Mr. Ford believed then and still believes implicitly in the decentralization of industry. He is convinced that the farmer wastes time "slaving in winter for a few cows" and might well be gaining revenue if the source of revenue is brought close enough to him. American cities have injurious effects on mental, moral and physical life, he told me. Twenty-five years ago, he said in 1921, there were only four automobiles in the United States and thirty-five years prior to that time there were no electric street cars. Fifteen years prior to 1921, he said, there were no farm tractors, or airships. The wireless had not been discovered.

As I sat talking to Mr. Ford it struck me that, after all, the next half century might well see the beginning of a comparatively cowless, horseless, milkless, meatless era in which the city laborer had become a joint mechanical farmer-laborer and the farmer holding all the advantages of the two.

I talked at great length to the motor manufacturer and took no notes until after he had departed for his home in Dearborn and I had boarded an interurban car for Detroit. The following day I again talked with him and then wired the interview to New York.

The manufacturer's views were widely published and commented upon in newspapers and periodicals both in the United States and abroad. Time proved the Ford Company's complete independence of Wall Street. The company pulled out of the 1921 depression by the simple expedient of obliging its horde of dealer agents to buy and sell more Ford

cars. The Ford idea for decentralizing industry was analyzed by industrial experts as feasible on the ground that it was not healthy to ridicule a man who had once dreamed that automobiles could be made articles of cheap bulk production and had spotted the earth with them over a brief period of fifteen years.

Mr. Ford's dream of cowless milk and beefless meat, however, did not fare so well. It led the humorists and caricaturists into delightful spasms of fun. One cartoonist depicted a flivver being milked by a farm boy while a typical farmer sat on the fence nearby remarking, "I ain't surprised —I was expectin' it." Another artist sketched a herd of flivvers cavorting at milking time.

A New York columnist commented in rhyme as follows:

Our Henry Ford's decided that the cow's a wasteful actor,
That as a milk machine she's punk, and nothing like a tractor.

So now he'll build a cow of tin and, what makes it even
odder,
He'll fix it up to chew the cud of hay and other fodder.

Efficiency will rule the farm, as in factories it's doing,
When from the pastures we can hear a herd of tractors moo-
ing.

The motor cows will have their horns, but not the kind that
stick you,
And while the crank may crack your wrist, they'll have no
legs to kick you.

And in daily speech the motor cow will also be a factor;
No more we'll say "he throws the bull" but now "he throws
the tractor."

And the farm garage at milking time will be a pleasant vision—

The milkmaids in their overalls all cranking with precision.

Into the pails synthetic milk will froth in bubbling rivers,
Below a sign that tells the world: MILK FROM CONTENTED FLIVVERS.

A writer in the Manchester *Guardian* in England also took to verse like this:

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"But it isn't polite to tell fairy tales—

What have you done with your stool and your pails?"

"Forgive me, old bean, you're a bit out of date,"

The maiden replied as she opened the gate.

"Well, why do you carry a spanner, my dear,

And an outfit that looks like plumber's gear?

The milkmaids that Herrick and others sang

Never resembled a breakdown gang."

"Dear me," said the maiden, "you do leave me bored.

Have you never heard tell of the great Mr. Ford?

You know how his infinite zeal and resource

Improved on that ancient contrivance, the horse?

Well, he's done the same thing for the dairyman now—

And I'm off to milk Henry's mechanical cow.

Don't stand there and jaw about buckets and stools—

If you want to come with me, just carry the tools."

A more scientific look into the synthetic milk proposition was undertaken by Rockefeller Institute. Eventually, it developed through experiment a fluid made mechanically of peanuts, oats and other cereals through artificial mastica-

tion and processing with water, which was milk, but somewhere along the line the cow, for her part, mysteriously contrives to endow her product with certain vitamins and an element important in the growth of children known as "fat-soluble A." This the mechanical process can not do.

Dr. Elmer Lee, a New York physician and vegetarian, defended Mr. Ford's synthetic milk theory with some vigor. He deplored the human being as the only animal which indulged in milk by choice after the growth of teeth. He denounced animal milk as something nature had never intended as human food. He blasted the cow as "an obsolete, expensive and cumbersome animal." Being a vegetable-eater neither could he sponsor beefsteak. However, he made a good case for the "frugivora" type as opposed to the carnivorous meat-eating type. He maintained that frugivora attain greatest age and strength and still enjoy health and mildness of temperament—for example, the elephant, the sea-tortoise and the parrot. Frugivora, he explained, embrace those beasts and birds who touch neither flesh, fowl, milk, eggs or any of the animal substances. On the other hand the good doctor claimed with some logic that the carnivorous types, notably felines, live short and ferocious lives.

The synthetic milk controversy was not a mere flash in the pan. Dr. Albert F. Hess, of Columbia University, one of the foremost physicians in research work along dietary lines, opposed the synthetic school. Vitamins and animal fats can not be put into milk by machinery, he said.

Dr. William H. Park, New York city bacteriologist, disagreed that "vegetable fluids" could be called synthetic milk. He expressed, however, "no doubt that the human body can get along without flesh and thrive and the same applies to such an organic substance as milk." He added:

"The substitute might as well be 'vegetable fluid' as anything else—peanut fats, for example, probably contain as much if not more vitamins than animal fats."

The controversy finally reached the point at which executives of the larger dairy companies began successfully to defend old bossy against the power-driven cow and win with eminent authority behind them.

A number of years later I again interviewed Mr. Ford at Dearborn and recalled that synthetic milk had failed on the vitamin test. He defended the original theory but said it had since been discovered that fats placed in the rays of the sun would acquire vitamins. I did not press the point.

My second visit with Mr. Ford was in the summer of 1925 when American industry had revived from its post-war depression and was in the era of expansion which was culminated only with the resounding crash of credit late in 1929. I recalled the interview of four years previous when he had put Wall Street in its place and asked him to reply to another report then current that he had acquired a bank of his own in Wall Street. This he denied vigorously and reiterated his contempt for the Street. He did more. He frankly disclosed to me the then balance of the Ford Company's bank deposits. I consider myself still under a pledge not to publish the figure but it was evident then, assets and liabilities considered, that Henry Ford was something of a Wall Street in himself. He spoke in terms of millions of dollars and armies of employes with utter disregard of the tremendous wealth and industrial power which his name implies to every one. As I saw him and talked with him, he was still the unspoiled Dearborn mechanic tinkering with the idea for a motor car fifty years ago. His interest varies with the same keenness from dancing to inaugurating airship lines and ocean fleets, or figuring out some simple system of comfort for his

300,000 employes. He had lately written a pamphlet against cigarette smoking and had prepared a thesis on why English should be the universal tongue. Coincident with my visit, he had started a campaign to bring back the old style dancing. A large ballroom space had been canvased off in one corner of the big Dearborn laboratory building and he had brought Benjamin B. Lovett, a Massachusetts dancing master, to teach classes in the various American and Scotch reels, the Portland Fancy, Fisher's Hornpipe, Money Musk, Pop Goes the Weasel, the numerous waltzes, including the charming old Rye waltz, the Ripple, heel and toe polkas and various quadrilles. He insisted there was no style or grace in the tango, the Chicago, the onestep and other terpsichorean assemblies where the requirement was wriggling around over a few square feet of space.

Mr. Ford believed that industrial expansion at that time still had far to go; that Calvin Coolidge, the new incumbent in the White House, should be kept there as long as possible because "he did not rock the boat." High wages he believed were a barometer of prosperity while heavy taxation which struck at ownership was basically harmful to industry and the country itself.

A rumor that the Ford Company intended to go into quantity production of small "flivver airplanes" brought from the motor manufacturer a conservative view that the time was not ripe for dotting the skies with planes as he had dotted the earth with cars. He stated that he had "experimented twelve years with my motor car before being convinced that it was a stable and lasting product for the public and I intend to experiment with the airplane until I am convinced that flying is more than 90 per cent the skill of the man at the throttle."

The Ford Company had during 1925 inaugurated its own

ocean-going steamship line with five units under the Ford flag—the bluebird ensign, symbolizing happiness for sailors. The happiness for sailors was bound up in a minimum wage of \$100 a month, comfortable living quarters afloat and good food. The company was also operating a 350-mile railroad at a minimum wage rate of six dollars a day for section hands and up to \$375 a month for conductors and others. Engineers and firemen wore spotless white uniforms.

Little known perhaps is the fact that Henry Ford devised special machinery in his plants to eliminate heavy human lifting and had constructed special street-car lines on which his employes may ride to work in greater comfort. Shipping circles were shocked when he set up the hundred-dollar minimum seaman's wage. He explained it thus:

"Decent wages and decent conditions naturally bring a better class of men to the sea and give sailors their self-respect. Better sleeping quarters, food and wages contribute to better work on ships as well as in industry. Men have respect for their calling under these conditions. From our own business point of view the minimum wage idea is good business. Our ships will be handled better, loaded and unloaded faster, and will be more sure to get there. The class of men which they will draw will give value received for every dollar of pay expended."

When biographers get around to putting down on paper the entire story of Henry Ford they will, indeed, write an important chapter of American industrial history and the romance of an amazing man with ideas and ideals who knew how to apply them and when to drop them.

CHAPTER XXVI

FRANCE COMES THROUGH

SELDOM does an American tourist visit France and fail to spend some time at the museum of the Louvre. Hanging conspicuously in one of the rooms of this great building will be seen the masterpiece "Arrangement in Gray and Black," a portrait of his mother by James McNeill Whistler. It is the sole painting by an American ever to pass the portals of that pinnacle of artistic distinction, France's premier art gallery.

The story behind the story of the Whistler painting will bear repeating. Early in 1924 Whistler had been dead twenty years. Thirteen years before the American passed on, the French government on the advice of Georges Clemenceau and Leon Bourgeois spent four thousand francs for the "Arrangement in Gray and Black" and it was hung in the Luxembourg, destined for the Louvre, according to established custom, a decade after the death of the artist. Whistler received the Legion of Honor, but most important of all was the assurance that the great gray building on the banks of the Seine would one day house for posterity his most noble work.

It was a fruitful little tempest that followed the discovery that Whistler's painting was not only absent from the Louvre two decades after his death but had not even sustained the honor of remaining in the Luxembourg gallery. It was discovered demoted to a still smaller and less noble milieu, the

Jeu de Paume, a museum in the Tuileries Gardens. Here it was surrounded by the works of other American artists, all then living—Mary Cassatt, Walter Gay, Cecilia Beaux and Alexander Harrison. John Singer Sargent's "Carmencita" also was there. This discovery followed a cable to me in Paris from Royal Cortissoz, that fine critic of art who knew Whistler well. He sketched the terms of France's contract and wondered what about it. It was his idea that I ascertain why the portrait was not in the Louvre.

The French government had a ready answer for the situation. It was simply that the French government respected the opinion of its connoisseurs who had handed down a purely artistic opinion that Whistler's painting was not ready for the Louvre.

Why should a single American canvas go to the Louvre and hang there in isolation without any advantageous exhibition? the authorities inquired. Is it not better off, they persisted, surrounded by contemporary American art and the work of the modern schools of all nations?

At the Ministry of Beaux Arts, the failure to elevate Whistler to the Louvre was said to cast no reflection on the American painter's masterpiece. The point was made that he despised most of the Anglo-American art of his day, and his satisfaction was expressed frankly when the French government purchased the portrait of his mother, as he believed it some day destined for the Louvre.

Several of the most important artists of France had been dead more than ten years, I was told, and they had not figured in the Louvre. The Luxembourg still contained canvases of Manet as well as fourteen chefs d'œuvre of Puvis de Chavannes.

I sought out M. Leonce Benedite, curator of the National Museum, who had a more ingenious explanation of why

Whistler's painting should have been taken from the Luxembourg and placed in the comparatively ineffective niche, the lowly Jeu de Paume in the Tuileries. His opinion was more interesting because of his one-time close friendship for Whistler and his genuine interest in the American's work. He said:

"I was perhaps Whistler's greatest friend in France, and I have for him not only affection but a great admiration. It is for that reason I can well understand the desire of America to see my friend's work of art transported to the Louvre.

"But the eye does not share this desire. The portrait of Whistler's mother, where it is to-day, surrounded by the work of his fellow countrymen, as well as the contemporaries of other nationalities, is in a more fitting position than if it were isolated in one of the salons of the Louvre. Above all, it is necessary for the work to be exhibited under the best conditions for the comprehension of the public.

"To surround the painting with works of the same kind and of the same epoch at once enhances and explains a given picture. In this regard the collection of the Jeu de Paume possesses a unique composition, since it offers a résumé of the modern foreign painters. Certainly the Whistler will some day be taken to the Louvre, but it will be taken along with the other pictures which will escort it in order to prevent its isolation and loss of intrinsic value.

"At this moment no one is happier than I to see this change taking place, but now is not the moment for placing the picture in the Louvre, and I know it is the opinion of a considerable number of American artists, and indeed of every one with whom I have discussed the matter that the Whistler canvas had better remain where it is for the time being with the entourage that it requires."

It was after a talk with M. Benedite that I cabled to New

York the whole story of Whistler's demotion; the broken promise of thirty-three years gone when Georges Clemenceau—later the famous old "Tiger" and wartime Premier of France—was a somewhat youngish member of the French government establishment. It was then also that Leon Bourgeois, later to become France's father of the League of Nations—a League with teeth—was on his way up to heights of civic fame. A promise by these men had become by 1924 a promise worthy of France's attention and it was in this spirit that I cabled a resounding story to the New York *Tribune* which the following day stirred America's leading artists to a somewhat choleric state.

In the opinion of his countrymen Whistler overnight became the greatest painter that ever lived. According to Childe Hassam, a leading figure in American art, M. Benedite was "walking around a post" and "bowing to the public" when he tried to justify Whistler's "Arrangement in Gray and Black" in the *Jeu de Paume*. Mr. Hassam went so far as to say that if Whistler were a Frenchman he would have been in the Louvre long before and "lacking a room for his work they would have built a special museum to house it." He rated "Whistler's Mother" the greatest painting in the world and Whistler "the greatest artist that ever lived and a greater etcher than Rembrandt." Another who thought Whistler the "greatest artist" was George Bellows and he added that "the French attitude toward the 'Arrangement in Gray and Black' seems to be colored by fear for the nation's prestige in art as well as giving the American art buyer the idea that his native art is worth money."

The tempest went on. Mr. Cortissoz delivered himself of a long editorial in the *Tribune* which stirred Joseph Pennell, Whistler's biographer, to add to the story in a letter to the paper. Mr. Cortissoz expressed the opinion with subtlety that

the canvas of Whistler's Mother "might be expected to fit far more harmoniously into the Louvre than, say, the 'Olympia' of Manet, to which we have recently had occasion to refer, or those works by Meissonier which, through bequests, have found their way into the museum." He held that one could almost hear Whistler's "wrathful derisory cackle" upon hearing that his masterpiece was being kept out of the Louvre "to insure it against isolation."

Whistlers' genius [wrote Mr. Cortissoz] résides absolutely in his conception of art as the transmogrification of life into a purely aesthetic pattern. In that lies his justification and his triumph. He felt that the world had nothing to do with the identity of his portrait. He offered it to posterity not as a portrait of his mother in the ordinary human sense, but as an "Arrangement." Through the erection of that principle and his application of it he arrived at a type of painting unique in the art of his time.

In his letter to the *Tribune*, Mr. Pennell said that Whistler had repeatedly told him and Mrs. Pennell how he had hawked the portrait of the Mother around the art galleries of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other centers and they would have none of it. He then traced the terms of the sale to the French government—\$620 in cash—the Legion of Honor and the Louvre ten years after the artist's death. And he concluded:

The French government has carried out the first two conditions of its agreement or contract; the last, the important one, it has broken, and it also has taken the picture from the Luxembourg, and its disgraceful conduct would have broken Whistler's heart. . . . The painting should now be put in the Louvre, as Whistler died twenty years ago last July. [1903.] These are the facts—and there were no other conditions on either side.

Within a few weeks, Whistler's masterpiece disappeared from the Jeu de Paume and it was a long time after the tempest stirred by the discovery that Whistler had been humiliated that I happened to be on a visit to the Louvre with friends. As we walked up a carpeted stairway into a room containing fortunes in art, there at the far end facing us was the "Arrangement in Gray and Black." Without fanfare, without cymbals and perhaps a little shamefacedly, France had made good. It is there to-day in the great gray building on the banks of the Seine with its Rembrandts and Rubenses, its da Vincis and Michelangelos, its Davids and Titians, its Millets and other master works.

The Americas had finally made the Louvre and Whistler had come through.

CHAPTER XXVII

LINDBERGH—DIPLOMAT—CONQUERS A NATION

ON the late afternoon of May 10, 1927, a report spread in Paris that Nungesser and Coli, well-known French aviators, had successfully made the west-to-east crossing of the Atlantic and were acclaimed in New York Harbor. An evening newspaper, popular among Parisians, purported to have an interview with Nungesser.

Crowds gathered in the Place de l'Opéra and up and down the boulevards. Avid for details, several hundred persons sought the bulletin board at the Avenue de l'Opéra office of the New York *Herald*. This newspaper had no confirmation of the reported landing and the crowd showed anger. Mutterings were heard. There were audible comments upon an alleged American jealousy that France had been the first to conquer the Atlantic from Paris to New York by air. Was the American newspaper holding out on this account? Angry shouts began to reflect a severe anti-American sentiment. The international debt controversy was invoked. America was not playing the game.

There began vocal manifestation of gossip, current for days hitherto, that American meteorological authorities had denied accurate weather data for the French fliers before they took off. The Madame Defarges in the bistros, taxicab chauffeurs and concierges had repeated this libel so often that they believed it.

The Paris *Herald* office was visibly in danger of mob violence. This was neatly averted, however, when a French employe of the newspaper addressed the crowd and succeeded in assuring most of its members that the newspaper "unfortunately" had no news of the flight but would be glad to announce it immediately upon receipt, "possibly within a short time."

The crowd broke up slowly and moved off down the Boulevard des Italiens to the offices of *Le Matin*, a leading morning newspaper. Here again there was no news. Some one at *Le Matin* had obviously anticipated confirmation of the reports, now being spread about the streets in extras issued by several evening newspapers, and had decorated the second-story front of the building with entwined French and American flags.

The twice disappointed crowd became unruly. Some one shouted, "Down with the Yancqui flag; this is France's honor alone," and others took it up. Some vile epithets were hurled, and the officials of *Le Matin*, driving prudence before valor, ordered down the American flags.

I cite these incidents because they were symptomatic of French feeling towards America at that time. Some French citizens even thought that we might try to collect our debt by force. For weeks Americans on the boulevards and streets of Paris had not shared the popularity of German tourists who were again beginning to show themselves in the French capital. The United States had declined to accept the European formula of guaranteeing German reparations. Frenchmen generally resented this. And as charming as the French people can be on occasion, they also know how to exercise their phobias.

Night came in Paris without further word of Nungesser and Coli. There was no confirmation that they had been seen

anywhere. On the western side of the Atlantic a severe storm was raging.

As Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, I deemed it my duty to cable an account of the crowd's manifestations and in particular the flag incident. Representatives of my bureau had seen it all. It developed the next day that I alone of all American correspondents in Paris had sent the news. One rival denied that anything of the kind had occurred. In this I am loath to say that Ambassador Myron T. Herrick—fighting always a desperate battle to keep Franco-American relations on an even keel—gave an interview saying that he had heard nothing of it. However, the following day the Associated Press, on orders from its New York headquarters, made a thorough check-up of all details and wholly confirmed them.

It was on such a setting of international relationship that Captain Charles Augustus Lindbergh, U.S. Army Reserve, flew out of the night from New York in his monoplane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*. It was from the wings of this same stage setting that Mr. Herrick with extraordinary diplomatic acumen used Captain Lindbergh to change a surly France into a nation pouring out enthusiastic affection for America through the blond young flier, the symbol. There has been nothing like it in history.

It occurred to me that the old-style diplomacy with its blandishments, its prevaricatory license and trumpery had lost something forever. As a newspaper reporter I was never overfond of diplomats. Socially as individuals they seldom left much to be desired. Otherwise, they were seldom frank and aboveboard with the press. When they became so it generated a suspicion that there was an ax to grind and usually such suspicions were noteworthy. There were exceptions to this rule of mine and I speak only for myself.

But exceptions were few and far between in my active reportorial experiences and when one found a frank and sincere diplomat he was a rare jewel indeed.

Mr. Herrick in his effort to bolster Franco-American relations in the lamentable period of 1927 was facing almost insurmountable obstacles and he was conscious of them. The ill feeling engendered by the debt was cumulative. Ill-timed speeches in the Chamber of Deputies and in the American House and Senate had not helped Franco-American amity, but there had been other irritating and provocative incidents in many directions.

Outstanding among the pin-pricks of the period was the effort of Marc de Germiny, a well-known French historian, to show that George Washington, father of our country, was a rascal. De Germiny painted an alleged and unknown portrait of Washington, an "obscure major in the British Army" during 1753 and 1754 when he described Washington as having given the order to fire on a French lieutenant with a body of men arriving before Washington's headquarters with a message from the French governor. Later, continued de Germiny, Captain Devilliers, brother of the slain lieutenant, was assigned to "avenge the affront" and with fifteen hundred men captured Washington and his troops at Fort Nécessité on the Monongahela, "showing toward Washington and his garrison a generosity which the recent assassination of his brother made all the more remarkable," said the author. "It was thus that there appeared, at the outset, to our compatriots the man who fifteen years later was to found the Republic of the United States, thanks to the prestige of our arms," said de Germiny.

The author also told how Washington, as a general, fell in love with an American girl, Mary Connor. But Mary, he

asserts, actually loved a young and handsome Mr. Clairfort to whom she handed all the presents she received from Washington as well as secret information concerning him. "Warned by Clairfort, the English plotted to surprise Washington at the Connor home," wrote the historian, "but Mary refused and Washington had a lucky but narrow escape."

De Germiny contended that Washington's officers treated Frenchmen badly "and tried to blame their failure on us." He added: "Their jealousy went so far that once General Sullivan forgot himself and dictated a daily order injurious to us. Riots broke out in Boston between the inhabitants and French sailors which cost the lives of some officers."

The historian pursued his subject to say that "these incidents caused even La Fayette's brother-in-law, Vicomte de Noailles, to write to Admiral Destaing, Commander of the French fleet in 1779, 'Why are the Americans so unworthy of our alliance? We make great efforts in their behalf, but we must always be careful not to shock them. We must tell them they know things of which they are ignorant, and yield to them when we should lead them.'"

M. de Germiny found some explanation of affairs in the theory advanced by the French minister, De Rayneval, that the spirit of mercantile cupidity governs all the peoples of the North, and would undoubtedly influence essentially the future destinies of the American Republic. "And who will deny," the historian inquired, "that Rayneval was a good prophet?"

Paris and France finally gave up hope for the safety of Nungesser and Coli. And with this conviction there was even talk around Paris that somehow the Americans had seen to it that the intrepid French fliers had failed. Some

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of the stories, repeated by chauffeurs of taxicabs and hangers-on in cafés, were so malicious and fantastic that no balanced person would believe them.

What had actually occurred was that Paris had suffered the worst newspaper hoax in current memory and the newspapers were less to be blamed than popularly believed. A cable was received late Monday afternoon (May 10th) from New York by a Franco-American bank and was relayed to the American embassy. It stated that Nungesser and Coli had landed in New York. From the embassy the news spread unofficially but was taken up by a Parisian news agency as official. Soon large headlines began to appear in tens of thousands of extra editions in the streets. Paris read: "Nungesser and Coli have triumphed," "Nungesser and Coli at New York," "Nungesser and Coli have landed in New York Harbor; the Atlantic is crossed." One extra edition gave details as follows:

Nungesser and Coli after landing in the water remained momentarily quiet in their plane as if insensible to the acclamations which arose from ships surrounding them. Then both arose in their seats and embraced one another. A motor boat slid alongside the fuselage of the aeroplane and conducted Nungesser and Coli to the wharf. An immense crowd awaited them. Nungesser made no statement regarding the voyage, simply saying that he was happy to have succeeded and was anxious to sleep.

Little wonder that the boulevard crowds refused to credit the blank bulletin boards outside newspaper offices. Little wonder that War Minister Paul Painleve sat himself down and dictated a cablegram of congratulations to the aviators addressed to New York. Little wonder that Ambassador Herrick sent Premier Aristide Briand a message congratulating France and that Premier Briand notified President

Doumerge. It was therefore natural that some little time later an interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies demanded an investigation of the "greatest hoax ever perpetrated in France" and that the ministers on the government bench pleaded with the Chamber to "forget it." In one of my despatches to the *Herald Tribune* at that time, I wrote:

The happiest outcome of the ill-fated flight would have been its complete success, together with the enthusiastic, almost worshipful reception which awaited the French fliers. That would have done more than anything to have cemented the cordial relations of the two people. In that sense America shares the loss of the two gallant fliers equally with France.

For some time France had been hearing of a Bellanca plane owned by Charles Levine and piloted by Clarence D. Chamberlin which was waiting for weather in New York. There were also stories of the tri-motor Ford plane *America*, waiting to start for Europe with Commander Richard E. Byrd and a distinguished crew numbering Bernt Balchen, Bert Acosta and Lieutenant George O. Noville, U.S.N. Then had joined to this array of weather-waiting fliers on the American side one Captain Charles A. Lindbergh, a youthful pilot from the West who dropped quietly into New York in a Ryan plane from San Diego, California, via St. Louis. Briefly, the Paris news despatches referred to this young man as the "Flying Fool." The French newspapers translated it "L'Imbécile Volant."

Then, on May 20th, Paris heard that Lindbergh had taken off.

To my own dismay as Paris correspondent of the *Herald Tribune* I was advised by my home office that a rival newspaper had negotiated an agreement with Lindbergh before his departure from Roosevelt Field to write an account

of his flight exclusively for that publication. This meant that my job of covering the *Herald Tribune* had become somewhat difficult. The agreement with Lindbergh on the part of our rival was a perfectly laudable one. Some one in that office had anticipated that if the youthful flier succeeded in bridging the Atlantic by air his personal story would be outstanding. However, it is permissible to wonder whether any one in New York—inside or outside newspaper offices—actually had enough prevision to gage just what this flight would mean.

Aside from gathering, writing and cabling preliminary reactions and other features of Lindbergh's anticipated arrival in Paris on May 20th, I found it expedient to make some preparations on my own account to handle the story. I arranged with the Commercial Cable Company to have fast transmission facilities at Le Bourget airfield which meant merely a telephone manned by an employe of the company should be on hand to relay despatches. It was arranged also that two of the best reporters on the New York *Herald*, our European edition, should be at the airfield to pick up not only all details for their particular newspaper but any that I might miss if and when the actual landing took place. I was able to learn that our rival on its part planned to rush Lindbergh from the airfield into Paris and isolate him in a downtown hotel where he might tell his story to the exclusion of other newspapers. The concierge of this hotel was visited and pledged across the palm to divulge all details, assuming that Lindbergh landed safely and our rival succeeded in smuggling him into the isolation of the hotel in the heart of Paris.

Paris momentarily forgot its own heroic fliers who had failed and discussed the chances of Lindbergh's success. Despatches from New York described the young flier and

his Ryan plane in exhaustive detail. His flight from San Diego and New York was rehearsed. It was told that he was tall and blond and known to his intimates as "Slim." The dimensions of his plane, its fuselage, its wingspread, its color, its markings, and its single Wright Whirlwind J.5.C. 200-H.P. radial air-cooled motor were gone over. *Le Matin* editorialized ponderously, "Such a man is capable of success." France began to turn herself inside out to receive him before he had barely passed Labrador. Every resource of the French air service, the army and the navy were martialed to aid and guide the airman should he reach the French coast. Everything was in readiness at Le Bourget where he was scheduled to land. France's ministers, France's greatest airmen, Ambassador Herrick and his embassy staff all declared the intention of meeting Lindbergh at the airfield and rendering to him a reception worthy of Napoleon's return from his greatest victories. A billion-candle-power light on Mount Valerien, just outside the capital, sent its powerful rays into the sky twenty-four hours before Lindbergh could possibly have arrived.

There was a feeling among experienced aviators and others that the odds were heavily against the young American flier, yet there was faith that he would come through. Pelletier d'Oisy, France's premier long distance flier, told me that Lindbergh was playing "Heads I win, Tails you lose" but showing admirable courage and "if he makes it, I will be the first to buy him a bottle of champagne." Major Granville Pollock, who served in the La Fayette Escadrille and the American army during the war, declared he believed it a physical impossibility for any pilot to fly a plane for thirty-six hours. He anticipated that Lindbergh would surely doze off before he reached Paris. It was to Leon Bathiat, a French flier of twenty years' experience, that Lindbergh's

California-New York flight and the masterful way he had navigated this meant success on the transatlantic venture. Bathiat laid his plans to greet "the brave fellow at Le Bourget to-morrow night." Following the "hunch" the American Club in Paris began to organize an honorary luncheon and a long list of American residents were asked to register promptly and avoid the rush.

The Lindbergh flight was so well publicized in Paris and in France during the thirty-three and one half hours that Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis* was covering the thirty-eight hundred miles between Roosevelt Field, New York, and Le Bourget Field, France, that an immense crowd had gathered at Le Bourget five miles outside the gates of Paris by nine o'clock on the evening of May 21, 1927.

Earlier in the evening excitement was tense. There had been little news of Lindbergh's position since the liner, *Empress of Scotland*, reported a plane believed to be his at noon, though reports had circulated that he had been sighted over Ireland and only served to heighten public suspense. Then came word from Cherbourg that a plane resembling the *Spirit of St. Louis* had passed over that city at 8:25 o'clock flying in the direction of Paris.

Every one felt that this was probably correct, and the rush was on to Le Bourget. There was little to do for correspondents of New York morning newspapers except to cable some preliminary matter which would be of general interest. This accomplished, I wrote and took personally to the office of the Commercial Cable Company on the Boulevard des Capucines a brief bulletin to be sent on the New York cable when and if Lindbergh landed safely at Le Bourget. It said merely that Lindbergh had landed, and was to be held for release.

I motored to Le Bourget at 7:00 P.M. The great airport which serves most of the passenger traffic of Paris to and

from continental points and Great Britain is reached from the capital by a single paved road. It is a joint civil and military field with hangars on both sides. The military hangars are on the far side and flanking the Paris road are the civilian hangars and administration structures. One of these is a two-story buffet building which also serves as a waiting-room on the ground floor for arriving or departing passengers. Another building to the right contains the offices of airport officials. Separating these buildings from the field proper is a high iron grill fence. Back of this fence towards the road is a large enclosure with gravel walks, flower beds and a parking space for automobiles. As I drove into this enclosure I noted that a considerable number of cars already were parked and among them a limousine belonging to the competing newspaper which had contracted with Lindbergh in New York for his exclusive story. This car had its nose pointed conveniently at the road exit in anticipation of a quick getaway after Lindbergh landed. The plan was to get Lindbergh into the car and race him to Paris where in a hotel suite he would be immune to journalistic clamor other than that applied by the party of the first part. This was a bit ominous and after consultation with a friendly gendarme we agreed that the best guarantee of a quick exit was not inside the enclosure at all. Hence, I parked my car about one hundred yards down the road in the direction of Paris. I then located the two reporters from the *New York Herald* and planned with them that they were to get as close to the *Spirit of St. Louis* as possible when the landing was made and register everything that Lindbergh said or did. In the meantime I reserved for myself a roving assignment which would permit a size-up of the general scene and situation or any unforeseen contingency. I investigated a small storeroom on the upper floor of the buffet building and found per ar-

rangement the representative of the Commercial Cable Company standing by with a private telephone open to his office in Paris. (All public toll telephones in France at that time ceased to function at 9:30 P.M.) Windows of this room looked out over the landing field.

About 9:00 P.M. a large crowd had gathered and began to press on the high iron fence. Police stationed at short intervals along the barrier admonished enthusiastic ones to desist. Flood-lights inside the fence were being tested. The crowd thickened and put greater pressure not only on the fence but on the patience of the police. A glance back towards the outside enclosure gave evidence that in the meantime hundreds of cars had been parked and the rest of the area was black with people. Spurred on by reports in Paris that Lindbergh was certain to land, all that part of Paris with any form of convenient transportation had caught the spirit of transatlantic aviation. The entire countryside had also awakened. Hundreds of young bloods arrived on bicycles. Women came from near-by sections wheeling baby buggies. The crowd—thirty thousand it was later estimated—was going to see “Landbare” come in from New York or know the reason why.

At ten o'clock it was almost impossible to move in the crowd outside the fence and the police were having their difficulties. The fence was already askew in places.

I had arranged to signal the cable representative at the window of the little room above when time came to release the bulletin that Lindbergh had landed. It dawned on me, however, that—in view of the immense crowd—it was better to watch the crowd and Lindbergh's arrival—if he succeeded—from the second-story window. I entered the buffet building with difficulty and found the cable man still in un-

had been received well ahead of that of any news service. This cable did not go to Le Bourget but was received at my office in Paris which was in the building of the *Paris Herald*. It served to give the *Herald* its first news that Lindbergh had safely landed at Le Bourget. Of course, the *Herald* received this news after it had traveled to New York and back a distance of about seven thousand miles.

I did not see Lindbergh at close range at the airfield that night at all. The first I saw of him was when he sat on the side of a bed in the American embassy a few hours later and told the story of his flight.

Some correspondents who were in the vanguard of the great crowd saw the young flier. One of the New York *Herald* men opened the door of the *Spirit of St. Louis* and helped him into the arms of the waiting crowd which, once they had him, began to mill aimlessly around in a mêlée of joyful celebration with Lindbergh sometimes upright on their shoulders and sometimes not so upright.

I do not believe any one, even Lindbergh, had a very clear picture of just what happened. According to Lindbergh's own story in his book, *We*, published after his return to the United States, he was for nearly half an hour unable to touch the ground, being ardently carried around by the crowd "in what seemed to be a very small area, and in every position it is possible to be in."

For my own part it seemed but a brief time after I had despatched the flash to New York and had cabled a small amount of supplementary matter, that I climbed down into the crowd and began to bore my way towards the center of the field. I had not gone far when police, soldiers and civilians were seen carrying a hatless blond young man in the direction of the administration building. Progress was being made with the greatest difficulty. Thousands of milling humans were

whooping their enthusiasm and were seemingly intent on blocking the way. I followed this spectacle. The young man carried a flier's leather helmet grasped in one hand. He was protesting with energy but no one heard or paid attention. His shirt was torn, his necktie askew and his hair was rumpled. Finally his protectors maneuvered him to the door of the administration building but were unable to open it because of the dense crowd. A soldier raised the butt of his rifle and knocked out a window through which the young man was projected without great ceremony. I was able somehow to follow through this window and make my way upstairs in the wake of the "captive" and into a room where Ambassador Herrick, various French government officials and officials of the airport had gathered.

Ambassador Herrick advanced on the blond young man with congratulatory words and extending at arm's length a bouquet of red roses. The proffer was somewhat incongruous because any human who had flown the Atlantic was in no mood for roses. A glass of stimulant or at least a glass of milk would have been more appropriate.

The young man sought to adjust his misdirected necktie and to the amazement of all assembled bellowed fiercely:

"I'm not Lindbergh!"

"Oh, yes, you are," insisted Mr. Herrick still advancing with the roses.

"Oh, no, I'm not," thundered the exasperated youth.

"But, my boy—," argued Mr. Herrick.

"I'm not Lindbergh," insisted the youth. "My name is Wheeler—Harry Wheeler—and the crowd thought I was Lindbergh."

With that the reception party was entirely deflated.

The victim proved to be Harry Wheeler, of New York, a spectator who had caught Lindbergh's helmet when Lind-

bergh, partially rescued by French aviators who had come from the military side of the airfield, had thrown it to appease the enthusiastic mob. The ruse had worked. Attention immediately settled on Wheeler who, like Lindbergh, was tallish and blond.

In the meantime Lindbergh was escorted as covertly as possible to a shed on the military side of the field and there under the friendly surveillance of the French aviation corps was permitted to recover his breath and was invited to lie down and rest.

The ranking officer among French aviators at Le Bourget was Commandant Weiss who directed Lindbergh's rescue. With him were Lieutenant Detroyat and others. From various sources it was later possible to reconstruct the story of how Lindbergh came to go to the American embassy in Paris instead of to the secret rendezvous in the confines of a Paris hotel to evade reporters except those of a single New York newspaper.

Once rescued from the crowd and its attention diverted successfully to Harry Wheeler, Lindbergh was concerned about his plane and was assured that it had been wheeled to a hangar on the civilian side of the field without much damage.

Commandant Weiss then sent word to Ambassador Herrick that Lindbergh was safe with him, and the ambassador, having given up his efforts to convince Wheeler that he was Lindbergh, accompanied Weiss's messenger across the airfield. This was his first meeting with the young aviator.

The ambassador invited Lindbergh to ride to Paris with him in his automobile which was at that moment entangled in one of the worst traffic jams Le Bourget or the Le Bourget-Paris road had ever seen. Lindbergh accepted the ambassador's offer and the ambassador recrossed the aviation field to make

the arrangements. But Mr. Herrick did not return and Commandant Weiss, conscious that Lindbergh had been under great strain and was in need of rest, ordered a car and took the aviator into the city. The chauffeur of the Weiss car was more familiar with the countryside than most. He discovered a small back country road over which he avoided all traffic and slipped into Paris possibly two hours ahead of hundreds of cars crawling funereally four abreast on the Le Bourget-Paris road, among them the ambassador's car sans Lindbergh.

Whether the ambassador had planned to make Captain Lindbergh his guest at the embassy, despite journalistic pre-arrangement for quarters elsewhere, is not known. Perhaps the ambassador would have argued this out with the young aviator had he succeeded in taking him into his car at the airfield. That aside, what did happen was that Commandant Weiss, accompanied by Captain Lindbergh and Lieutenant Detroyat, was whisked into Paris in record time and not to a hotel but to the embassy at No. 5 Avenue d'Iena.

The story was told in French aviation circles as follows:

Commandant Weiss understood virtually no English and neither did Lieutenant Detroyat. Captain Lindbergh, of course, was not familiar with French. Once inside the gates of Paris, Weiss asked Lindbergh as best he could under the circumstances where he wanted to go. Lindbergh replied:

"To the ambassador."

Weiss said to his chauffeur:

"À l'ambassador."

It was the Hotel Ambassador, Boulevard Haussmann, at which the suite had been ordered for Captain Lindbergh through the New York newspaper at the instance of Lindbergh's friends in St. Louis, sponsors and backers of the flight. It was here that Lindbergh was to be journalistically isolated.

Commandant Weiss's chauffeur interpreted "à l'ambassador" quite literally. To him it meant the American ambassador. And to the embassy Lindbergh went where he was received by Harlan Miller, secretary to Ambassador Herrick. Mr. Miller had awaited Mr. Herrick's return. Assuming that the latter had sent the young aviator ahead for strategic reasons, he summoned Mr. Herrick's valet who provided Lindbergh with room, bath, pajamas, bathrobe and slippers. And it was thus rather comfortably established in the embassy that Ambassador Herrick found the famous aviator upon his belated return from Le Bourget.

So far as can be recalled it was not recorded whether the ambassador brought the red roses back to Paris. But one of the first things he did after greeting Lindbergh at the embassy was to cable the following message to Lindbergh's mother at Detroit:

"Warmest congratulations. Your incomparable son has honored me by becoming my guest. He is in fine condition and is sleeping peacefully under Uncle Sam's roof."

As a matter of accuracy, at the hour this cablegram was despatched Captain Lindbergh was still very much awake. The reaction of fatigue due to his grueling flight had not yet set in. Before sleeping he received the *Herald Tribune*, and sitting on the edge of his bed, bathed, pajamaed, bathrobed and slippers though unshaven, he told the story of his transatlantic flight.

It was not only Mr. Herrick who first found and then lost Lindbergh at Le Bourget. Every newspaper correspondent did likewise. My own course—after finding Wheeler was not Lindbergh—was to return to the Commercial Cable Company's telephone-cable service in the buffet building and despatch a general story of the incidents of the night, thence into my car and on the road to Paris. This road, as already

narrated, was a solid mass of slow-moving cars. I discovered that some progress could be made over the very rough space above the curb line. Groups of people walking here impeded the way and often I had to work the little fish horn, with which all cars in France are equipped, to a somewhat frenzied tempo before getting the right of way. My most difficult period came when I ran into a sidewalk café still in operation. The situation resolved itself into bribing the proprietor to remove the chairs and tables. If I recall rightly it cost ten francs—something under forty cents at the then current rate of exchange.

Having eventually reached the city I made for the Ambassador Hotel. No Lindbergh. I then returned to my office in the rue de Louvre, and after consultation with all news sources including the two Paris *Herald* reporters it was possible to cable another batch of words to New York. Still no Lindbergh! Here was the mystery. Somehow instinct seems to tell that Ambassador Herrick might know something about it. Then to the embassy. No ambassador! But there was Lindbergh!

The ambassador eventually returned and Lindbergh consented to be interviewed.

He told the story, briefly, dramatically, of his thirty-three-hour lone eagle flight. It was news that every ear in the civilized world was waiting to hear. It was more important than any news which had held public attention for months. It was news of such a volatile nature that it could hardly be isolated and bottled.

The Lindbergh interview that night—cabled at urgent rates—caught some thirty-five thousand of the latest Sunday editions. By 8:00 A.M. in New York there was not a newspaper left on any news-stand. News dealers simply closed up shop and went home.

The interview was the cream of the whole thrilling episode, the most spectacular in aviation history. I here reproduce it in full:

From the *Herald Tribune* Paris Bureau,

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PARIS, May 22 [Sunday].—"The thing I can't get over is how short a time it took to cross the ocean," said Captain Charles A. Lindbergh, as he sat on the edge of a bed in the American Embassy here this morning—the first bed he had seen in more than fifty hours—and told his story of his daring, non-stop flight from New York to Paris.

"No, I am not sleepy at all," he insisted. "Only a little stiff."

"The weather was better than I had anticipated over Nova Scotia and Newfoundland—better than the weather bureau had expected. And then out on the open sea I ran into fog. I had to drive through a thousand miles of it. I couldn't get up over it and couldn't get below it, so had to go right through it a good deal of the time.

"Sometimes I was within ten feet of the water, just skimming above the surface. Sometimes I was 10,000 feet above it. I saw the lights of one ship at night on the open ocean. That was all. I didn't sight a single ship in the daytime. I understand, though, that one liner sighted me.

"At one time there was considerable sleet and ice on the bow of the plane, and I was a little concerned. But it cleared up."

"And you didn't feel in the least exhausted when you finished at Le Bourget?"

"Not in the least," Lindbergh replied. "I would be willing to go half as far again."

The flier was still awake at three o'clock this morning, clad in white pajamas and a light bathrobe.

"What about the kitten?"

"Well, now, I really didn't have any intention of taking

that cat along," Lindbergh responded. "Yes, there was a kitten at the field, but it wouldn't have done to have had even that much extra baggage.

"We could have gone a thousand miles more at least," Lindbergh said.

"What do you mean by 'We'? You were alone, weren't you?"

"Well, you know the ship was with me," the flier smiled. "You know I couldn't have got very far without it."

"Did you get any sleep on the way over?"

"Well, I slept a little, but you know I couldn't—very much. But I didn't get at all sleepy."

"I depended on the water the whole way across. I did study navigation, but I am not a navigator. This is my first trip to Europe."

Asked how long he planned to stay, Lindbergh replied: "Just as long as they will let me. I have a passport, all right, but you know I did not have time to get a visa."

Other correspondents had reached the embassy at this stage and came into the room. The interviewers asked him about the Channel crossing and the home stretch to which the flier replied:

"I saw the flares on the French coast thirty or forty miles away. I saw the Eiffel Tower a short distance out."

Lindbergh was reminded that when he arrived at the airfield it appeared for a time that he might be crushed by the crowd.

"Yes, it did," he said. "I wouldn't have got out of the plane so quickly, if it hadn't been for that crowd. I was afraid they were going to injure the plane."

This was the Lindbergh interview. It was brief, honest and to the point. It was the hitherto more or less unknown flier, mail pilot, stunt flier and barn-storming aviator talking. But this interview, as brief as it was, told the whole story of the historic first airplane passage from New York to Paris.

When Lindbergh returned to the United States and published a book, he was so overwhelmed with his position as a world hero that he could not write of the honors heaped upon him at home and abroad. Consequently, he asked Fitzhugh Green to contribute that part of the volume which dealt with the receptions first in Paris, then Brussels, London, New York and Washington. Green described the three ensuing weeks after the Le Bourget landing as "the greatest torrent of mass emotion ever witnessed in human history." More newspaper words were written about Lindbergh during that period than about any single individual. His light did not flare up and then diminish in brilliance. It kept on shining. It is still shining years later, and his every move remains live news. As these pages are being written Lindbergh's popularity is pitted against that of another popular hero—Franklin D. Roosevelt—because of the withdrawal by the administration in Washington of commercial air contracts and Lindbergh's letter to the President in protest of such action. It is difficult to gage the exact division of public opinion but enough has been given to determine without any doubt that Lindbergh still occupies a warm spot in everyday human emotions.

Captain Lindbergh's first move in Paris under the guidance of Ambassador Herrick was to visit Madame Nungesser, mother of one of the lost French fliers. This touched the hearts of the French as deeply as his refusal to accept for himself a large gift of money to purchase a cup commemorating his flight. He directed that this fund go to the "Caisse de Secours de l'Aéronautique for the benefit of the families of the French aviators who have laid down their lives for the progress of aviation."

It would require far too many pages of this volume to describe the honors heaped upon Lindbergh after his flight

to Europe. Suffice it to say that he was received and acclaimed by kings, presidents, premiers and the common horde alike. He was the recipient of some of the choicest medals to be offered by the various nations. One of these was bestowed personally by the late King Albert of Belgium.

But to me, a correspondent witnessing and writing about this distinct and unforgettable episode of history, the most striking phase was the complete sentimental transition of an entire nation literally overnight at the hands of a twenty-five-year-old youth who literally also flew into the hearts of the French nation.

Introducing Lindbergh to several hundred of France's leading officials, diplomats, senators and deputies three days after the transatlantic flight, Ambassador Herrick spoke thus:

"Gentlemen, I present to you the present American ambassador to France. I am the temporary retiring ambassador."

It was a stirring precedent in the annals of international relations.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BLIND MEN IN THE AIR

AMONG the epics that must go down in aviation history is the transatlantic flight of the giant tri-motor Fokker monoplane *America* with a crew of four. Commander (later Admiral) Richard E. Byrd organized and headed the flight. With him as Flight Engineer was Lieutenant George O. Noville, U.S.N. (Reserve), Bernt Balchen, Relief Engineer and pilot, and Bert Acosta, pilot.

The *America* made a heavy and precarious take-off at 5:27 A.M. on Wednesday, June 29, 1927, from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, and after almost two days in the air, during which time terrible weather and impenetrable fogs were experienced, she crashed her 9,000-pound burden in the shallow shore waters of the English Channel at Ver-sur-Mer, France, at 3:30 A.M. on July 1st.

At this time the entire world was flying conscious. America was flying mad. Lindbergh's great flight had been accomplished. Clarence D. Chamberlin and Charles A. Levine had made a surprise jaunt to Germany in a plane owned by the latter, and two daring young navy fliers, Maitland and Hegenberger, had winged over the Pacific from San Francisco to Honolulu in the C-2, a sister-ship of the *America*.

Perhaps a lucky star hangs over the life of Richard E. Byrd who, as this is written, sits alone in a small hut under the snow of the Antarctic to remain the winter months for the sake of science. Had not a lucky star attended him on the

night of July 1, 1927, neither the valiant commander nor his three companions could have lived to tell the tale. As Lieutenant Noville described it in one of a series of articles published in the *Herald Tribune*:

We were blind men in the air. It was the weirdest trip we have ever made in all our aviation experience, and if we live for the next thousand years we will never know another flight like it. It was just a ghostly and unbelievable thing—flying on, on, and up there cutting the fog, with always more fog or more rain ahead. We were up there in those thick gagging mists. The rain was slashing against the cabin, blurring the windows and blotting out everything, and our fuel was fading away—four more hours of fuel, then three more—and we couldn't see a thing.

No better brief description of the flight can be made than that written by Commander Byrd in the deputy mayor's house at Ver-sur-Mer a few hours after the loss of the ship. While memory was fresh, Byrd borrowed a pen from Madame Coffier, the deputy mayor's wife, and wrote:

We had a great flight, although we saw no land or sea from the time we first sighted Newfoundland until we had nearly reached Europe. We experienced about nineteen hours of high, dense fog and clouds. This was a terrible experience. It may have been clear on the surface at times.

We could take no departure from St. John's, as we could not see Newfoundland. We managed to locate our position by good luck and headed for Cape Finisterre, which we hit in good shape, having made very excellent time. We set a course for Paris and not long after we left Finisterre darkness descended upon us. We naturally followed our compass course, having used it satisfactorily for thousands of miles. To our astonishment and amazement we came to a park near the sea instead of Paris.

Something had taken the compass off many degrees and in the fog and rain we had gone in a circle. Something must have affected the compasses—I believe it was not the fault of the compasses, for they had worked most satisfactorily.

We were now in the predicament of flying around on a very dark, rainy, foggy night, not knowing where we were. Every few minutes we ran into low rain clouds or fog. Of course our gasoline would last only a few hours. Probably it would not last until daylight. We would have to land in the pitch dark if we could not reach Paris. Again we set a course for Paris and this effort ended in low-lying clouds and rain.

We may have been very near Paris. We searched for hours for a landing place, always watching our gasoline consumption, but it was too dark to tell the nature of the ground. To land on ground which was slightly rough, when it could not be seen, would, of course, have meant tragedy. I felt most keenly my responsibility for the lives of the three gallant men with me. We finally decided to land in the water near a beach, near the revolving light of a lighthouse. But the lighthouse beams didn't help us. I dropped a navigation flare and we landed near that.

There was a sudden, hard jolt, and water filled everything. Of course, the boys thought only of getting each other to safety. There was nothing more than bruises and shock for any of us. The *America* is out of the water at low tide. She will rise again. It is a fine ship, and if we had flown in a straight line we would have covered 4,200 miles. We were in the air more than forty-two hours. We have had no sleep for three days and are ready for a rest.

The Paris correspondents kept a wakeful vigil at Le Bourget that night. A drizzling rain was falling and fog wrapped itself around the buildings of the airfield. Visibility—to use an English naval term—was low. Knowledge of the exact time the *America* had been in the air, her fuel capacity and cruising range told us that Byrd and his companions could

never make it. At one time during the night a report came that the *America* had landed at Issy-les-Moulineaux, a small military field near the Port de Versailles on the very edge of Paris. Several correspondents rushed into automobiles and raced into the city to investigate. They reached the small air-field at 3:00 A.M. to find it dark and deserted. Others elected to do some investigating first and searching out a military telephone at Le Bourget called the commandant at Issy-les-Moulineaux out of bed and asked him if he had seen a vagrant airplane anywhere in the vicinity. "Wait a minute and I'll look," he replied. He returned to the telephone with a laconic, "Rien."

In company with other writers, among them those who had returned wet and bedraggled from Issy-les-Moulineaux, I kept the watch at Le Bourget until it was definitely certain that the valiant Byrd, his giant ship and his companions could no longer be aloft. The best that could be hoped was that they might be alive though injured. It was all too evident that the great monoplane must be a wreck. Landing tons of weight such as it was in the darkness meant just that.

We returned to Paris with saddened hearts. Most of us had met and known these men. It was our task now to find the wreckage and write the tragic story. My own strategy in this quest was to wait until daylight and with it the resumption of France's telegraph and telephone services. So with two companions who were reporters on the New York *Herald* of Paris, we returned to our offices at 38 rue de Louvre. Once there the lines were first laid for quick reception of any news. After that it was the plan to proceed by automobile if the scene of the wreck happened to be within fifty miles of Paris. If the distance proved greater there seemed but one expeditious means of transportation and that was by air.

Our car was made ready in front of the office in the rue

de Louvre and there was nothing to do but wait. Henley Hill, night editor of the *Herald Tribune*, trying to enjoy a vacation in Paris but unable to do so outside of a newspaper plant, was in the office when we returned. John Pickering and Kenneth Jonez, *Herald* reporters, were slated to jump into the car with me at the wheel when news of Byrd's whereabouts came. Leland Stowe, of the Paris bureau, was to remain in the office to relay the despatches to New York, if we could not get back.

Eight A.M. found us still waiting. Pickering and Jonez were still wandering about and I was trying to grab a wink of sleep, when Hill rushed in, shouting wildly:

"They're found; get up!"

Some mysterious force carried me two feet in the air off the table where I was stretched out when Hill shouted. Two minutes later we had located Ver-sur-Mer from the maps and atlases, 150 miles northwest of Paris. Even a fast automobile trip over the rain-soaked roads meant at least four, and perhaps five, hours, with the chance of going into a ditch and never arriving. There was just one hope and that was the air.

"Will they dare send up planes in this weather?" some one asked.

A quick telephone call to Le Bourget indicated that they might try. We were again in our car making fast speed to the airfield, five miles from the outer Paris fortifications. When we arrived there, a trim little Farman biplane was being wheeled out of the hangar. A bronze-faced French pilot whom we had never seen before climbed into the cockpit and began to warm up the engine.

There was no bickering and no conversation. We climbed into the enclosed cabin, the motor roared and the plane raced down the center of the field right over the spot where Colonel

Lindbergh had landed. Then the pilot turned her into the wind and gave her the gun. We zoomed up into the wind and rain, heading over the northwest corner of the field. Beating against the elements all the way, we were in the air for two hours before approaching the coast in the thickening weather. Torrents of rain were falling, and the wind was making a mouth organ of the wings and struts.

Our pilot came down low to take a look. The best possible landing place was a small hayfield, slanting down a hillside. Elsewhere there were smaller plowed fields, which did not offer much hope. Our pilot began to circle lower and lower. The wind and rain increased, and we skimmed over trees, circling now in smaller orbits. It looked like a forced landing and possibly a smash-up, with three writers who had but a single object—Byrd and the *America*—isolated miles away from Ver-sur-Mer for hours.

Suddenly we experienced a piece of luck which all correspondents have known sometimes in their careers—a sudden change for the better. The rain slackened and the wind seemed calmer. Our French pilot took immediate advantage. He turned the nose of the little biplane into the air again and within three minutes things were more normal.

“What luck!” shouted Pickering.

“Gosh amighty!” exclaimed Jonez.

Ten minutes more and Caen, the little city through which all American tourists pass en route from Cherbourg to Paris, was under us. A few minutes more and we dropped down gently on the Caen aviation field. Another half hour and a taxicab dropped us at Ver-sur-Mer.

There—twenty-five yards off the dreary, rock-strewn, seaweed-cluttered beach—lay the wreck of the *America*.

“Where are the aviators?” we asked the cluster of natives

standing silently in the drizzling rain, just looking out at the wreck. None knew. Into the village we went making further inquiries.

Up at the lighthouse, three hundred yards from the beach, we got the information. Acosta and Balchen were sleeping at the lighthouse-keeper's residence. Byrd and Noville had gone over to M. Coffier's house, where they intended to have luncheon. More inquiries led up to the modest menage of Ver-sur-Mer's deputy mayor.

"The New York *Herald!*" shouted Byrd as he saw Jonez, who had seen the commander many times in New York.

"And here's the *Herald Tribune*, too," added the commander.

Here we were—we three—almost alone except for the Coffier family, with the two men who for the moment were the greatest news sources in Europe. Some of the press associations had preceded us, but we were the first special correspondents to arrive.

Byrd and Noville talked, and they seemed genuinely glad to see us. We sat and chatted about the greatest newspaper story since the arrival in France of Lindbergh.

Pickering and Jonez then went out of the Coffier home to seek a bite to eat. I remained behind for a moment to talk to Noville. Then Madame Coffier—sweet old soul—asked me to luncheon. She thought I was another aviator, perhaps, but I made no explanations and sat down for the next hour with the Coffier family, Commander Byrd and Lieutenant Noville. We talked and talked and talked.

As we rehearsed the great adventure between bites of Madame Coffier's fried chicken and sips of her rich red table wine, Byrd and Noville at no time employed the pronoun "I" except to round out praise for their companions Balchen and Acosta, their plane and their motors. These were the

men who for almost two days had been fighting the elements high in the air, men of stout hearts, of guts.

Their greatest fear was that the world at large might consider the flight of the *America* a failure because the wheels were not prosaically planted at Le Bourget Field on scheduled time. I assured them that the world at large would think nothing of the kind.

When Pickering, Jonez and I left Ver-sur-Mer around five-thirty o'clock that evening we had "the story"—every shred of it—and our rivals were just arriving. They had come by motor.

Our next step was to get back to Caen with the hope that our pilot was still there and that he would be able to get the wheels of the plane off the aviation field, which in the constant and pelting rain we knew must have become quagmire. A few minutes after we rounded a corner we saw our plane. It was quivering violently in the wind, which was blowing at a high velocity, and getting off from that bleak, bare field was simply up to the bronze-faced Frenchman who had had nerve enough to take off under the same conditions at Le Bourget some hours before.

"Can you get off the ground?" I asked him.

"Don't know, but I'll try," was the answer.

With the aid of the taxi-driver he got the motor going and we taxied out into the wind and rain. Heading back into the wind, he gave her the gun and turned her nose into the air. We were hurtled skyward. The wind's velocity—the same wind our pilot bucked earlier in the day—can be imagined from the fact that we set wheels down at Le Bourget, over that 150 miles, in an hour and a quarter.

I have never experienced so many motions at the same time in one airplane. The pilot was racing to get home before a premature darkness came down due to the state of the

weather. The little plane shook like a vibrating machine. It rolled and dipped. Air pockets were frequent and we hit them head on. In this shimmying contraption of struts and wires I endeavored to jot down the high spots of things I had heard during the day. An effort to take notes during the conversation with Byrd and Noville would have reminded Byrd that he was under contract to write his story exclusively for a rival newspaper. Noville, on the other hand, was under contract to tell his experiences to us. Consequently, I now essayed to write in the plane and the only writing material proved to be a number of long parafined paper bags in a rack within easy reach of my seat. These bags were put there for entirely another reason. I recall that there were five bags. I filled all of them—with notes. One of them, I regret to say, never reached the destination for which I had intended it. It happened just as the pilot shoved the nose of the plane down to a landing at Le Bourget. The sudden dip was too much. The notes that I had penciled on that bag were useless. I hope that I was able to resurrect them out of my head. No one will ever know.

We landed without further incident. There was my car in the hangar where I had left it. Shortly before eight o'clock that evening we were at our typewriters in the rue de Louvre. We had carried all our eggs in one basket and returned safely with them. By 1:00 A.M. Paris time (8:00 P.M. New York time) I had produced some seven thousand words for the transatlantic cable. In the meantime my companions had written their own experience for the *Paris Herald*. Our output at that hour was for the most part exclusive.

I do not boast when I say that the weather which might well have thwarted our now successful air expedition went far to thwart the use of telegraph and telephone communica-

tion with Paris from the Normandy coast. Our rivals were still in Normandy.

Commander Byrd and his intrepid companions came to Paris by train the following day. They were received with laurel wreaths by the populace of Paris and officials of the French government. The rounds of receptions and honors were equaled only by those bestowed upon Charles Augustus Lindbergh a few weeks previously.

When asked what there was left to do with flying, Commander Byrd said: "Yes, we plan to fly over the South Pole."

It was here that the commander made his public announcement with detail of his projected Antarctic expedition which brought to him high honor and the rank of admiral.

What seemed more interesting at the moment to me, however, was the story of the reactions of four men flying in a huge airplane in the inky blackness over France with a fuel supply that could not possibly last the night. Leland Stowe, then my assistant and later my successor as Paris correspondent for the *Herald Tribune*, was assigned to get this story from Lieutenant Noville, once Noville had been refreshed with sleep and his experiences still lived a vivid picture in his mind. This story, I believe, was the most graphic of all written around the Byrd flight. "Ghosted" somewhat by Stowe, Noville's story was cabled as follows:

Of all our forty-two hours of continuous battle with that endless, eternal fog and rain, nothing has been branded so deeply in the minds and hearts of all four of us in the *America*'s crew, I am sure, as those last six or seven hours of dreadful uncertainty over France—and the last three hours most of all.

We were blinded by fog and could see nothing of where we were going. Our compass was gone. We had absolutely

no idea where we were. And then as the minutes and hours passed without the slightest rift in the fog wall, as the gas kept ebbing lower every time we took a count, all four of us knew with more certainty that we were going to crash. It was only a question of time and we knew it.

Put yourself up there in the *America* with us. Put yourself there with your eyes as hopelessly bandaged by fog as if with yards of hospital linen, except for the few fleeting moments when we hit short clear spots. Stand there in the cabin sightless, as we were, and you will know why neither Commander Byrd nor Bert Acosta nor Balchen and I can ever forget those hours.

Certainly there is nothing any of us ever met in flying to compare with that desperate situation. Perhaps the wonder is that it didn't get our nerves. But if you could know Commander Byrd as we know him; if you could see him there in our prison cell of fog—always calm, always quiet, never betraying the slightest intimation of the tremendous danger that faced us—you would know why the rest of us held on and why there was no confusion. We couldn't do anything else with a leader like Commander Byrd.

As best I can, I want to take you through those black hours with us. Now, some fourteen hours after Commander Byrd's program to "find the nearest water" finally won out and saved our lives, it is as vivid as one of those wild nightmares you have when you are a boy.

Of course, it is difficult to place the time of everything exactly, and as for positions, that is completely impossible. But what we tried to do—countless times slight breaks in the billows of fog and rain made us hope that perhaps we were near Paris or might at least be able to see a little space of clear land below—all that and the repeated disappointments that came with it are unforgettable.

Four hours after we reached the French coast we knew that it was virtually impossible to land at Paris, due to the terrific weather. After leaving Brest about 8 o'clock, Com-

mander Byrd had laid our course to Paris. The compass then was all right and we had high hopes of being at Le Bourget about 9:30.

On that course there were certain towns that we should have picked up and identified, but as the hours passed and we had not picked up any of these towns, the weather having become constantly worse, Commander Byrd became skeptical. We all felt that something was wrong and we began to check up in an attempt to verify our position.

We checked and found that the compass was absolutely out of commission. Only an hour or two before it had been working perfectly. It was hard to understand, but it was gone and we had nothing whatever to tell us whether we were heading toward Paris, Marseilles or Amsterdam, except all the sense of direction that the four of us could muster.

We knew then that it was all a gamble as to whether we ever would reach Paris. Three hours more passed and we were still cutting through the same relentless fog and mist. We then knew that it would be impossible to reach Paris unless there was an unexpected break in the weather, which we had not had in all our thirty-six or thirty-eight hours in the air.

Commander Byrd touched me on the arm—it must then have been about midnight, as near as I can figure it—and wrote: "We must land." Under conditions existing right then "We must land" meant, "We are going to crash."

Frankly, I think we all expected serious results. But Commander Byrd, cool, calm and as keen as always, issued instructions for landing. Even so, several hours passed before we could possibly carry out the plan and it looked as if we might simply keep on flying "blind as bats" and at last, when the fuel was gone, have to plunge down without the slightest idea of what was underneath.

That actually happened, except for the fact that the presence of a lighthouse near Ver-sur-Mer made us hope that somehow we could pick the water side of the lighthouse and

hit the sea. Meanwhile, we kept on flying over various towns in France for three hours more, trying to locate ourselves.

It was absolutely black everywhere—impossible weather, so far as flying was concerned. Never in my life have I flown in worse weather. We located one place we thought was Paris, but it proved to be some resort. I don't yet know the name of the place.

We saw several beacons. Once, when we observed one flashing, we thought it was Mount Valerien. We saw it three times from an altitude of 12,000 feet or so and went down to 6,000 feet to try to "get it," but we couldn't see a thing. It was lost, whatever it was.

We were circling in the hope that we might find Paris. We would see a glow in the sky now and then and think it might be Paris. We would go over there and try to "pick up something," try to find a chance narrow lane down through the increasing storm and everlasting fog. Then, when we got nearer, we would see nothing at all. The glow always faded and left us in the same inky darkness.

Then about one o'clock came the incident which undoubtedly saved our lives. It was impressive and an indication of the exceptional and wonderful judgment of Commander Byrd. There was no confusion whatever—not a bit—and no excitement of any sort. By now it was undeniable—we were going to crash. All four of us knew it.

It was at that unavoidable moment which means life or death, and most likely the latter, that Commander Byrd went into his cabin alone and sat down for ten or fifteen minutes. He sat there while the *America* floundered on with four pairs of eyes, good for nothing outside of a few square feet within the ship.

He was trying to think a way out of our predicament. All of us knew it and appreciated the terrific strain that must be upon him. I know that he had on his heart the thought that four lives were hanging on his decision and he was giving

all the tremendous thought concentration that a man gives when four human lives are in his hands, as ours certainly were, at that moment.

Finally I saw him reach for paper and write. A moment later he stepped over and passed it to me. The note read: "It would be extremely dangerous to land on terrain. From our observations France is dotted with little villages and it would be almost impossible to land anywhere without endangering the lives of the people and probably killing someone." Then came the sentence that permits me to be telling this to you today: "Consequently, we will find the nearest water and land there."

As I repeat these words it strikes me with terrific forcefulness that Commander Byrd didn't say "We'll try to find water." It was simply: "We will find water." Do you wonder that we did?

That was about one o'clock Thursday morning. Just after that, at 1:15, we sent out our first SOS—the first ever sent from an airplane in distress, so far as I am informed.

We know what it is like when a man is sentenced to death and has three hours to sit and think it over. We knew we were going down at a given time.

We knew from how much fuel we had exactly how long we could stay in the air. We knew it right to the minute—how many tests we made to know how many minutes there might be left for us!

I said we knew what it is like when a man is sentenced to death. None of us, you may be sure, will ever be able to read of a man waiting to go to the chair without reëxperiencing that feeling of inevitability. We had our sentence—it read: "Fuel enough for less than three hours in the air."

We had gas enough for three hours, we were flying in pitch darkness, there was no visible place to land and we were flying around with 9,000 pounds in the air, which had to be set down with extreme care at a speed of not under forty-

five miles an hour. If we set it down on a farmhouse or a building—where were we? And the fuel was running out just like the sand in an hour-glass.

You might have reckoned what our lives were worth by drops of gasoline, I suppose. They surely weren't worth any more than that.

But despite this, it can truthfully be said that none of us got excited. Perhaps when a man gets the final sentence he doesn't get excited. Between readings and between trying to glimpse a single tiny rift in the fog, we sat or stood. Sometimes we talked back and forth—always on paper, of course. Commander Byrd even lay down a while to get what rest was possible. I have wondered since what he was thinking of in those minutes.

We would need all the strength we had when we took that last gamble. So I stretched out a while, too, and Acosta and Balchen glanced back whenever they could. All of us were going to need all we had when the gas in our life clock, if you might call it that, ran out—and it couldn't be long now. You may wonder if we had accepted conditions as a sentence beyond recall. No, we had not. We did not give up hope to the last. All of us felt that there was a chance, an awfully slim chance, but it was a chance just the same.

That three hours from the time the die was cast, or perhaps it was a trifle under three hours, I spent in chats with Acosta and Balchen. I said chats, but they were on paper on account of the noise of the motors. We could not talk. With Acosta and Balchen we looked over the maps, trying to dope out where we were, if by any possibility we might be back along the coast or over water. It did not bring any practical results to speak of, but it was all we could do.

And always in between we were watching that inestimably precious supply of gas. That was what would finally decide everything. Our fate, even our lives, were in those gas tanks. I hate to think of what might have happened if we had carried even a few gallons less of gasoline. Our escape is an

undebatable demonstration that you cannot carry too much fuel on long flights which embrace such hazards.

We passed over Deauville and there is a marvelous beach there. We went down to 200 feet and we could not see the beach. This alone will show you how dark it was. There was nothing to do but swoop up again in the hope of somewhere finding a beach which wasn't fog-locked. As it was, we were still prisoners of the fog and it looked as though the fog were going to carry out its sentence.

Now we had only enough gas for less than an hour. All of us read those dwindling figures and knew that there was not much left. Soon we were going to have to go down anyway. If it was as black as pitch at 200 feet we would just about have to keep going.

So we headed along the coast toward a lighthouse, which afterward proved to be that near Ver-sur-Mer. We circled it several times, always trying to get some vision from its beams, hoping that they might reveal a stretch of sea where we could land. But the thick haze of fog dissolved the light from the beacon. The beams penetrated only a few feet and then faded. Despite continuous circling we could not see anything at all, even close to the lighthouse.

Now our fuel was getting close to the end. I remember that when we actually landed we had only enough to remain aloft another half hour or probably less. As we banked to come into position before taking that last slant down we had most eloquent testimony of how low our gasoline was. As the plane tipped, the motor on the upper plane commenced to spit and sputter. There was so little gas left that we could not get any into that motor unless the ship were on an even keel.

Finally came that last glide for a landing or for a wreck. We knew the general direction of the sea and hoped we were over it, but couldn't have any accurate notion whether the ocean was below or a rocky shore, and, as it was, a rocky shore proved to be only 100 or 200 yards to one side when

we struck. When we were in a position to descend, the gas was fast ebbing, and Commander Byrd dropped a flare, which caught and flamed below. Then we went down, Balchen, at the stick, nosing her into—we had no idea what.

If you have ever flown you know how the wind whistles through the wings of a plane as the motor sinks and you glide close to the ground. Here it was, still pitch black everywhere and our engine was throttled down and we couldn't see a thing in front, at the sides or beneath us—and that peculiar whistle like a sick owl that a plane makes when it is gliding. It was a sensation that I shall never forget.

None of us could tell how near to hitting something we were, but we knew it would be over very soon, one way or another. Then those last seconds—thoughts that crowd one another right out of your mind. One moment I hung over the edge, straining my eyes to see what was below us. The next moment I was bending over for a flashlight—and the next swimming in the sea. Here we were, shooting down at fifty miles an hour down into what seemed an eternally black pit. Then crash! bang! We had hit—water! As the *America* went under all four of us were soaked from head to foot. And never to any of us had cold, salty billowing water felt so good.

CHAPTER XXIX

FRANCE CAN COOK

THROUGHOUT many years in post-war Europe I gained many platitudinous interviews with heads of government and other statesmen and cabled hundreds of thousands of words to New York about international conferences; that toothless forum, the League of Nations; the futile German reparations problem; the breakdown of government and the dictatorships in Italy and Spain and a host of other subjects.

I recall no interview with any statesman in the post-war reconstruction period that meant much of anything. Almost every national situation was shot with politics at home and dangers from without but statesmen fell down badly. One premier delivered himself of the following and took the prize for the heavyweight platitude championship: "All nations without exception have need at present of stability and discipline in order to safeguard the inheritance of civilization handed down to them by their forefathers and founded on right and justice. My government stands for the most ardent desires and aspirations of a country which only demands a strong, honest and disciplined administration, knowing how to make itself respected and basing all its efforts on the continuity and stability of a policy which is essentially modern, realist and national."

Of course, such stuff was not worth cable tolls but it was cabled nevertheless. For purposes of reminiscence, however, I am content to drop interviews and contacts with all Euro-

pean statesmen in this chapter and devote it to French cooking. It is a far more interesting subject.

France has uniquely one of the most famous eating organizations to be found anywhere. It is the Club des Cent, composed of men who love to eat and live to seat themselves whenever possible before the choicest viands and the finest wines that only France can produce. Almost every year this club publishes a secret brochure advising its members where the best food is to be had and the artistry of the chef who prepares it. Likewise this booklet tells members about places to avoid. Few foreigners have access to this information. It is secret and it covers every corner of France.

Once in a great while the Club des Cent elects the best chef in the world. This is an event of the greatest importance.

It so happened that I was in Italy when word came that the Club des Cent had "sat" in Paris and named the world's premier chef. He was one Pernollet, of the provincial town of Belley, Department of the Ain, in the heart of the Brillat-Savarin country famous for its delicate wines, its fish, fowl, meats and vegetables.

The following day with a companion I stepped off the Rome-Paris Express at Aix, motored over the Col de Chat and into the Valley of the Rhone to Belley. Here was a sleepy little French provincial town with its several inns and auberges, and sitting unobtrusively on a side street was the Auberge Pernollet with its ground floor dining-room of modest pretensions. There was nothing about it to indicate that it housed the chef of chefs.

A President of France, a War Minister and others high in the Club des Cent had, I found, dined often in the Auberge Pernollet. The story went that the War Minister, who fancied his knowledge of food and wines, called Chef Pernollet to his table one day and remarked that he had ordered a brace of

snipe as an entrée but would suspend judgment on the chef's reputation until after he had sampled the dish. The snipe were brought and the chef hovered around as the great man began to eat. His artistic temperament had been touched.

"You claim to be a great connoisseur of food yet you eat snipe all wrong," commented the chef. "I note that you have eaten the right leg first."

"What is wrong with eating the right leg first?" demanded the Minister.

"Just this," responded the chef. "Any one who is familiar with the habits of snipe knows that this bird stands a great deal on the right foot. Consequently, the right leg is not the delicate morsel that it should be. The left leg is the more tender. Most experts for that reason eat the left leg first and not infrequently they leave the right leg uneaten."

Perhaps it was this rebuff to a Minister of War that caused the latter among others of the famous club to vote Pernollet in due time the "Chef of Chefs."

Food entered M. Pernollet's kitchen when in season only. A king could not have had trout and mushrooms out of season. Throughout the year, season by season, it was fish, fowl, the various meats and the concurrent vegetable dishes at the precise month and week of their primacy.

My appearance at the Auberge Pernollet was on a Sunday noon. One could hardly describe the fare in English. The nearest approach to this would be shrimp, chicken, chicken livers, peas, strawberries and, of course, the inevitable cheeses, fruits and coffee. Now, let us see where Chef Pernollet came in on this to earn the title of the world's champion chef.

Shrimp—*barquette aux coulis d'écrevisses*—a recipe of the great-grandfather of the present chef who was the proprietor of the present auberge about 1750. It was a smooth and delicate cream mixed with a pink paste of the fresh-water

crayfish of the tumbling Rhone. At the last moment the paste was poured in shallow, fragile pastry, burning hot to absorb the creamy substance. It was the dish of an artist.

Chicken livers—*mousse de foie de volaille aux truffes*—a small pyramid of the liver of fowl, mixed with brains and decorated with thin slices of truffles, all cooked in a sauce of the yellow of egg and sprayed later with sauces of Vin de Cheres and champagne.

Roast chicken—*poulets de grains roti aux pommes risolée*—a fat fowl especially nourished by the Pernollet family with cereals of the first quality and the boiled yellow of eggs, a fowl prime in nature's blessing. With others of its brood it had been roasted on a spit, the fire of which was fed with mountain pine and balsam boughs in lieu of gas or coal. The pine gives a gentler heat and its fragrance impregnates the fowl with an agreeable taste. Not only was the roasting superb but the skin was so lightly grilled as to be neither too crisp nor too moist. There are gourmets who will not touch a fowl unless it is roasted with pine, turned slowly and basted in its own juice.

The potatoes which accompanied the fowl were of the small new variety, previously boiled, then precipitated into boiling butter—*pommes risolée*.

Peas—*petits pois frais à la crème*—new peas, tender yet whole, prepared in a thick cream and served as a course.

Here the meal reverted to fresh-water shrimp or crayfish again, this time in the shell, boiled in water perfumed with herbs.

Strawberries—*frais de bois à la crème*—the small tasty wood strawberry smothered in thick new cream and sprinkled with finely powdered sugar.

As delicious as this meal was—served with the light touch of a pretty French woman—it might have lacked something

had it not been consumed between sips of the delicate white wines of Savoie with their exquisite bouquets and later an old Chambertin with the taste of flowers.

It was food cooked by the designated first chef of the world, a man who knew, as all great chefs do, which leg of the snipe to eat first. The secret of his desire to remain in the provinces, eschewing a kingdom of pots and pans in a gilded restaurant of Paris, was simply that four generations of his male ancestors had been chefs in the little auberge of Belley. He is the fifth of his line. His son, now a kitchen apprentice, will be the sixth. This is France. Such a meal as one frequently eats in that country would be sensational in the palaces of royalty.

Americans in the pre-prohibition days drank their wine and ate the preparations of chefs who followed cooking as an art. Then came almost a generation when without the proper inspiration of legal ingredients even good chefs lost their touch. Restaurateurs served food because people had to eat. Waiters carried it to tables for the same reason, although, without pride and the responsive zest on the part of the guest, gastronomic ceremony ceased. Eating was a duty—not a rite.

We are in a new era. The way is open. We are by legal process no longer a nation of stokers.

Another non-political, non-economic and wholly gastronomic expedition of note was a visit to the headquarters of the third best chef in the world, according to the standards of the Club des Cent. This was the restaurant Filet de Sole in Brussels. Here the great artist of cookery was M. Paul Bouillard.

M. Bouillard had an abiding contempt for an alleged American knowledge of food. He had suffered the visitations of flocks of American tourists who wolfed their victuals and ordered the wrong things which they consumed without the

slightest regard for the artistry of the Bouillard cuisine. Mr. Bouillard was French and like all French chefs he peeped around corners to watch the expressions on the faces of his customers as they ate some delectable *plat*. His experience with Americans had been sadly disappointing.

To M. Bouillard I was an American of some continental experience and to me he could talk freely and without prejudice. I listened in astonishment. Was not M. Bouillard, a Frenchman, third greatest of all chefs in the world, despite his presence in Belgium?

"Bah, you Americans," he began. "You order lobster mayonnaise with a cup of chocolate. Your American cuisine. Alas! The principal tool of the American cook is barbarous to us. It is simply the traditional America can-opener with its sharp steel beak. As we see you Americans seated at our tables it takes not long to ascertain that the gastronomical education has to take place. Your palates do not yet discern the subtle hierarchy of the refined essences, ethers and osma-zones."

M. Bouillard stripped us bare. He would not even give us credit for *le homard à l'Américaine*—that wonderful lobster dish with the rich and tasty hot brown sauce.

"Eh, bien non, my good friend. I am grieved to destroy this illusion but the truth obliges me to tell you that Americans did not invent *le homard à l'Américaine*. This delicious lobster dish is no more American than the *bouillabaisse* [the famous Marseilles fish dish]. It is merely a phonetic deviation, because the true and original name is *le homard à l'Amoricaïne*. However, since the ancient Amorique [Amorica, the old province of Gaul between the Loire and the Seine, later Brittany] is a name familiar only to a few savants and students, the appellation of the famous lobster dish has been wrongly credited to young and smiling America. *Homard à*

l'Américaine therefore never existed. Its invention must be credited to France, and it should be really *bomard à la française*.

I convinced M. Bouillard that Americans were liberal and would not resent reading what he had to say about them. In due time the famous chef sent to me in Paris a manuscript repeating substantially what he had said in Brussels. I translated it and it was published in the magazine section of the New York *Tribune*. To this I appended an editor's note to say that "to the average native-born American, whose ancestors conquered the plains, deserts and mountains on bacon, beans and flour it is difficult to fathom the epicurean mind of Europe, but what French chef has ever eaten chicken à la Maryland?"

M. Bouillard was so delighted with the tangible evidences of his authorship that he ordered fifty Sunday *Tribunes* shipped from New York to Brussels. The ocean freight alone was costly.

The pride, however, with which France views her culinary art, her wines and liquors is legitimate. A few years ago I visited the town of Cognac, a sleepy old world municipality of twenty thousand people on the picturesque Charente River. Here about nine-tenths of the populace have something to do with distilling and blending the potent rich brown, aged-in-the-wood liquid which flows in never ending aromatic streams via barge, boat and motor truck through the eternal vineyards to Bordeaux whence it goes to sea in ships.

Municipal Cognac was the birthplace in 1494 of Francis the First, King of France, son of Louise of Savoy, Duchesse d'Angoulême. Enough of the liquor of the same name has been shipped to the world from municipal Cognac during the past two hundred years to float the entire American fleet. If you know how to drink it out of small, thin glasses in the

wake of after-dinner coffee you are, it is said, contributing to health and contentment. But if you do not know how to drink this quintessence of the grape from the birthplace of Francis the First you risk seeing pink elephants climbing morning-glory vines.

In the words of M. Armand Simard, mayor of Cognac, this rich brown well-aged liquor "is nectar for poets, the same which quenched the thirst of Parnassus and perfumed the tresses of goddesses. For the ordinary mortal," says the mayor, "it is a powerful and sane liquor, but for those of our vineyards it is more.

"It is our glory and pride. It is our source of fortune and at the same time our nobility. It is the fruit of slips which plunge their roots in our soil of the Charente. It is the soul which sings in the wine of our vineyards. It has given strength to our sons and grace to our daughters. It clears the eye and gives joy to the spirit. Cognac? It is a ray of sunshine."

No Louisville or Peoria distiller ever talked that way about whisky.

CHAPTER XXX

FAR EAST

ARÉ you armed?"

"No."

"Well, come along anyway. The captain has been kidnaped by the Russians. We've got to get him back."

The scene was a sleeping-car on a siding at a point which is Mongolia, Manchuria and Siberia, where the three come together and where the Chinese Eastern Railway ends and the Trans-Siberian begins its long crawl over the steppes and to Europe.

Encamped three miles away on the hills were thousands of Red Russians with armored cars, tanks and airplanes. On our side of the line was a Chinese army or what goes for Chinese armies in Manchuria.

A number of Americans and a few Chinese dignitaries were occupying a private car at Manchuria Station or Manchuli as this frontier cluster of one-story huts is called. The Americans all were observers, including myself. Before the mid-August darkness began to steal across the scene there were at least ten Chinese sentries pacing around the private car. When the shades of night had well fallen there were none.

During the day the Chinese soldiers dug trenches about a mile beyond the town in the valley. The Russians looked on from the neighboring hills. At night the Chinese soldiers abandoned the trenches and came into the town to sleep. "Dig trenches all day, O.K., but stay after dark, never." That

was the Chinese strategy and just as sensible strategy perhaps as it was to dig trenches in the valley while the Russians held the hills. It was all a little "near-war" in the Far East in 1929.

When a hand crept into my sleeping berth at one o'clock in the morning, shook me awake and demanded to know whether I had a gun, it was the biggest thrill that I experienced in this little war. The hand belonged to a lieutenant of United States Marines, and the captain whose liberty was seemingly at stake normally commanded a battleship in Chinese waters. He was a long way from salt water.

The lieutenant next rudely awakened William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, who was of the party and with whom I had traveled many thousand miles in the Far East during the summer. Nor was Simms armed. But we quickly dressed in yellow-white suits of Shantung silk, the conventional garb of summer, and away we went—the lieutenant, Simms and I—to rescue our naval captain. Just how the rescue was to be managed we had not yet figured out. Our most immediate danger was that of waking some of the Chinese sentries and causing them to sound off at us with their rifles. Three white figures stealing across railway tracks and through narrow alleys between huts in single file in the dead of night seemed almost enough to stir the equanimity even of a Chinese soldier. The lieutenant was leading. Ten minutes of rapid walking brought us to a rickety gateway. We entered a small courtyard and then a decrepit building and went down a low flight of stairs into what might pass for a tavern. There were chairs and tables. Here was our captain of the navy. But two Russians were present. One was a grumpy old man who ran the place. The other a girl who might have been good looking if it had not been for a wandering eye. Beside the captain, who was reveling in his captivity, was a young Irishman who normally had

the distinction of being the only individual of occidental environment in this God-forsaken frontier town. The Chinese sent him there some years before to collect the customs. He collected customs by day and drank everything from vodka to German champagne by night. The girl and the old man were White Russians of the East.

So Simms and I, aided by the lieutenant, who shall be nameless in this chronicle, eventually rescued the captain from the Russians, unarmed and without the aid of the Chinese army. It was a real American victory and it took a lot of German *schaumwein* to do it.

I shall always be proud of this expedition because it started at Nagasaki, Japan, and ended at Harbin where the real battle over the Russo-Chinese controversy around the Chinese Eastern Railway was fought. But we called it the "Bottle of Harbin" and solemnly presented George C. Hanson, the American consul, with a silver chased container for vodka as a memento. It was inscribed the "Bottle of Harbin."

Simms and I had accompanied a journalistic party sponsored and to a considerable extent financed by the Carnegie Foundation to Japan, China and Manchuria. After a sojourn in Shanghai we had headed back towards the West. As the ship entered the harbor at Nagasaki the smiling little Japanese captain appeared on deck with a radiogram announcing that the Red Russian troops were concentrating on the frontier near Manchuli with the evident intention of invading Manchuria and possibly taking possession of the Russo-Chinese jointly owned railway, the Chinese Eastern, the administration of which long had been in dispute. At the same time, we were informed, the Chinese armies of Manchuria, nominally controlled by Chang Hsueh-liang, the Young Marshal, at Mukden, were beginning to trek through Harbin and beyond to stop the Russians.

It looked like conflict. Simms and I had spent enough time in Europe covering the European war to know that when belligerent forces come into close contact they usually fight. Other members of the Carnegie party, months away from home, were anxious to return and had little interest in a war some eighteen hundred miles to the northward. As for us old-time war writers, there was no option. Our editors at home would never forgive us if, being in the Orient, we ran away from an oriental war. And even if they might have forgiven us, we would never have forgiven ourselves. So we hastily bade good-by to our friends, gathered up our baggage and within an hour were on the way. A train took us across the Island of Kiushiu to that great steel manufacturing city of Shimonoseki where ships shoved off across the Chosen Strait for Fusan, Korea. By early morning we were in Fusan and en route to Soeul, and the following morning we crossed the Yalu River into Manchuria at Antung where for the first time we struck the South Manchuria Railway. We were old friends of the South Manchuria Railway. One adjunct of this road is Henry W. Kinney, an American, born in Hawaii though long in Japan. He is a sort of public relations counsel for the Japanese-owned rail system, and he always paves the way. Another important official of the road at that time was Yusuke Matsuoka who speaks American as well as any American and, like Henry Kinney, is a charming gentleman. It was Mr. Matsuoka who, as Japan's official representative at the League of Nations, told the Geneva society something of Japan's aims and endeavors in Manchuria and built the way for Japan's withdrawal from the League.

Through the Kinney-Matsuoka combine, we found the South Manchuria road at our service and twenty-four hours later we were in Harbin in time to see Chinese troops still

plodding through the streets in long straggling columns en route to the frontier to meet the Russians.

At Changchun, the northern terminus of the South Manchuria Railway and the southern terminus of the Chinese Eastern, we wired the Hotel Moderne in Harbin to save for us two of its three rooms with bath. Arriving, early on the fourth morning, we found the city in terror of an impending Red Russian invasion and the hotel proprietor, himself a White Russian, met us at the railway station. He implored us to tell him how long before the Red Russians would arrive. He had no faith in the fighting ability of the Chinese troops filing northward, nor had seemingly about fifty thousand other White Russians resident in Harbin. They expected to be slaughtered on sight.

Simms and I arrived safely at the hotel in the proprietor's decrepit car and got the rooms with bath. Five minutes after we entered its portals a large American flag was floating over the hotel to tell all and sundry and Red Russians in particular that Uncle Sam had arrived. Simms and I visited Mr. Hanson, the American consul, and with him surveyed the situation carefully. We then sat down and wrote lengthy cables to our respective publications in the United States. The *Herald Tribune* displayed the story in rather ample headlines. It looked like war with complications. In a remarkably short time after my first cable was received in New York I was notified by the Harbin branch of the National City Bank that a drawing account of \$2,000 had been deposited from New York and I had visions of buying a fur coat and an automobile and remaining in Manchuria all winter.

It was in Harbin that we met the navy and marine corps observers who later participated in the Russian "kidnapping" episode. Through Mr. Hanson the Chinese authorities were

prevailed upon to put a private car at our disposal, and we started eight hundred miles to the frontier. Our journey was interrupted here and there by armored trains and troop movements. I counted a mere few batteries of artillery along the railway as we moved up. The Chinese troop units were not much to look at. As in Mexico, humans in China go military for food and loot.

It was rather painfully evident upon our arrival at the front with an opportunity to observe the Russians even at long range, that a war between "our army" and their army would probably be rather hard on "our army." Our friend, the Chinese general, did not share our view. He was staunch in the belief that if the Russians came over they would get the licking of their lives. As a matter of fact neither we nor the general (if any one would have admitted it) had any burning desire to see the Russians "come over." Russian planes flying in good formation surveyed the Chinese forces daily. Armored cars could be seen in the distance occasionally and the Red cavalry was doing some scouting on its own account. If the Russians meant to be serious about an invasion of Manchuria, it was a fairly safe wager that the Chinese army would not stand its ground.

Some two hundred miles to the southeast lay the Khinghan mountain range already partially covered with snow. There were no passes through which troops might retreat with any celerity. And after several days with the Chinese troops it began to appear that the Russians had no immediate intention of making an attack. So we left the Chinese army sitting on its haunches at Manchuli and returned to Harbin where more cables were sent to America to apprise our papers of the general situation, still ominous but quiescent. These cables were sent by rail to Dairen on the Kwantung Peninsula, a territory leased by Japan from Russia after the Russo-

Japanese War. Dairen is to-day a flourishing Japanese port. Here our friends, Kinney and Matsuoka, saw to it that the cables were relayed to the United States via the Pacific. Later I tried a Chinese wireless for brief despatches across Siberia to Moscow with relays there and at Berlin but was advised that the English in them read like Chinese when they arrived in New York.

The important job of the correspondent in far-off places is to get despatches to his newspaper at home. Since there is a difference of twenty-four hours in time between Manchuria and New York it became on this occasion expedient to hire a Japanese boy and have him carry despatches in his shoe several hundred miles by rail to Dairen and thence have them relayed on the cable. These despatches arrived in New York on the same day of the week that they were written but, of course, not actually. The idea of sending them in the Japanese boy's shoe was twofold. They were more liable to escape discovery or censorship by the Chinese and it was the safest place to carry them. As a consistent rule in writing and reporting abroad it is wise to pay the greatest attention to the problem of transmission. There is little use obtaining and writing news if you cannot get it to your newspaper.

When our "war" party returned to Harbin from the frontier, we found that our activities and those of the Russian and Chinese armies had been widely heralded. Correspondents had arrived from many points of the compass, from Shanghai, Peking and from Japan. Harbin became a war correspondents' headquarters while the Russian and the Chinese armies dawdled. There was talk of sending a Chinese mission to Moscow to talk a settlement of the Chinese Eastern difficulties. This eventually was done but not before the Chinese authorities had raided the Soviet consulate in Harbin

and the consul and his staff had left in high dudgeon for Russia.

The Chinese Eastern affair is still unsettled (1934) and at last reports negotiations were in progress for the sale by Russia of its equity in the line to Manchukuo, i.e., Japan. Thus the quarrel is now between Japan and Russia and this may mean trouble.

Predictions are always hazardous. I will not attempt to forecast when war will come to the Far East, but it appears quite conservative to say that it will come and China's laggardness in the so-called game of civilization will pay the territorial toll. The thing called Chinese nationalism is restricted to a very small percentage of China's millions. Unlike Japan and latterly Russia, China is a huge disintegrated area in which possibly not one in ten Chinese know what has gone on from year to year.

The example of Chinese troops digging trenches by day and deserting them by night at Manchuli was somewhat typical of run-of-mine Chinese armies. This particular army faced the Russians for a month and then, for no serious reason, broke to pieces and retreated in disorder some two hundred miles. Towns were looted and burned as the soldiers ran amok. Our friend, the Chinese general, committed suicide.

The one shining example of Chinese military staying power was the performance of the Nineteenth Route Army at Shanghai which stood for many days against the Japanese in Chapei, a native district in the city. This army was recruited in the south where a fighting spirit exceeds anything elsewhere of its kind in China. Taken by and large, Chinese military forces will never be able to defend themselves long against the occidentalized armies of either Japan or Russia. Japan, however, seems destined, unless hampered

sharply by Russia, to dominate as much as she desires of China and possibly much more eventually of the Far East, economically if not politically.

I sat at breakfast with General Chang Kai Shek in Peking one morning a number of years ago. As President of China his words merited much respect but not necessarily an obligation to take them too seriously. Through an interpreter—a suave and Westernized graduate of an eastern American college—the general spoke gravely of China's civil war which at that time had endured for eighteen years. At last, he contended, this interneceine strife had ended and China stood nationally unified. He spoke of the slow progress which the American continental states had made after their liberation from England. He compared China and China's progress with our own and emphasized the unification of his nation and people. In fact, he overemphasized this point. It would have been infinitely more startling if he had admitted that China was not unified and never would be, at least during his lifetime. He merely stated what he might be expected to say. He reacted exactly as the Chinese general at Manchuli had reacted when the question of what the outcome might be if his poorly trained and poorly equipped army of Manchurian provincials was to find itself in combat with a well trained and adequately equipped Russian force threatening to invade Manchuria.

In China the question of "face" is everything. Embarrassment is an exceedingly tender spot in the Chinese character. As a perfect illustration that this is born in the blood I had an amusing experience at Harbin one day while crossing the Sungari River on a small two-decker boat. A Chinese family, mother, father and three little boys, all dressed neatly for an outing, sat along the opposite rail. I was wearing a stiff straw hat. A gust of wind tossed the hat brusquely from

my head. The three little Chinese smiled broadly in amusement until a rubber cord attached to the hat for just such an emergency caught it and returned it to me. Smiles instantly changed to expressions of chagrin. No one of the three youngsters could have looked more forlorn if he had been spanked.

There is a certain dignity in the Chinese character which is admirable, but if students of this character are not misled many generations will pass before the native born and native reared Chinese can get the feel of nationalism. Centuries of environment and circumstance in a vast provincial land and its struggle for life have welded a fealty to blood and family and a worship of ancestors which no end of the Western idea called nationalism or no end of Westernized-college educated Chinese can quickly erase. The last named are as a pin-point on the picture. The placid philosophy of old China in reference to invasion may be summed up briefly; it is: "Let them come in and within two hundred years they will be absorbed; they will be Chinese."

What then is the attitude of Japan?

With an American companion I spent a week-end with the editor of one of Japan's greatest daily newspapers. We were guests at the editor's home which was somewhat typical of the modern Japan. Half of the house was furnished in occidental style and half was Japanese. The editor's wife, a charming matron, was attired in native costume while her husband wore the traditional Western garb. He spoke perfect English. She spoke only Japanese. Their children spoke both. I withhold the identity of our host because I desire to quote him and do so only because what he said was confirmed later by others high in Japanese life and became therefore a trend of national thought. He said:

"Japan is facing the obligation to fight for her very national life. Here on these islands we have teeming millions increasing at the rate of 900,000 each year. Birth control has failed. The government has sought to introduce it without success.

"The Japanese people are facing starvation unless our nation can obtain territory either for colonization or the culture of rice and other foodstuffs. Japan proper is principally mountainous. Only a comparatively small area of our land is arable. Korea has proved disappointing and the Japanese cannot compete with the Chinese in Formosa.

"Japan has no alternative but to fight for what she gets. It means war."

I interrupted:

"Why does not Japan try an international experiment at Geneva by putting her case frankly before the League of Nations? If it has merit, is it not possible that the greater powers in the League, rather than risk a belligerent militaristic Japan in the Far East with all the consequences, might attempt to work out Japanese territorial expansion by peaceful means?"

"We know that that would never succeed," replied the host.

Since this conversation, Japan has resigned from the League of Nations, flouted the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact in her virtual seizure of Manchuria and declared for a policy similar to the Monroe Doctrine in the Far East, ostensibly concerning China. Her military and naval budgets are immense. Economically she has invaded the markets of Great Britain whose very life blood is economic. She is at swords' points with Russia whose Siberian maritime province (Vladivostok) faces Japan across the Japan Sea. There is talk

of Japanese maneuvering in North China and Mongolia.

Strange to say, Japanese colonization has never been successful in any of the territories Japan has already acquired. Except for Japanese administration officials, a few others and the military, Korea is still the land of Koreans. Japanese have found it impossible to compete with the Chinese in Formosa. The southern part of the island of Sakhalin, off the Siberian coast, is too cold for the Japanese. For this reason even their northern island, Hokaido, is but sparsely settled. The Japanese may control Manchuria but they will not use it for expansion. The climate is not suitable for the race.

Where then will Japan send her surplus population? Will it eventually be to the Philippines after the American flag is pulled down throughout this archipelago? Or will it be to sections of the mainland of Asia?

These questions have yet to be answered.

What seems quite certain is that Japan will reach out first for the rich natural resources on the Asian mainland. Without them no nation can hope to grow great and survive in this semi-civilized era of human progress. At home she lacks most everything, especially minerals. All great and powerful nations either own or control their needs in natural resources. Great Britain, an island empire, is linked directly by ships—and a navy to protect them—with Asia, Africa, North America and Australasia. The United States is almost self-contained in this respect. Japan is on the way to a par with both.

By subtle diplomacy during less than a generation, Japan has maneuvered a great measure of security for her island empire. Great Britain agreed to abandon her fortifications on the island of Hongkong and the United States renounced our fortifications at Manila.

In a remarkably clear article on naval affairs (May, 1934)

Rear Admiral Yates Sterling, Jr., pointed out that both Hongkong and Manila, as naval bases for Great Britain and the United States respectively, would permit the fleets to operate deep into Japanese waters and that Japan caused to be written into the naval limitation treaty of 1921 the abandonment of these fortified naval positions. Great Britain retired to Singapore and the United States to Hawaii.

Singapore is twenty-nine hundred miles from Japan while Hawaii is thirty-four hundred miles distant, and since no fleet can operate as a unit more than twelve hundred miles from its base, it is obvious that Japan no longer feels a naval menace, Admiral Sterling said.

But a new menace comes into the picture. That menace is Russia with her hold on the Siberian coast facing Japanese cities and industrial centers directly across the comparatively narrow Japan Sea. The Russians have not been backward about fortifying Vladivostok and equipping there a huge flying base for bombers. They have hurriedly double-tracked large sections of their Siberian railways as well as the Trans-Siberian which leads back to Russia proper. Up to late 1933, Russia had concentrated a quarter of a million well trained and well equipped troops in the Far East.

In view of developments in the interim, it is interesting to note that ten years ago (1924) American, British and Dutch authorities in the Far East had already begun to worry about what was termed the Japanese Territorialist Plan and the Japanese Maritime Plan. In brief, and as explained by William Howard Gardiner after one of his many visits to the Far East, the first plan—sponsored by the Chosu clan which dominates the army—is designed "to spread direct military, political and economic control progressively over adjacent parts of the continent of Asia as extensively as possible so that the Japanese of the future may live, in the

main, on their exploitation of China and of the Chinese."

Mr. Gardiner invoked the aid of the map to show that the retention of the Philippines by the United States "is the present outstanding obstacle to the Japanese extending progressively their control along the insular barrier." He concludes that with a naval base site in the southern Philippines, Japan could go a long way towards her objective and that American abandonment of the Philippines is likely to decide on the "future of the Netherlands East Indies and of Australasia—to say nothing of the future of India, of Malaya, of China, and of all which our civilization may stand for in the Orient."

Whether or not this estimate of the situation is too pessimistic and does the Japanese injustice, it seems clear that ponderous queries are in order:

1. Now that the American Congress has voted Filipino independence, will Japan eventually move to "Koreanize" the Philippines and fortify them?

2. Granted that both the United States and Great Britain are inclined to make greater and more concessions to Japan for peace on the China coast, how far will they go in this direction?

3. Despite the fact that Japan is momentarily relieved of Anglo-American interference in her Asiatic maneuvers, what will come of the powerful Russian menace to her domestic security?

The inscrutable East is more inscrutable than ever. Those who probe into its mysteries are themselves mystified. Whatever happens, that great sprawling disintegrated mass known as China is destined to lose. Of all things that seems the most certain.

